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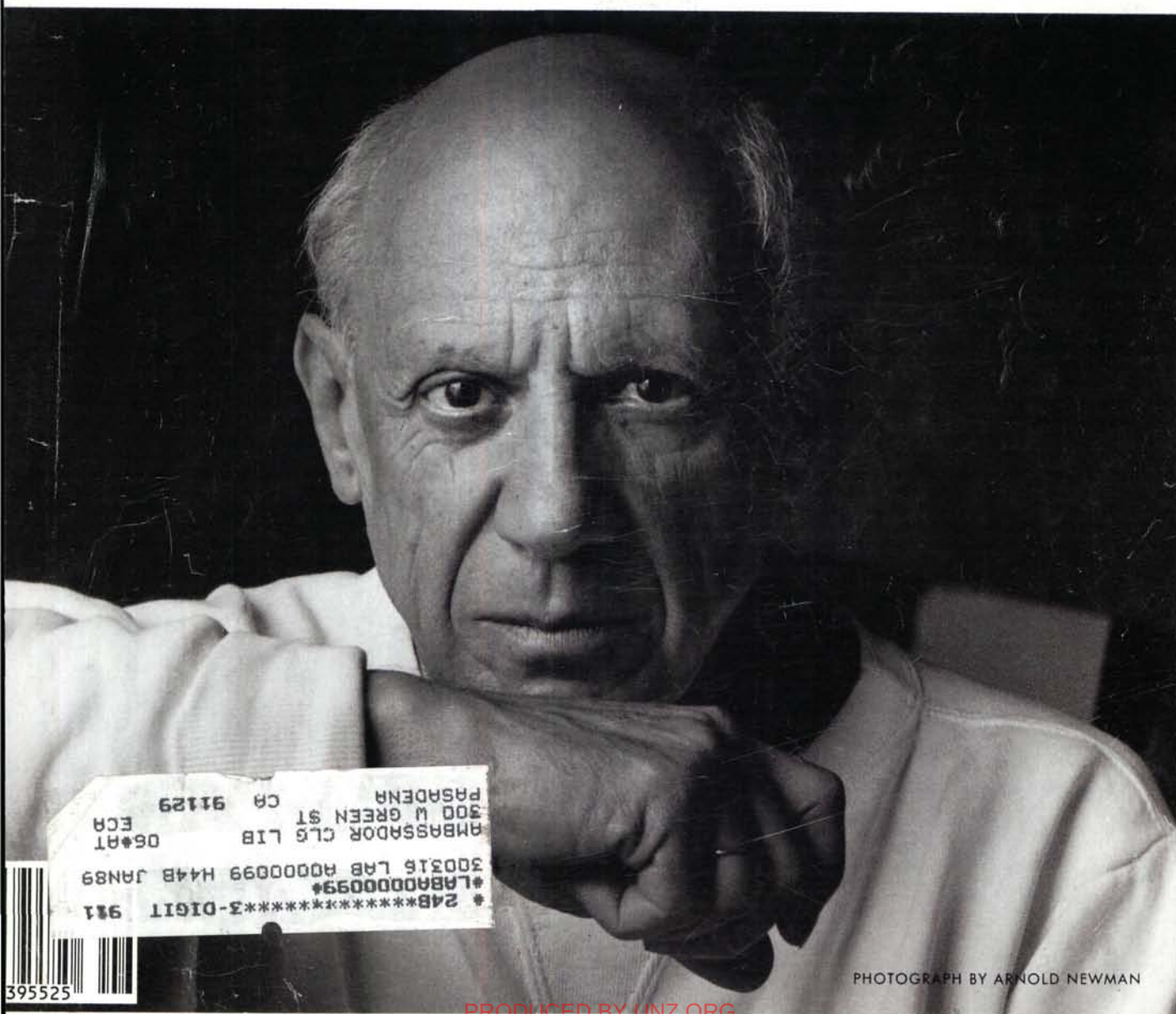
The Atlantic

JAMES FALLOWS ON THE DOLLAR / CORBY KUMMER ON POPCORN

■ CREATOR AND DESTROYER ■

PICASSO

BY ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS HUFFINGTON



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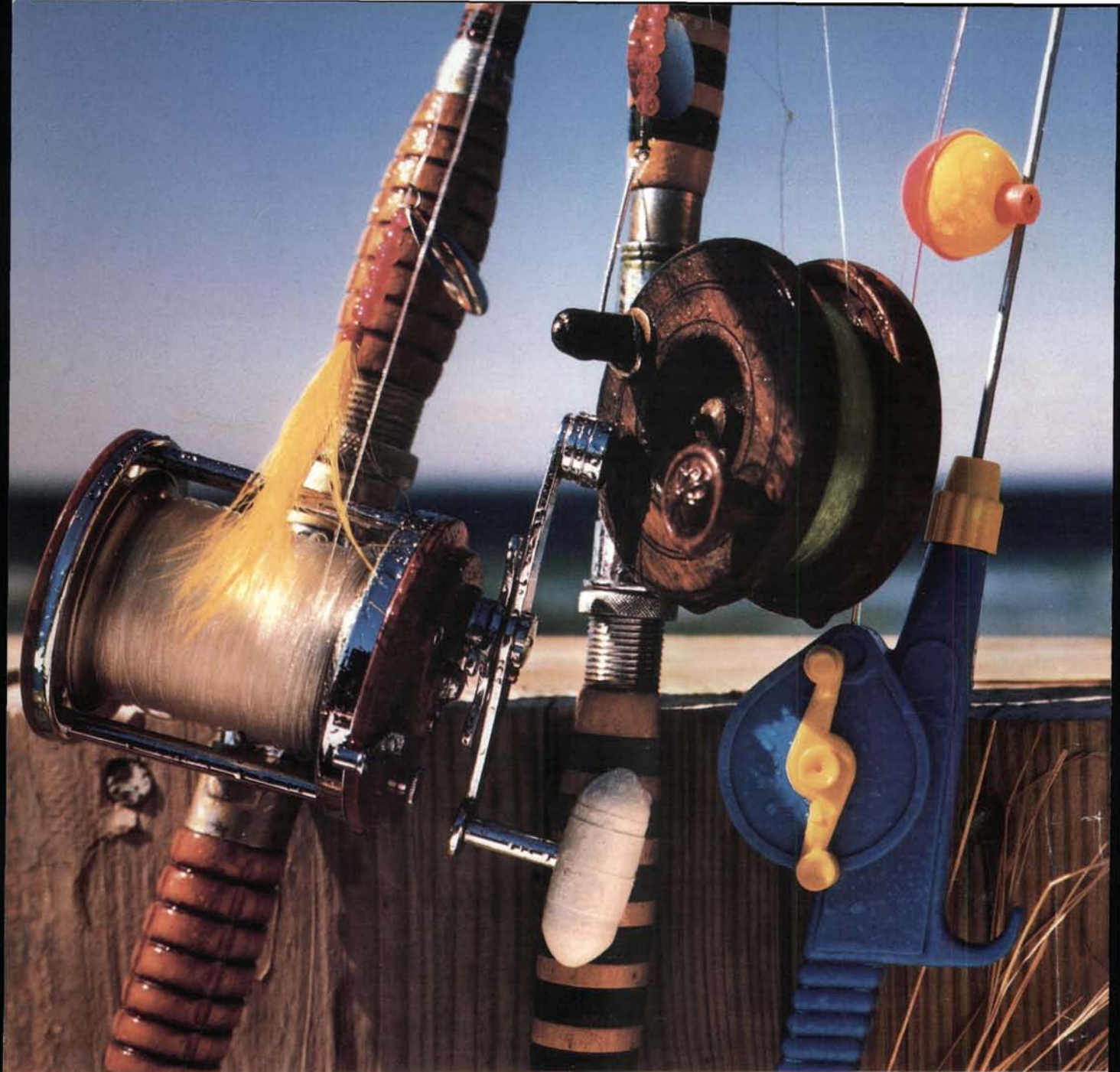
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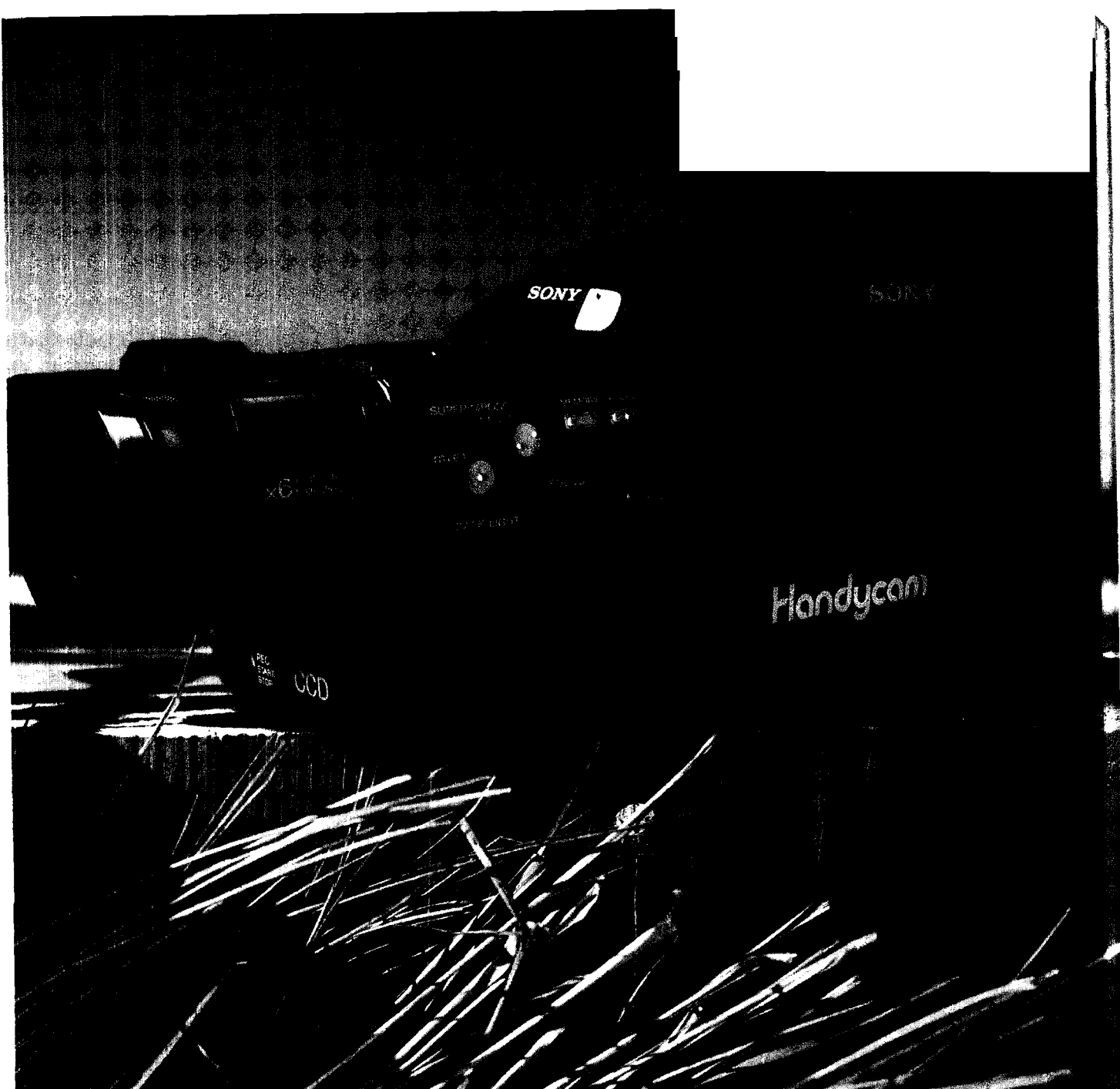
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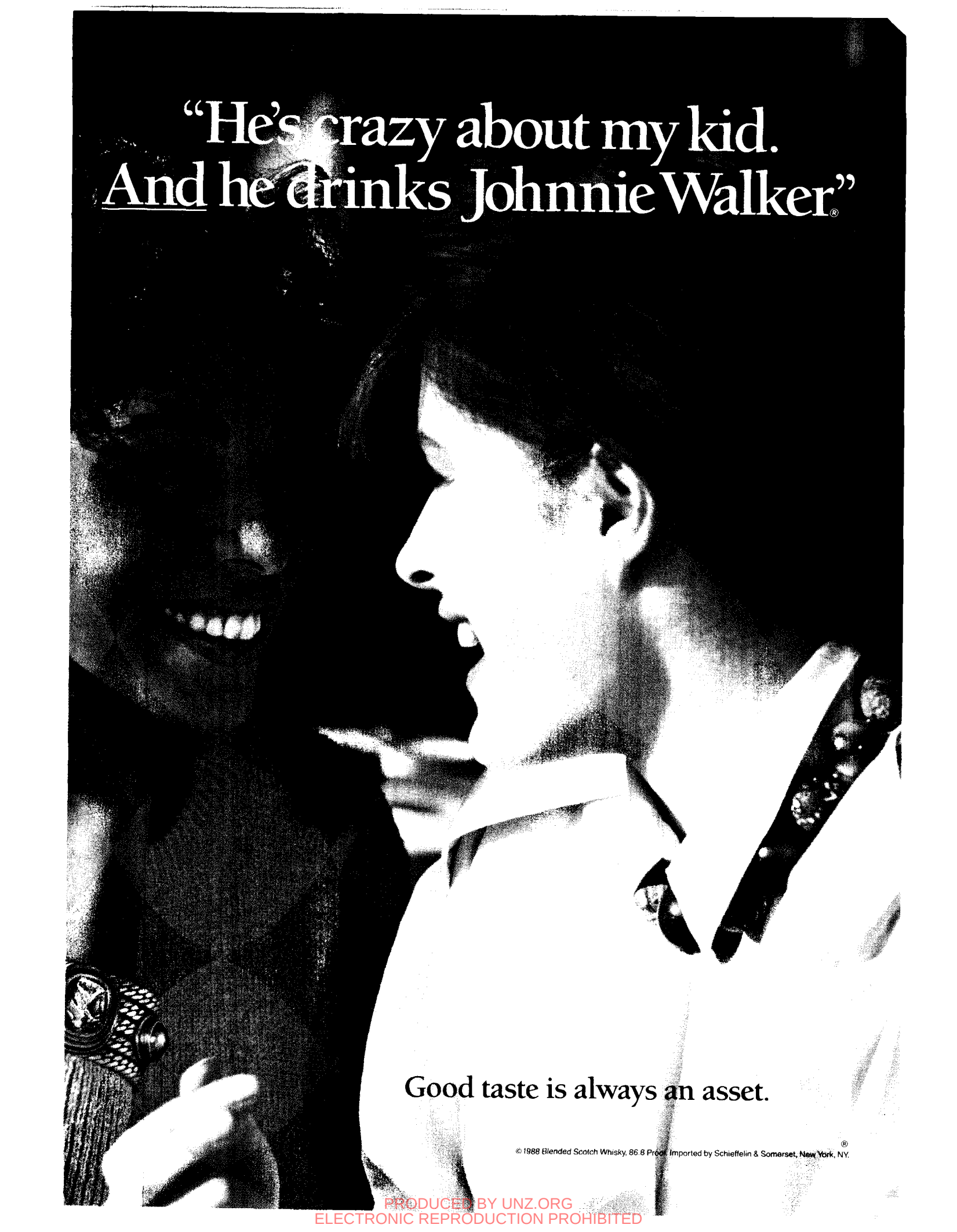
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The June Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; David Inouye, of the University of Maryland; Lynn F. James, of the U.S. Agricultural Service; the Maryland Department of Agriculture; the National Safety Council; and the U.S. Center for Disease Control.

MILLIONS OF REASONS TO STOP AND THINK

By Bob Bergland

Rural America is grappling with tough economic challenges that have national implications. The countryside's economic and social fabric is fraying, affecting the nation as a whole.

Accustomed to solving tough problems, rural electric cooperatives are at work with business and political leaders in their communities to revitalize sagging local economies. There are 1,000 of these locally owned systems across the country—a ready-made network of catalysts for economic development. ■■

But to reverse conditions that have brought loss of jobs and people to rural areas is a formidable task. Further complicating these problems are the damaging effects caused by government deregulation of several key industries.

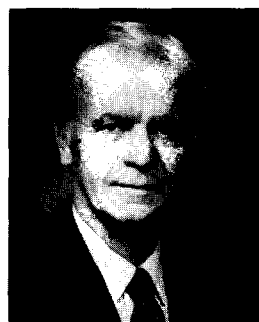
Deregulation of the nation's transportation and communication systems, for instance, may have looked good on the drawing board, but only a few areas of the country have benefited. Rural communities have suffered greatly.

People and businesses in small and rural markets are stranded without basic transportation service. Or they're held hostage by exorbitantly high costs and infrequent or nonexistent schedules. Adding insult to injury, if proposals to privatize the U.S. Postal Service are carried out, small towns and rural areas will be isolated even further. And, moves are afoot to deregulate the electric utility industry, which would change how electricity is generated and sold. ■■

It's time to pause . . . and, before moving on, make sure that radical changes in regulated industries, like electric power, will in fact lead to a better marketplace, one that will not jeopardize service to businesses and consumers. Why not give the existing electric utility marketplace—one that is already changing on its own—the credit it deserves and then move, slowly but deliberately, to make improvements only where they are shown to be needed?

The reasons for moving in a sober, measured way number in the millions . . . millions of American consumers. Wherever they live, consumers must be able to count on service that is reliable and affordable—be it transportation, communications, mail delivery, or electricity.

America's rural electric systems are aware of these tough problems on the national agenda. We're taking them head on. We're part of the solution.



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Bob Bergland, former U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.



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Harlem?



Harlem!



Dance Theatre of Harlem, America's extraordinary ambassador, represents the U.S. in a tour of the Soviet Union.

It was the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. that jolted Arthur Mitchell, a leading dancer of the New York City Ballet, into a personal commitment to do whatever he could, wherever he could, to help his people. The fact that the only thing he could do was teach ballet and that the only place he could afford was the basement of a Harlem church didn't discourage him.

His pupils were kids from the Harlem streets, and his lessons were tough and uncompromising. To kids who thought that drugs were "cool," he taught the need for iron discipline over mind and body. To those who dreamed of quick fame and easy money, he taught the virtues of sweat and hard work. Along the way, he taught them grace and beauty and pride in themselves.

The result has been electrifying: a dance company that has fused the sophisticated elegance of ballet with the real-world emotion and vitality of Harlem. In the dance capitals of the world, they rate standing ovations and have become some of America's finest ambassadors. This year they were selected to represent the U.S. in the President's Special Cultural Exchange Initiative with the Soviet Union.

We started supporting the Dance Theatre of Harlem some thirteen years ago. We thought they had a message for us and for all Americans — and maybe the Soviets can profit from it, too. We think it should be called "Mitchell's Law" — if you want to change your world, or your country, or just your business, the way to begin is by ignoring all excuses for doing nothing, and start doing whatever you can, wherever you can.



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Dance Theatre of Harlem appears at City Center, NYC. June 28 - July 3.

Photos, clockwise from top left: Christina Johnson and Donald Williams. *Bugaku*: Stephanie Dabney. *Firebird*: Virginia Johnson. *Giselle*: Judith Rotardier. *Douglas*: Photos by Martha Swope (*Bugaku*, *Firebird*, *Douglas*) and Jack Mitchell (*Giselle*).

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DREAMS OF LOVE

I was fascinated by Ethel S. Person's article "Love Triangles" (February *Atlantic*) but I wonder about her remark—referring to Paris's pursuit of Helen—that Western civilization began with a triangle. Of even greater significance to our culture, I believe, is the betrayal that undergirds the Judeo-Christian tradition, the temptation of Eve. If the myth of the temptation fits into Dr. Person's paradigm of love triangles (and why wouldn't it—after all, isn't the fall from the Garden of Eden really a rendering of a perfect union, in which one party is drawn away?), then perhaps we can observe a profound connection between the inescapable tendency to triangulate and the notion our forebears chose to call original sin.

PATRICIA LLOYD
Encino, Calif.

Thank you for the wonderful article on love triangles by Ethel Person. It is interesting how this examination of three-way affairs can shed so much light on love and romance issues (which are an obsession for all of us, whether we like to admit it or not). I appreciated the enjoyably light and forthright style with which this taboo subject was treated.

RICHARD MOOG
Portland, Oregon

People who want to learn about triangles would be better off studying Euclid than plowing through endless pages of Ethel Person.

ALFRED GRAY REID
Canterbury, England

While I would concede Ethel S. Person's point in "The Passionate Quest" (March *Atlantic*) that much of popular fiction about women reveals a "female search for feminine identity through intimacy," I would draw her attention to the results of that search in all too many novels. The "happy ending" of the fairy-tale romantic quests Person also cites is not always so certain in popular fiction, except in the most formulaic of dime-store romances, and it is notably missing from the one novel she cites by name, *Gone With the Wind*. Could anyone

say that the "fiery, independent heroine" Scarlett O'Hara finds a meaningful feminine identity or even intimacy in her stormy marriage to Rhett Butler, a union that ends with the death of their only child? Isn't the lesson here that woman's "life-long problem" might be something other than "achieving and conserving a love relationship"?

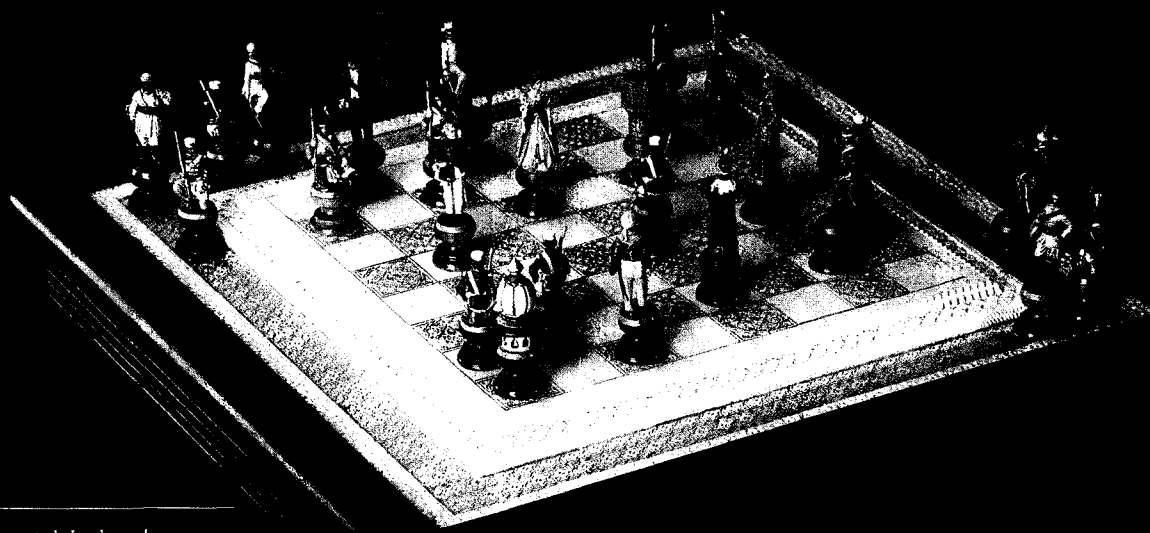
Dr. Person should look to fiction for evidence of "the strong cultural component" to romantic love she mentions at the outset of her article and then drops in favor of a surprisingly rigid psychoanalytic viewpoint. She would find that woman's romantic quest has taken some new turns since Cinderella.

Take the case of three enormously popular young heroines of American fiction: Jo March, of *Little Women*; Laurie Ingalls, of the *Little House* books; and Anne Shirley, of *Anne of Green Gables* (a Canadian book, but no less American in spirit). All three of these characters have been taken to heart by several generations of female readers in the hundred or so years since they were created, and all three have made it to the big screen and TV.

Like the heroines Person describes, these girls are independent-minded and high-spirited, and their stories end with marriage or an engagement. But marriage, or even a romantic quest, is not what these girls are up to. They are making bonds with friends of the same sex, setting themselves tests of bravery and skill, and experiencing all sorts of misadventures while putting off the ultimate and apparently painful necessity of marriage. When they do capitulate to marriage, it is a partnership of equals in which, the reader can safely assume, the heroine will preserve the independent identity she discovered long before her wedding day. Still, even these ideal marriages seem the stuff of fantasy when compared with the escapades that preceded them. What most readers of these books experience is not a vicarious sense of having been "set free by love," as Person would have it, but instead a sobering realization of the limitations of conventional married life.

What, really, is the difference between Huck Finn and Jo March (close fictional contemporaries), except, of course, that one character, by virtue

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his sex, can "light out for the territory," and the other can only dream of it?

MEGAN MARSHALL
Newton, Mass.

Ethel Person's interpretation ("The Passionate Quest") of the dynamics of the Oedipal period for girls is a more believable and useful theory than the classical view. The entire article, in fact, is intellectually rewarding. The proposition that "men may be more vulnerable to the sorrows of first love," however, seems not to take into account Dr. Person's own view that a love relationship is essential for most women in determining a female identity. Women, in all likelihood, are just as vulnerable to the sorrows of first love, but the drive to consolidate their identity through romantic involvement necessitates their risking further hurt.

GAIL BRADBURY
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Ethel S. Person replies:

Patricia Lloyd raises a fascinating question about the connection between triangles, the temptation of Eve, and original sin. However, although the temptation of Eve appears as a kind of triangle in a formal sense, Eve is seduced not by romantic promises but by a lust for power and knowledge.

I thank Richard Moog for his remarks and suggest to Alfred Reid that immersion in Euclid is no inoculation against Cupid.

Megan Marshall mistakes *description* for *prescription*. Moreover, she appears somewhat parochial insofar as she implies that the conflict between independence and intimacy is restricted to (or more common among) Americans. The conflict between self-assertion and self-transcendence (more-global terms than *independence* and *intimacy*) is an existential problem that afflicts all peoples but particularly those in the West. This *human* problem is, in fact, worked out in diverse ways, depending upon many variables, including gender. I touch on the relationship of this conundrum to romantic love in several passages in *Dreams of Love and Fateful Encounters*—for example:

Some feminists . . . claim that romance rationalizes women's oppression. . . . Approaching the problem of the difference between the male and female commitment to love from the opposite vantage point, that of its deleterious effects on men, some femin-

ists . . . also point out that the inequality between the sexes interferes with the oppressor male's ability to love. I am in sympathy with both these positions, which are not so contradictory as they appear to be at first glance. Essentially, each is a plea that one sex move away from its gender's major distortion and vulnerability in loving. While women are urged to move away from the tendency towards submission or enslavement, men are urged to open themselves to the riches of intimacy and love. Surrender in love (as distinguished from submission) can then be seen as a valuable goal for both sexes—the ultimate act of courage and generosity, and of liberation, too.

I make much the same point as to the importance of autonomy and self-assertion for *both* sexes. I agree with Ms. Marshall that too often members of both sexes are cheated of some part of their *human* nature.

Gail Bradbury makes an excellent point about the social and psychological conditions that prompt female recovery from the sorrows of first love.

ENERGY OPTIONS

Having recently collaborated on a major energy study for the U.S. Department of Energy, we feel compelled to make a number of observations regarding Amory B. Lovins and L. Hunter Lovins's article "The Avoidable Oil Crisis" (December *Atlantic*). In our analysis we examined the oil-import consequences of various energy futures in order to assess the risks associated with each.

Conservation, the Lovinses' principal solution to overdependence on Persian Gulf oil, is a powerful force, but the Lovinses make two mistakes. First, they needlessly set conservation up in competition with conventional energy development, when history has shown (and common sense suggests) that they work in tandem. And second, the Lovinses apparently forget that, like the use of any commodity, energy use responds to price. Since 1973 most energy savings have been driven by skyrocketing oil prices or the expectation of them.

This surprises energy analysts, who should know better. But so should conservation advocates, who today assume low demand for newly cheap oil. In fact world oil demand in 1987 exceeded forecasts by nearly a million barrels a day.

Even the conservation gains of the

past did not obviate the need to find new sources of energy, both to meet growth and to replace depleted resources. In fact, historical data show that more than 90 percent of all the additional U.S. energy required from 1973 to 1987 came from coal and nuclear power. Absent the growth in these two domestic sources, oil imports would have soared, rather than declined. Thus it is something of a puzzle that the Lovinses pronounce coal and nuclear power as having "almost no connection" with oil. Indeed, oil use in the electric sector today is more than a million barrels a day below its peak level, and some 2 million barrels a day and \$14 billion a year below what it would have been without the construction of new coal and nuclear plants. The Lovinses needlessly continue to denigrate the role of conventional technologies in order to promote conservation and alternative energy.

CHARLES K. EBINGER
*Senior Associate, Center for Strategic
& International Studies*
MARK P. MILLS
*President, Science Concepts, Inc.
Washington, D.C.*

Amory and Hunter Lovins say, "The 1986 rollback of new-car efficiency standards, from 27.5 to 26 miles a gallon, is wasting more oil than the areas currently off limits in Alaska and offshore California might yield." In 1986 and 1987 the average fuel economy of vehicles actually purchased in the United States was 27.9 miles per gallon. Through the first three months of the 1988 model year purchases averaged 28.2 mpg. This is happening at a time when the standard is at 26 miles per gallon and fuel prices are at their lowest levels in real terms since the early fifties.

An even more critical error is the Lovinses' supposition that the federal government must force energy conservation and renewable energy upon the nation whether people like it or not. This is an approach that places its confidence in government regulations and controls rather than in the common sense of the American people.

One of the largest improvements in the efficiency of home energy use is not even mentioned in the article—that of household appliances. Since 1972 the average energy efficiency of refrigerators purchased by American consumers increased by more than 79 percent, freezers improved by about two thirds, and clothes washers showed a gain of more

than 50 percent. This occurred without federal regulations but with the help of government- and industry-funded research.

The Department of Energy will spend approximately \$300 million dollars in this fiscal year for energy conservation and renewable-energy-technology research and development. Many millions more will be spent on private-sector R&D and product development. We believe that as R&D provides Americans with more energy-technology options and as those options become competitive in the marketplace, the common sense of Americans, rather than the heavy hand of government, will lead consumers to the right choices.

DONNA FITZPATRICK

Assistant Secretary

Conservation and Renewable Energy

U.S. Department of Energy

Washington, D.C.

Amory B. and L. Hunter Lovins reply:

Ebinger and Mills's familiar refrain—Mills's firm is the chief source of data for many pro-nuclear ads—is dangerously misguided. Efficiency and major supply

expansions do not cooperate but compete. Trying to get both risks getting neither—or, as lately, *succeeding* in getting both, and hence bankrupting the energy industries, which need new demand to pay for new supply.

The United States has recently spent \$200 billion on unneeded coal and nuclear power plants. America imports oil today because so much was spent on those plants rather than on energy efficiency. Furthermore, overbuilt utilities are now trying to recover their costs by ordering their efficiency staffs to market more electricity instead. The Electric Power Research Institute estimates that this will deliberately create 35,000 megawatts of new onpeak demand by 2000. So much for "working in tandem."

Efficiency, by softening oil prices, has undone not itself but its supply-side competitors: virtually all efficiency expansions, but no supply expansions, can still compete at or below \$10 a barrel. Technological efficiency gains are irreversible: people don't de-insulate their attics when oil prices dip.

Ebinger and Mills say coal and nuclear plants have already saved so much oil

that we need more of them. Both premise and inference are false. Department of Energy statistics show that energy savings outpaced the coal-plus-nuclear contribution by threefold since 1973, fourfold since 1979, and sevenfold since 1985. Without the 1973–1986 coal-plus-nuclear expansion, 1986 oil imports, being nearly offset by oil savings elsewhere, would have risen by at most five percent. And displacing, by Ebinger and Mills's generous reckoning, \$14 billion worth of oil a year by spending some \$200 billion on coal and nuclear plants, plus more than \$100 billion in federal subsidies, plus their fuel and maintenance costs (which for the average nuclear plant exceed those of an oil plant), was a bad buy—especially compared with *saving* the same oil-fired electricity, which would have cost about 99 percent less and been completed sooner.

More coal and nuclear plants would make even less sense, because utilities' share of U.S. oil consumption has fallen by three fifths, to four percent in 1984–1986. Since most oil burned in power plants has already been saved, at least 27 percent of new nuclear plants have dis-



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That's what "Boss" Tweed demanded when he saw the handwriting on the

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political life.

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placed not oil but coal, America's most abundant fuel. For the non-utility uses that consume 96 percent of U.S. oil, such as auto transportation, electricity is impractical or uncompetitive.

Worst, buying power plants retards effective oil savings, and in the transition beyond oil the scarcest resource is time. Efficiency could shrink or phase out imports while preserving domestic oil to fuel the transition to sustainable alternatives. Delaying efficiency by diverting resources to unneeded power plants and frontier oil projects depletes domestic oil fruitlessly, potentially throwing the nation back onto import dependence at the worst possible time. Further dithering is thus perilous. Ebinger and Mills are wrong to encourage it.

We, like Fitzpatrick, prefer market competition, but, as realists, we acknowledge market failures. The failure caused by high fuel prices' weak signal to buy efficient cars (Letters, April *Atlantic*) made Congress pass the 1975 fleet-average efficiency standards and gas-guzzler tax. These "force" nothing: Americans may buy any car in the world and, if it's under 6,000 pounds and 22.5 mpg, pay a tax (up to \$3,850 for a 10-mpg 1987 Rolls).

Sales of 1986 and 1987 cars beat the 27.5-mpg pre-rollback standard only because Americans bought record numbers of foreign cars averaging over 30 mpg. Domestic cars' 26.6 and 26.7 mpg flunked, as their gas consumption has done for six years.

The Reagan Administration rolled back the 1986-1988 standard to levels GM and Ford could beat so that they could retroactively offset with credits for "overcompliance" more than \$1 billion in uncollected penalties for 1985 non-compliance. This rollback competitively penalized Chrysler's consistent compliance, told GM and Ford they can defy Congress with impunity, and emboldened them to intensify ferocious marketing of less efficient models. Their sales crusade—aided by the inability of two thirds of new-car buyers to get a copy of the government's "Gas Mileage Guide," whose print run was reduced 70 percent—helped cut the 1985-1986 gain in U.S. car-fleet efficiency by 81 percent, to a ten-year low of 0.12 mpg. The 1986 stall in light-vehicle efficiency gains doubled U.S. oil imports from the Persian Gulf.

Appliance efficiency has indeed improved, but not through Fitzpatrick's efforts. Congress annually makes her

spend more, over her vehement protests, than she requests for efficiency R&D, but her growing department has still cut real spending for that work by 71 percent, and she continues to fight for far deeper cuts: in fiscal year 1989, a further 50 percent reduction in R&D and 96 percent in the state and local programs that deliver efficiency information.

Further, builders and landlords buy most appliances, and seek the cheapest, often least efficient, models. Congress told the Department of Energy to correct the resulting market failure with national efficiency standards. It refused, so many states passed standards that propelled national improvements but were inconsistent. In 1986 the major appliance-manufacturing and utility companies and environmental groups sponsored uniform national standards. Congress passed them without a single dissenting vote. President Reagan pocket-vetoed them. Only when they were promptly repassed did he reluctantly sign them. They'll save consumers \$26 billion net by 2000. No doubt Fitzpatrick will take credit for that, too.

THE BIG NINE

I quite enjoyed Cullen Murphy's article "The Big Nine" (March *Atlantic*). I'm surprised, however, that he could not compose "a thought with only the Big Nine and using each word only once." Given his admiration for their seeming profundity, Murphy should also admire the orphic possibilities of the thought "And you have to be the will of it."

DAVID GOLLAHER

La Jolla, Calif.

Cullen Murphy has trouble believing that a complete thought can be expressed using only the so-called Big Nine. I am of the belief that it is possible to do so. It is strictly a matter of having the desire, the will, to be of that opinion. And have you the will to be of it?

DAREK BAREFOOT

El Cajon, Calif.

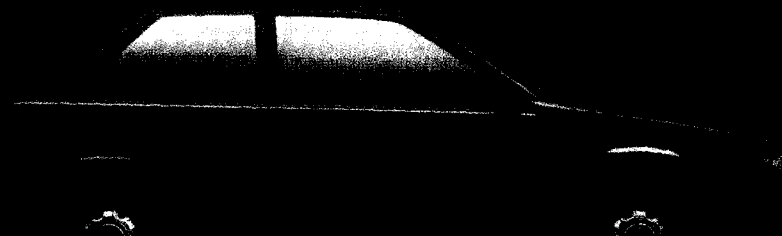
Cullen Murphy seems to believe that this nine most common words are indispensable to communication. The majority of deaf people in the United States use a form of manual English in which seven of the Big Nine are rarely, if ever, seen.

LEE SCOTT MCNEIL

Tallahassee, Fla.

TOYOTA

NUMBER ONE,



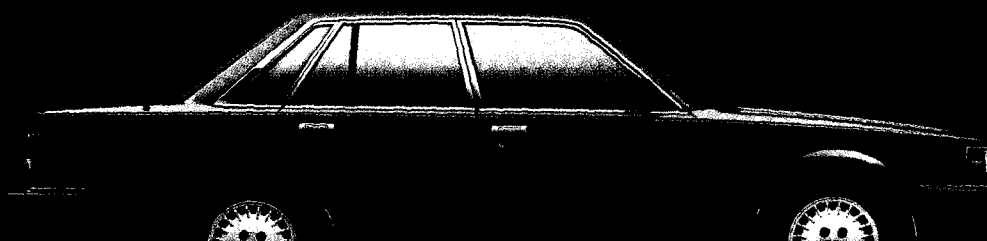
TERCEL

NUMBER ONE,



CAMRY

NUMBER ONE,



CRESSIDA

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SUPRA

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4RUNNER

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*1988 models shown; most recent data based on J.D. Power & Associates 1987 Customer Satisfaction Index with Product Quality and Dealer Service for 1986 vehicles.
**J.D. Power & Associates 1987 Compact Truck CSF - Customer Satisfaction with Product Quality and Dealer Service - 1986 Toyota Model Sales - 113,571.



THE JUNE ALMANAC



HEALTH & SAFETY

Bacteria thrive in moist, warm environments; for this reason June heralds the period of peak workload for *Staphylococcus aureus*, *Clostridium perfringens*, *Clostridium botulinum*, and *Salmonella*, the organisms that, together with careless human beings, are chiefly responsible for food poisoning, 2 million cases of which are believed to occur in this country every year. *Salmonella* is the most commonly reported culprit, crashing picnics and barbecues and infiltrating such foods as deviled eggs, cold chicken, sliced meats, and prepared salads. The largest reported salmonellosis outbreak occurred in Chicago in 1985 and was caused by contaminated milk; estimates of the number of people affected approached 200,000. Most mass outbreaks are smaller—roughly the size of a Boy Scout troop or a Knights of Columbus chapter. The Centers for Disease Control reported last year that the cost of a case of salmonellosis in medical bills and lost work time was upwards of \$1,300.



ARTS & LETTERS

The summer reading season is upon us, and bookstores have stocked up on the mass-market paperbacks—largely romances (known in the trade as bodice-rippers), science fiction, mysteries, and thrillers—that they believe will be in big demand. Among the paperbacks whose covers you will soon be sick of seeing: *Patriot Games*, by Tom Clancy; *Tender Rebel*, by Joanna Lindsey; *Misery*, by Stephen King; and *Presumed Innocent*, by Scott Turow. Last year 112 paperback titles had print runs of more than a million copies, and seven had print runs of more than 3 million. June 5, the 42nd annual Tony awards, to be presented in New York City.

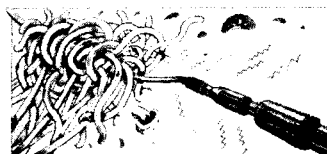
NEW STAMPS

June 6, a 15-cent stamp featuring Buffalo Bill Cody to be issued in Cody, Wyoming. 13, a 25-cent stamp honoring Francis Ouimet to be issued in Brookline, Massachusetts, where the U.S. Open golf tournament begins today. Ouimet spurred popular interest in golf in the United States by his surprise victory over two English pros in the Open 75 years ago. 17, a 45-cent stamp honoring Harvey Cushing, a neurosurgeon and a Pulitzer Prize winner, to be issued in Cleveland, Ohio.



FOOD

The soft-shell crab season is now under way; blue crabs that have shed their shells are being harvested in bays and estuaries from Cape Cod to Texas, though predominantly in the Chesapeake Bay. The United States is the only commercial producer of the crabs, demand for which far exceeds supply. This situation will only worsen, because the Japanese in recent years have acquired a taste for soft-shell crabs. The John T. Handy Company, which controls more than half of the soft-shell-crab export market in Maryland, was bought in February by a Japanese firm, the Taiyo Oil Co., and 30 percent of Handy's harvest now goes to Japan.



EXPIRING PATENTS

No. 3,589,009. Spaghetti fork. "A spaghetti fork having a tine assembly rotatable relative to the handle which is hollow. A battery-operated motor is located within the hollow handle and operatively connected to the rotatable tines."



ENVIRONMENT

The snow is melting in the high meadows of the Rocky Mountains, and alpine plants are set for their annual flowering frenzy. Since the growing season is short, there is great competition for pollinators—hummingbirds, bumblebees, and solitary bees. Observation over many summers has shown that for some species, including *Delphinium*, or larkspur, the abundance of spring flowering correlates positively with the amount of winter snow cover. Cattle ranchers might hope for mild winters, then: larkspur is poisonous to cows. A study of one mountainous grazing range suggests that four cows in a hundred succumb to larkspur poisoning in the high meadows each summer.



DEMOGRAPHICS

Nearly half the 46.5 million Americans who will move this year will do so during the moving "season," which, according to the American Movers Conference, begins this month and lasts through September. About one fifth of all Americans move in any given year; the rate, of course, varies greatly from one place to another. The Census Bureau asked Americans in 1980, "Are you living in the same home you lived in 5 years ago?" In Caspar, Wyoming, where the oil and mining industries were then booming, 63 percent of the respondents answered no. Residents of Pittsburgh, on the other hand, were relatively sedentary: 67 percent answered yes. Three quarters of all households that move do so without professional help.

GOVERNMENT

June 3, referendum in California on a proposal that would require AIDS testing of some workers, exclude AIDS victims from schools, and allow public-health officials to quarantine AIDS patients. 7, presidential and congressional primaries to be held in California, Montana, New Jersey, and New Mexico. 14, North Dakota primaries.



THE SKIES

June 14, New Moon. 20, Midsummer's Day, the official beginning of summer. The arrival of the Summer Solstice was once cause for revelry and celebration: "This is very midsummer madness"—Shakespeare. Today the event is marked chiefly by television meteorologists. 29, Full Moon, also known this month as the Rose Flower or Strawberry Moon. Saturn, in Sagittarius, is the only planet visible on June evenings to the naked eye.

25 YEARS AGO

Jessica Mitford, writing in the June, 1963, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Because of the nature of funerals, the buyer is in a quite different position from one who is, for example, in the market for a car. Visualize the approach. The man of prudence and common sense who is about to buy a car consults consumer's research bulletin—seeks the advice of his friend he knows in advance the dangers of rushing into a deal blindly. In the funeral home the man of prudence is completely at sea. . . . Impulsive buying, which should ordinarily be avoided, is here a built-in necessity. The convenient equivocations of commerce: 'I'll look around a little, and I'll let you know.' 'Maybe, I'll call you in a couple of weeks if I decide to take it'—simply do not apply in this situation."

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THE MOST TROUBLE-FREE NEW CAR SOLD.

Toyota Cressida is the most trouble-free new car sold in the U.S.* a desirable trait in any car. But compare the 1988 Cressida to luxury cars costing thousands more, and it becomes more desirable than ever. Its sophisticated 6-cylinder twin cam EFI engine provides quick response, a deep reserve of power and ceaseless cruising ability. Optional Toyota Electronic Modulated Suspension (TEMS) turns concrete to velvet. Exquisitely styled aerodynamics.

And a lavish cabin with superior comfort for five. 1988 Toyota Cressida. Afford yourself the luxury of the most trouble-free car in America. Pure quality.

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*Based on problems encountered in first 90 days of ownership—J.D. Power and Associates 1987 New Car Initial Quality Survey.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES HOSTAGE

En garde!

FIVE DAYS A WEEK I arise punctually at 6:15 and after a frugal repast set out for a train that comes for me at 7:34 and completes its journey at 8:04, whereupon I walk the five blocks to work. At 12:25 I go to a club for some exercise, returning at 2:00. I leave the office at 5:55 to catch a train home, and, after driving a lonely route that never varies, I walk in the front door a few minutes after 7:00. This is the behavior, I was recently informed, of a man who has forgotten Abu Nidal—of the kind of person terrorists would describe as user-friendly.

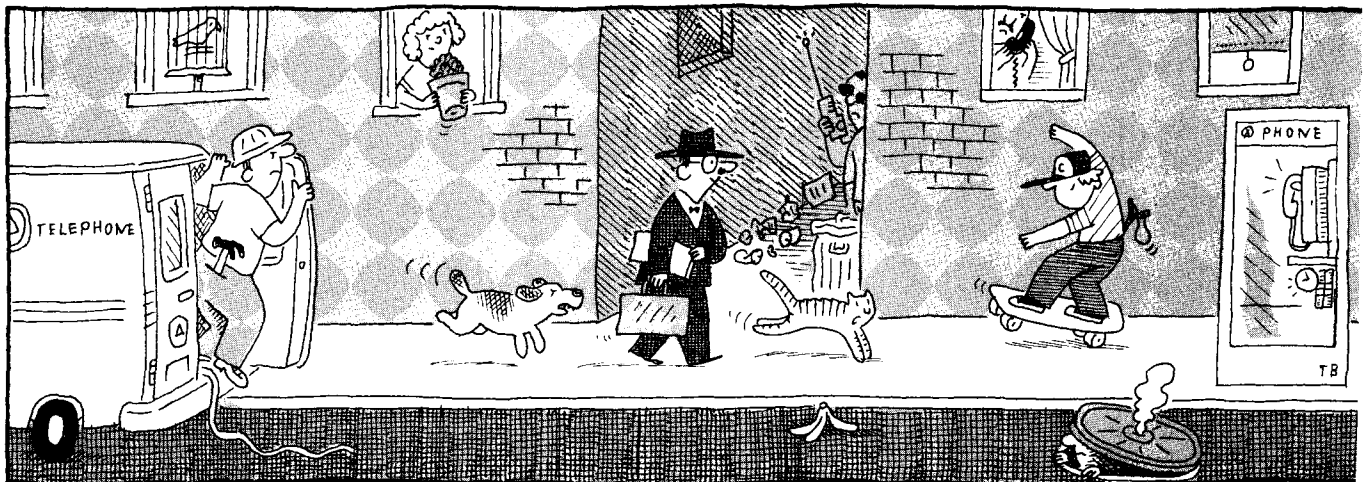
"Vary your times and routes of travel": that advice and a lot more came the other day in a piece of mail from the Defense Information Access Network, of Rancocas, New Jersey, which has published a booklet called *How to Avoid, Prepare For, and Survive Being Taken Hostage*. The study is drawn from various unclassified State Department publica-

tions, and it is truly comprehensive, with sections devoted to such matters as Personal Preparations ("Update your will"), Residential Security ("Be alert to persons disguised as public-utility crews"), Transportation Security ("Be especially alert in underground garages"), and Torture and Pain ("Many people find that they can tolerate much more than they thought they could").

It is a chilling document in some ways, and not only because I own a Japanese car ("Avoid using vehicles that identify you as an American"). The real source of concern lies in the subtext, in the bland and matter-of-fact dissection of the psychology of dominance and submission. I don't live in Beirut or pay much attention to security arrangements, but reading this booklet made me realize that hostage-taking incidents are impossible to avoid in daily life.

The occasion may at first seem innocent enough—say, taking a seat next to a stranger at the outset of a long journey. Suddenly the stranger begins to talk. "The moment at which a person is captured, no matter where that capture may occur—in the home, in an automobile, in an airplane, or in the office—is psy-

chologically traumatic. You may be suddenly transformed from a relaxed and complacent frame of mind to a state of absolute terror." Telephone calls from people who want to sell you something, such as insurance or financial-planning services, are an insidious and increasingly common form of hostage-taking, even in neighborhoods otherwise considered safe. These calls are sometimes difficult to terminate. "Interrogators will also know what you fear most. They may know, for example, that one of your primary concerns is for the welfare of your family, and they will play upon this fear to induce you to talk." Day after day thousands of people are held in long lines against their will by a faceless few who operate inside most government offices and at all ticket counters and who probably control the fast-food industry. "Their activities are intended to make you more compliant. . . . They may, for example, . . . keep you in an unsanitary environment, dehumanized by being called by a number." Many virtual abductions occur in doctors' offices, where victims are forced to strip and then made to sit in a chilly room, waiting helplessly. "The best reaction . . . is to concede



TOYOTA

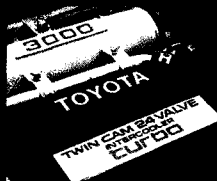
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Analog instruments monitor every rev. 8-way adjustable driver's Sport Seat and optional glove-soft leather interior add even more luxury to performance.



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Good-bye crowd. Turbo-charged 3.0-liter twin cam 24-valve engine with inter-cooler generates 230 hp at 5600 rpm.



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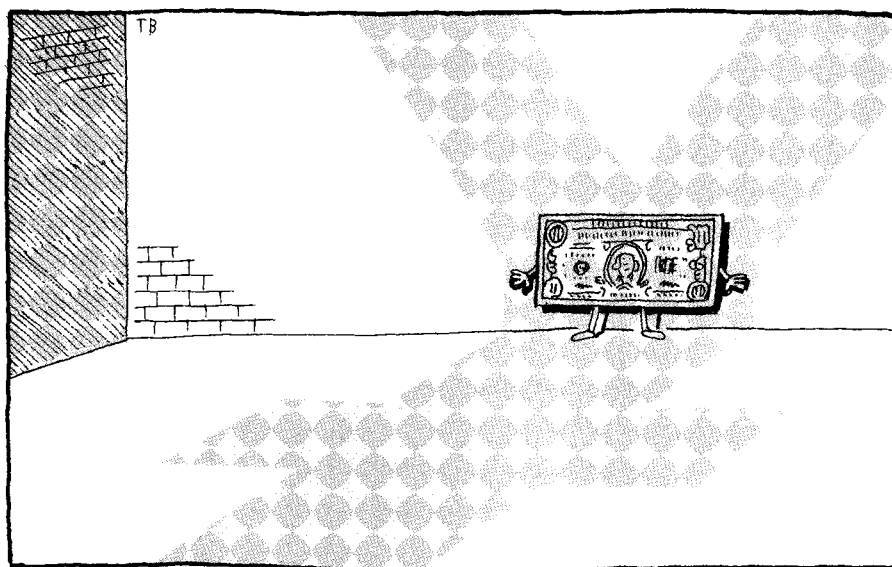
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

that the terrorists have the upper hand, and that resistance would be futile and dangerous. . . . Escape may be possible, but it requires an unlikely combination of events."

In their own ways and for their own purposes my children take me hostage several times a day, although usually without violence. "While they may make life unpleasant for you, they are unlikely to do anything intentionally that is life-threatening. Dead, you are worth nothing to them." As a result of these episodes at home I have come, somewhat to my surprise, to appreciate

and even depend on the so-called Stockholm syndrome—the little-understood phenomenon whereby "hostages become emotionally involved with their captors" and "occasionally, the hostage-takers reciprocate the positive feelings of the hostages." It may be that in a world where hostage-taking of one kind or another is a pervasive and licit social gambit, the Stockholm syndrome represents not a form of aberrant behavior but a powerful force for cohesion. Around my house, anyway, the casualties have been light.

—Cullen Murphy



TRADE THE WORLD ACCORDING TO OHMAE

*A noted Japanese analyst takes an
unconventional look at the
U.S. trade deficit*

THE LONG DECLINE of the dollar may not be a fascinating subject, but at least the plot line seems clear. America keeps having big, ugly, evil trade deficits. If the deficits won't go down, then the dollar must. The process is usually referred to as if it were either a law of physics or God's judgment on a sinning tribe. ("For seven years shall your currency rise, then for seven years shall it fall and a plague of yen shall be upon you. . . .")

But on a recent, bankrupting trip to Tokyo, I saw a report that put the dol-

lar's changes in a less moralistic yet weirdly more alarming perspective. Unfortunately, the analysis was prepared by Kenichi Ohmae, the director of the Tokyo office of McKinsey and Company, a consulting firm, along with Akira Kameyama and Toshiki Sumitani, also of McKinsey. Ohmae has become about the most quoted man in Japan, and I feel sheepish cribbing from his work again. But Ohmae has a knack for dramatizing tired economic questions—it was he, for example, who popularized the notion that the inefficient-though-much-revered Japanese rice farmer, by using up so much of the country's scarce flatland, was condemning everybody else in Japan to life in miserable little "rabbit hutches." He's done something similar with the dollar and the yen.

Ohmae's main point is that what we're seeing on the currency markets is not a market phenomenon—or, more precisely, not one based on market pressures in the "real" economy. Neither the wild week-to-week fluctuations in the dollar's value nor its overall stonelike de-

scent against the yen (and deutsche mark) can be explained by developments in the American or the Japanese (or the German) economy, he says.

The standard, Ec. 101 interpretation of the dollar's descent is based on trade flows—in particular, on the U.S. trade deficit. Everyone can understand the basic logic. The Japanese sell more to America than they buy; they wind up with extra dollars; and when they take those surplus dollars to the bank to trade them in for yen, the pressures of supply and demand push the dollar down. (To spell out what happens in the supply-demand stage: Lots of people worldwide are trying to trade in dollars, because so many have earned dollars through exports to the United States. Few have yen to trade, because so few have managed to export to Japan. To clear the market, people must offer more and more dollars for fewer and fewer yen.)

This sounds commonsensical, Ohmae concedes, but it cannot possibly be the reason for what has happened to the dollar. Over the past two and a half years America's trade deficit with Japan has averaged about \$5 billion a month. This would presumably leave the Japanese with 60 billion extra dollars a year to trade back for yen, assuming (incorrectly) that they did not hold on to any of those dollars to invest in American bonds or real estate. This \$60 billion overhang, in turn, is presumably the main force that has pushed the yen up and the dollar down—it would have to be, if trade deficits really were setting currency values.

The problem with the trade-deficit theory is that \$60 billion is simply not enough money to have changed the supply-demand equation. The foreign-exchange markets in London, Tokyo, and New York aren't processing a mere \$60 billion a year; they handle an average of \$200 billion a day. Ohmae estimates that of this total, at most one tenth, or \$20 billion a day, might be necessary to finance all the "real" transactions among the United States, Europe, and Japan. Imports, exports, investments, dividends, loans, SONYs, Porsches, Boeings, wheat, tuna, wine, tourism, T-bills, troops, mergers, takeovers, acquisitions—everything that international economics is supposed to be about might together come to \$20 billion a day. The other 90 percent, Ohmae says, is *purely speculative* trading, driven not by deficits or changes in "competitiveness" but strictly by hopes of profit on the

You know how it was as a kid. You stared at the sand long enough and out of the corner of your eye you spotted something no one else saw. And it was the catch of the day.

We look at the oil business like that. We can drill where everyone else does. Or we can use innovation to drill where no one has drilled before. We can build new refineries. Or we can apply new technology to the ones we have so they work more efficiently.

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We led the way in low-cost, high efficiency refining technology for the production of quality premium unleaded fuels. And when others saw no potential in bottom-of-the-barrel crude, we developed the process that refines it into high quality gasoline.

And below our offshore rigs, a thriving undersea world complete with mussels, starfish, and scallops tells our environmental story. They regard the structure as a natural reef, and we don't see any reason to tell them otherwise.

Like a child searching for treasure, when you're looking for the undiscovered it doesn't matter as much where you look as how wide you open your eyes.

For more information write to Patricia Marshall, Phillips Petroleum, 16D-4 Phillips Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004.

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YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND.**

endless shifts in currency rates. Ohmae says that changes in the real economy of trade and investment might have been enough to push the dollar down from its overvalued starting point of more than 250 yen in 1985. It's the other nine tenths of the daily trading that turned a gradual descent into a rout, pushing the dollar to 120 yen late in 1987 before it momentarily "recovered" to 130. But what stimulated all that speculation? Why was everyone betting against the dollar all at once?

CONCEIVABLY, ANOTHER force from the real economy could have convinced speculators that the dollar had to fall: the production-cost gap between America and Japan. Japanese factories have modernized, robotized, and economized, as everyone knows. If it costs "too much" to make a ton of steel in America (compared with what it costs in Japan), a weaker dollar will make it cost less. So perhaps the dollar's fall has been a natural, inevitable, evening-out process, an homage to Japan's faster-growing productivity.

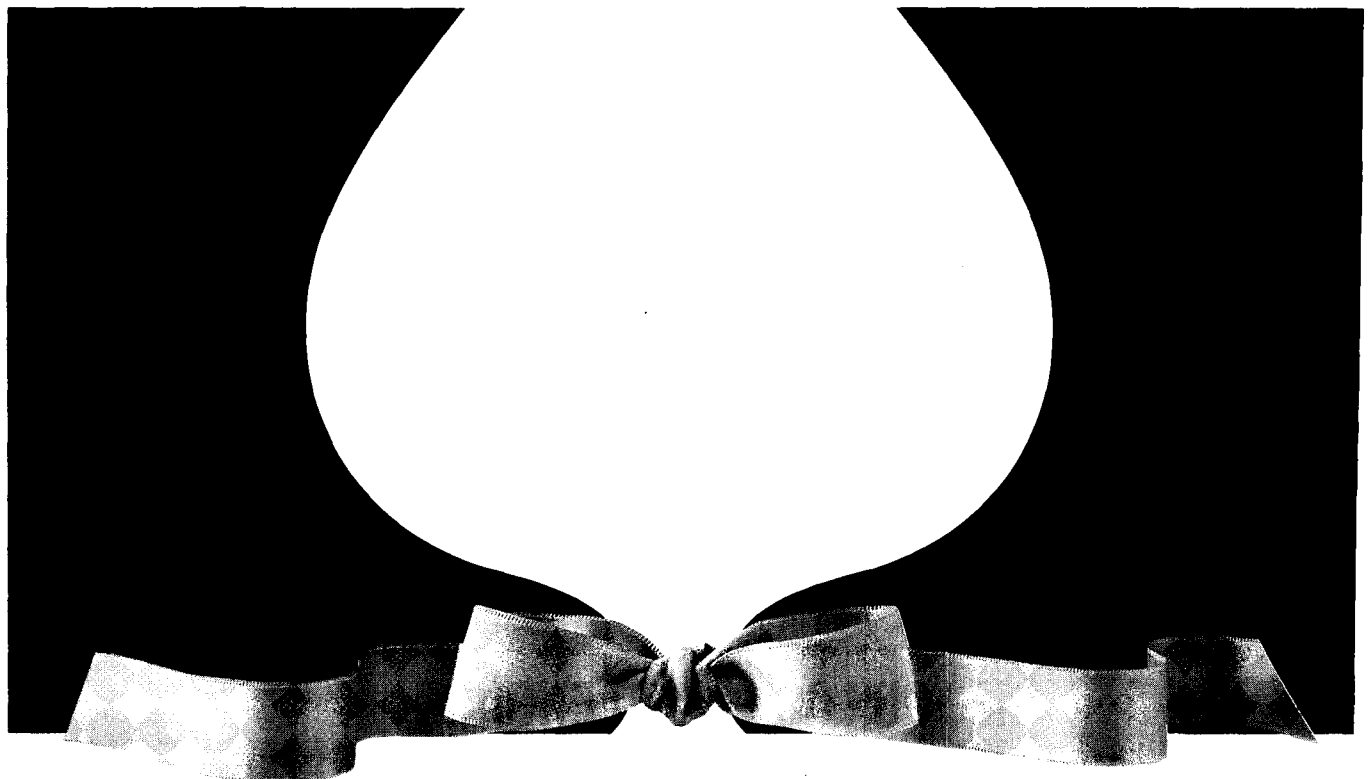
But this explanation doesn't stand up

either, Ohmae says. An *endaka* ("high-yen") exchange rate, 120 or 130 to the dollar, might equalize Japanese and American production costs for a few items in which Japan is the miles-ahead leader, such as fax machines and compact-disk players. But for a much larger number of products this rate makes Japanese costs unrealistically high. The U.S.-Japan "equilibrium" rate for producing cars is probably about 180 yen to the dollar, Ohmae says. For beef, in which Japanese production is absurdly inefficient, 320 yen. For tires or engines, 200 or more. When Ohmae released an early version of his paper, last summer, the dollar was worth 140 yen. By that stage, Ohmae said, the yen was already overvalued for Japanese production as a whole. It already cost "too much" to make TVs, pianos, and a host of other products in Japan. Ohmae said that if you averaged out the equilibrium rates for a variety of products, weighted for importance, you'd conclude that the dollar should have been worth 170 to 180 yen at the end of last year. But the dollar didn't bounce back once it hit 140. It kept heading down.

What about the remaining candidates from the realm of real economics—purchasing power and standard of living? Exchange rates constantly flex to offset inflation and keep living standards in perspective. The average Mexican may be earning twice as many pesos as he did last year, but he's not twice as well off. As Mexican inflation goes up, the peso goes down, and through the exchange rates we end up with a realistic idea of how Mexico is faring. Maybe something similar has happened to America and the dollar.

But in fact "purchasing power" does even less than "production costs" to explain why the dollar is so weak against the yen. As the dollar falls, Americans automatically look poorer relative to Japanese. When the dollar is valued at anything under about 160 yen, Japan's per capita income, converted into dollars, works out to be higher than America's. On paper, then, the average Japanese is now much better off than the average American. But of course that's only on paper. In the real world of houses, food, cars, clothes, the average Japanese is obviously much worse off than the average

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American. Because land and housing prices have shot up so much faster than income, he's worse off than he was before the age of the mighty yen.

The "right" rate for the dollar, based on production costs, might be 170 to 180 yen, but the right rate based on purchasing power would be even higher, Ohmae says. If you wanted the price of a large, American-style refrigerator to be the same in the United States and Japan, you'd have to value each dollar at 335 yen. (To put it another way: with the dollar worth about 125 yen, as it was this spring, a \$500 refrigerator would cost almost \$1,300 in Japan.) To equalize the price of housing, a dollar should be worth 260 yen, of electricity 198 yen, of (made-in-Japan) color TVs 181 yen. In fact, *every* consumer item Ohmae studied indicated that the yen should be weaker than it now is, and the dollar stronger, to make living costs in the two countries comparable.

There is a lot more in Ohmae's paper. In addition to discussing what he calls the "trading fundamentals"—purchasing power and production costs—he shows why the "financial fundamen-

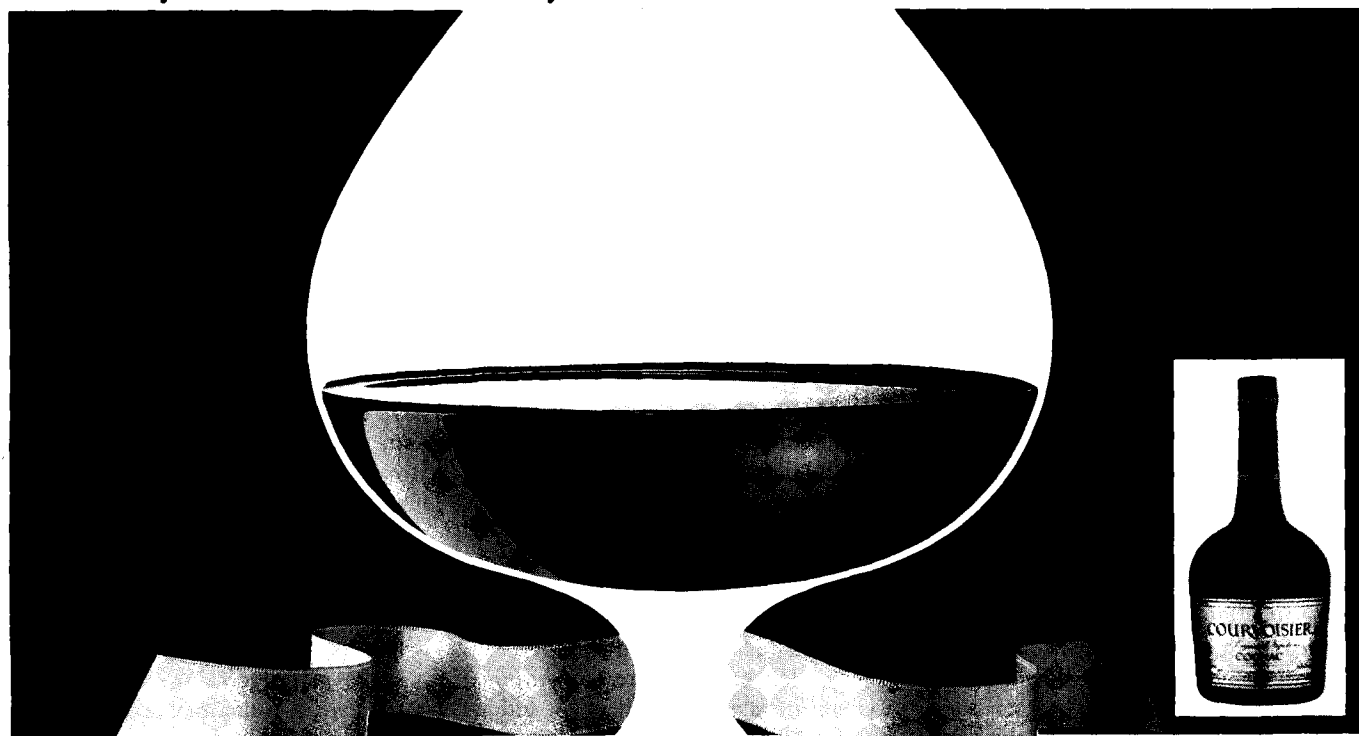
tals," especially interest-rate spreads between one country and another, shouldn't have pushed the dollar down so far. His argument, though, can be boiled down to this: the real economics of trade, productivity, and purchasing power can explain why the dollar is no longer worth 259 yen, its peak in 1985, but it cannot explain why the dollar ever went below 170 to 180 yen. It crossed that threshold in the late spring of 1986 and, with bliplike exceptions, has been falling ever since. Nor can the real economy explain why the change was so sudden. Calculating in dollars (which is how most international comparisons are, for the moment, carried out), Japan in 1988 is twice as valuable as it was in 1985. Its factories have twice the output, its people have twice the wealth, its banks have twice the assets, items in its stores command twice the price. Of course, nothing real in Japan has changed that much, that fast. Japan's banks, for instance, have "surged" to international eminence largely because their holdings are now converted to dollars at 120 to 130 yen, rather than at 250.

"The two countries' 'fundamentals'

obviously do not switch position so dramatically in such a short term," Ohmae writes in his paper. "What has changed 180 degrees during the recent period is the American government's fundamental belief." And this, Ohmae says, is the only plausible explanation for what has happened to the dollar and the yen.

THROUGH THE FIRST five years of the Reagan Administration the United States embraced what Ohmae calls the "strong dollar—strong America" policy. The government wanted to keep the dollar strong and stable. The dollar's strength helped kill inflation, by making imports cheap, and its stability attracted the foreign investment America needed to cover its budget deficit and other capital needs. The policy worked, but its side effect was the enormous trade deficit. To deal with that, the United States switched late in 1985 to the "weak dollar—competitive America" policy. American officials began "talking down the dollar," to make American-made products more attractive. Ever since then, Ohmae argues (using evidence too compli-

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cated to go into here), political pressures from the United States, rather than real economic developments anywhere in the world, have made it safe to bet on a falling dollar.

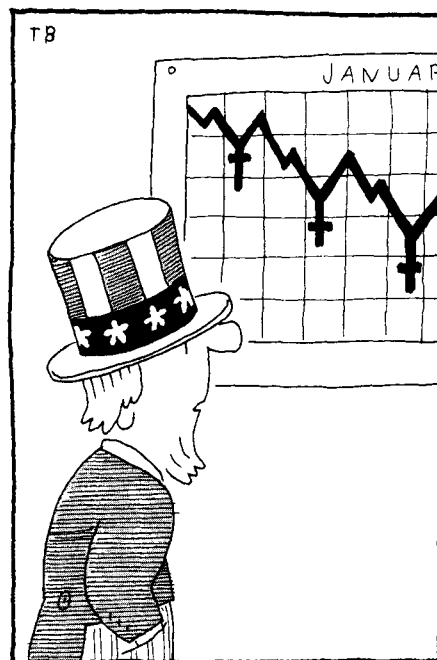
Without the force that Ohmae calls the "political paradigm"—the U.S. government's clear desire for a weaker dollar and thus (it hopes) a smaller trade deficit—speculation could never have taken the dollar so far beyond what real economic forces dictate, Ohmae says. In ordinary circumstances the foreign-exchange market is a ruthless zero-sum game. When the stock market rises, everyone can (on paper) get richer at the same time, but in foreign exchange every pfennig someone gains someone else must have lost. The brutal simplicity of this process keeps exchange rates relatively honest. "It is the fear of losing that makes the market recover its sense of balance," Ohmae says.

But because of the political paradigm, some of the normal, chastening fear has been removed from the currency market. As long as the U.S. government sees trade deficits as an urgent problem and a cheap dollar as the solution, it's safe for everyone else to ignore economic fundamentals and bet on a falling dollar. Whenever the monthly U.S. trade figures fail to show that the deficit is shrinking, the market goes into a tizzy of dollar-selling. That is not because of the deficit itself, Ohmae argues (reminding us that the surplus dollars America emits because of its trade deficit amount to less in a full year than one day's trading on the currency exchange), but because of the purely political impact in the United States. If next month's deficit looks "bad," American politicians will want the dollar to keep going down. Anybody with a brain will sell dollars and buy yen.

At this point I should mention the part of Ohmae's argument least likely to persuade the average American. Ohmae says that the political paradigm that persuaded speculators to keep betting against the dollar never had to exist. The U.S. government did not have to talk the dollar down, he says, because American trade deficits are not in themselves a problem—and even if they were, a cheap dollar wouldn't fix them.

Ohmae's deficits-don't-matter argument is not incompatible with the view, frequently expressed in these pages, that Japan tends naturally toward big, protectionist trade surpluses because of the way its government acts and the way

its people are. He agrees that in countless ways Japan artificially discourages imports and makes the Japanese consumer live a needlessly grim, austere life. But, Ohmae says, Americans should view this as Japan's problem, not America's. Both countries would benefit from becoming one integrated economic unit, he says—and Americans are better off because more of them act as if the merger were already complete. American consumers buy Japanese products, and American companies set up subcontracting plants in Japan. This is America's glory, Ohmae says, not its shame. So long as Americans are employed and their incomes are rising, the U.S. government shouldn't fret over monthly



deficits any more than it worries about "deficits" between California and Colorado. And the flood of money into the United States, under Japan's "Buy America!" campaign, can be good for both sides, he says. It links the two countries in an economic and strategic partnership, by far the strongest in the world.

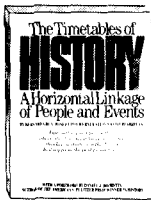
From what I've seen of Ohmae since first meeting him three years ago, I don't think he's just trying to lull America into false complacency (as if the real kind weren't enough) with this argument. He believes it and asserts it sincerely. (He hews to the conventional wisdom in saying that the U.S. federal budget deficit is a problem and needs to be controlled.) But suppose he's totally wrong. Suppose that his idealistic "beyond national borders" argument falls apart because most Japanese are no-

where near as broad-minded as Ohmae and will never willingly let foreigners share power in their companies, universities, society. Suppose, therefore, that trade deficits and foreign debt really are problems for America. *Even then*, Ohmae says, an extremely weak dollar is the wrong solution. It doesn't fix what's broken, and it makes new troubles we could otherwise avoid.

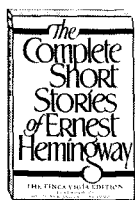
If exchange rates were a good answer to modern trade imbalances, presumably things should have started improving when the dollar sank below the production equilibrium level of about 180 yen—which it did almost two years ago. But in fact the U.S. deficit with Japan was still rising when the dollar was bumping around between 120 and 130 yen. The rate has finally gone *so* low that it is having some brute-force effect, but Ohmae staunchly maintains that it will never be as effective as many Americans hope. The American companies that took their plants overseas have been very slow to bring production back, despite the cheap dollar (and the influx of Japanese investment). After all, the rate might change next year—and in any case, the Korean won, the Malaysian ringgit, the Thai bhat, and the Mexican peso (the currencies in places where American corporations are putting new production plants) are still very cheap. "Industries tend to cluster to gain competitiveness and flourish as a whole, as in the case of aerospace in the U.S., chemicals in Germany, and cameras and consumer electronics in Japan," Ohmae says. "It takes decades to build up the infrastructure. . . . [Currencies] seem to hit the highs (or lows) every two years. Plants can't be moved around at this pace."

That is, if the United States is really worried about trade deficits, as Ohmae says it should not be, by his logic it will have to do something much more direct than just jimmying the exchange rates. It will have to match the Japanese by being like them: limiting foreign investment, setting up domestic cartels gumming up the distribution system so that foreigners have a harder time penetrating it, and, of course, training whole new cadre of people who want to manage manufacturing plants. Other wise, a weak dollar may drive industries out of Japan but it won't bring them back home, Ohmae contends. We have to decide which worries us more: the debt we're building up now or the steps we have to take to reduce our debts.

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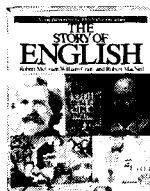
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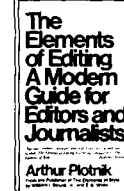
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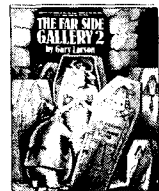
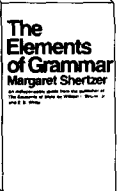


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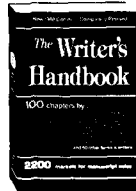
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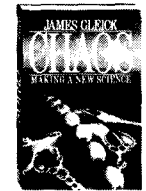
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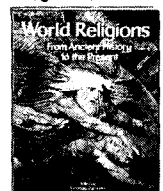
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Even if Americans don't buy Ohmae's "Please calm down" analysis of U.S. trade deficits, his argument that the dollar has fallen much too far seems very powerful. Ohmae goes on to emphasize in his report the damage the cheap-dollar policy has done the United States. The risk of huge currency losses scares off foreigners who otherwise would be happy to keep investing in the United States—and fear that the Japanese will pull out their money gives American investors a hair-trigger outlook on the U.S. stock market. At the same time, the cheapened dollar offers Japanese and Germans a half-price sale on existing American companies and assets. The wild swings in exchange rates make currency speculation potentially far more profitable than real investment. A Japanese investor could have made six percent, in dollars, during 1987 if he'd put his money in an American bank, and maybe 15 or 20 percent if he'd chosen a good real-estate investment. If he'd kept his money in yen and stuck it in his futon, he'd have earned a dollar profit of 40 percent. The wild swings also leave governments helpless to control exchange rates through "normal" means. The United States has put an armlock on Germany to reduce its banks' interest rates, so that money will flow into American banks, which offer a better return, and therefore into dollars. At one extreme moment last year some American interest rates were six points higher than those in Japan. That was an enormous spread, but even it did not draw enough money into American banks to stop the dollar's collapse. "Profit-making opportunities on the exchange itself could be at over 50 percent per year," Ohmae says. "Interest is not interesting any longer, and central banks are becoming irrelevant."

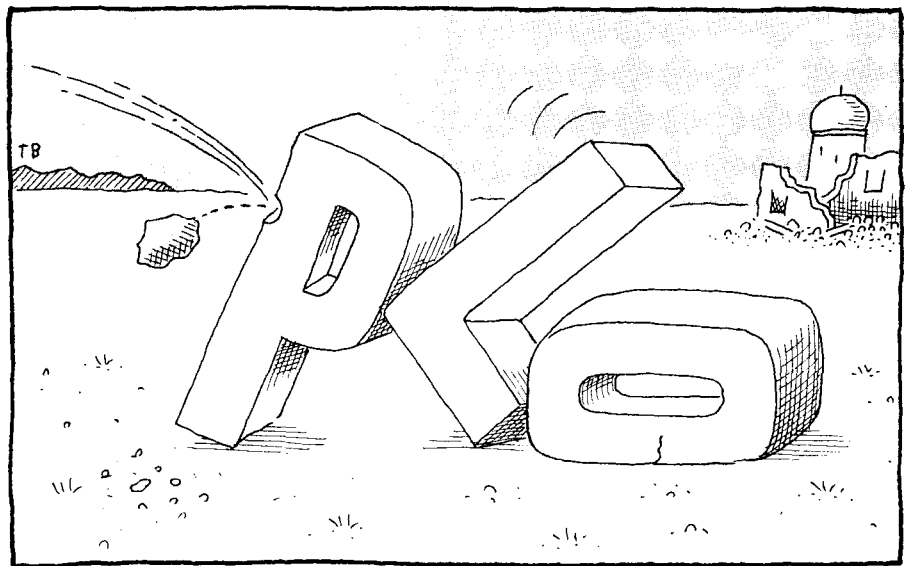
Ohmae's prescription for these ills is a happy change from most save-the-economy manifestos. He says that governments, especially America's, can bring currency rates back to sanity only by resolutely *doing nothing*. In saying so, Ohmae is not recommending that governments stick to their current policies—not even the policy that "the dollar has fallen far enough," which the United States switched to early this year. From now on, he says, governments, policy-makers, and frequently quoted scholars should volunteer no opinion whatsoever about proper exchange rates. Then and only then, he says, will the speculative frenzy end.

The money traders are basically cowardly people by virtue of the fact that it is a high-risk, zero-sum game. They can be likened to a scared swimmer whose toe must touch the bottom of the river bed. However, if experts and authorities say that he can go deeper and enjoy a faster flow without fear, he'd be tempted. The lack of such advice, on the other hand, will scare him enormously, and he, as well as his colleagues, will tend to swim back to the shoreline.

Back at the shoreline, according to Ohmae's logic, the dollar should have been worth 170 to 180 yen at the begin-

ning of this year. (The longer it stays at depressed rates, he says, the lower the real rate becomes, because that many more plans, investments, and trades have been made at the cheap rate. This spring he said that months of trading at 120 to 130 yen might have pushed the real rate to 160 or so.) But nobody in the government should say that the dollar is too low, Ohmae says. Governments shouldn't say anything when asked about their currencies. They should let the traders make the decisions and take the risks. When that happens, the real economy will start to matter again.

—James Fallows



THE MIDDLE EAST RUNAWAY REVOLUTION

PLO leaders outside the occupied territories are trying after the fact to take credit for and control of the Palestinian uprising

THE PALESTINIAN uprising in the occupied territories of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip has brought the Palestinian question to the fore in a way that has eluded the well-funded and wily leadership of the Palestine Liberation Organization for the past twenty years. The uprising came as a surprise not only to the Israelis but also to the very people who have for so long claimed to be the "sole legitimate representatives" of the Palestinian people. Thus, in addition to the soul-searching now going on in Israel and the deep de-

pression that events have brought upon King Hussein, the uprising has caused Yasser Arafat and other top PLO officials to stop and consider whether they have been wandering down aimless paths abroad while neglecting their most promising course—in the homeland itself. Within a few months the occupied territories became a liability for Israel, rather than an asset, and became the only meaningful asset remaining to the PLO.

The uprising, or what the Palestinians call the *intifada*, is emphatically not a revolt against the Israeli occupation alone. It is equally an internal revolution of children against fathers, women against husbands, poor against rich, refugees against the propertied classes. Above all, the Palestinians on the inside are leading the way against the political establishment on the outside—and upsetting the traditional balance of forces in the Palestinian national movement.

Strange as it may seem, the PLO, no less than the Israelis, failed to recognize

the significance of the riots that broke out in the Gaza Strip on December 9 and soon spread to the West Bank. For much of the first week of the riots Yasser Arafat and his associates took them to be just another flare-up of the smoldering unrest that has long characterized life in the territories. Thus Arafat did not cancel a scheduled trip to a number of Arab capitals; neither did he issue any special orders to the Occupied Land Department, which serves as a liaison with the territories, or to the heads of the so-called Western Sector, which is responsible for launching terrorist attacks across Israel's borders.

The PLO had no idea that an uprising was in the offing for the simple reason that its representatives in the West Bank and Gaza were not involved in kindling it. In fact, the PLO representatives tended to regard the rioting as an ill-considered and pointless explosion set off by their rivals from the Moslem fundamentalist groups in the Gaza Strip, and the tone of the demonstrations gave them good reason for concern. The youngsters in the refugee camps were not brandishing the portraits of Arafat and improvised Palestinian flags that are standard at such events. And the slogans they shouted had a distinctly religious ring to them—especially the cry “Allah helps those who help themselves,” which echoed the chants from the mass demonstrations during the Khomeini revolution in Iran.

Indeed, a classified survey of “prime agitators” taken by the Israelis after the first wave of riots in the Gaza Strip showed that the great majority of participants in violent demonstrations defined themselves as devout Moslems; this was their first arrest and their first physical confrontation with Israeli forces. Yet only a handful of the detainees in the Israeli sample listened to broadcasts of PLO Radio, from Baghdad, or were familiar with Arafat's political slogans or traditional list of demands—including the right to self-determination, the cornerstone of the PLO's platform.

That their own people were not at the eye of the storm was an ominous sign to the PLO leaders working out of Tunis and Baghdad. Five days of riots and demonstrations had passed before Arafat concluded that his intelligence apparatus was not reporting properly and that he had best take matters into his own hands. With his deputy and close friend Khalil al-Wazir (known by the *nom de guerre* Abu Jihad), he began telephoning

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his proven loyalists in the territories. (Abu Jihad was assassinated in Tunis later in the spring.) Naturally, both parties to these conversations were aware that they were probably being tapped. The message conveyed to the PLO activists was usually mixed: encouragement to keep the riots going and extract the maximum benefit from media coverage came with a warning against escalation into the use of firearms. If this order was obeyed almost without exception, however, it was not because it had come from Arafat. The demonstrators understood instinctively that the introduction of firearms would bring tanks down on them, in which case they hadn't a chance of holding their own. In an incident that occurred in Nablus (and not an isolated one), after a soldier had dropped his rifle in the course of dispersing a demonstration, one of the rioters came bounding over to him to return the weapon.

Some of the local Palestinian leaders had the feeling that Arafat and Abu Jihad were completely out of touch with what was going on "in the field" and ignorant about even the simplest facts, such as the location of certain refugee camps. Arafat's main concern seemed to be getting the demonstrators to exhibit their identification with the PLO and with him personally. Like the Israelis, he was knocked off balance by the *intifada*. For over twenty years he had preached the doctrine that change would come only "through the barrel of the gun" and had built his movement on the hallowed principle of "armed struggle." An unarmed "popular struggle" like the one now in progress was not dreamt of in his philosophy. Yet it was plain that the grass-roots rebellion going on within the occupied areas was proving far more effective than the armed attacks against Israel. Arafat's huge investment in building a regular force, replete with tanks and artillery—stationed in distant Iraq, Sudan, and Yemen—looked downright foolish in light of the results being achieved by civilians armed with stones and Molotov cocktails. What's more, the superficial indoctrination and belief in the principle of armed struggle seemed to have collapsed in the face of the fundamentalists' call for every man, woman, and child to stand up and act for the good of the nation out of faith and fixity of purpose—and without need for formal direction.

Little wonder, then, that there were

moments when it looked as if the whole painfully constructed PLO apparatus abroad, which considered itself the cutting edge of a national liberation movement, had turned, overnight, into a rear-guard establishment comfortably ensconced far from the lines of confrontation. The spirit in the streets was not that of the PLO; sometimes it was blatantly anti-PLO. And although Arafat succeeded in preserving the PLO's status as the emblem of Palestinian aspirations both to the outside world and to the insurgents themselves, he had an uphill battle to re-establish his authority over his constituency. He shared with the Israeli leaders Yitzhak Shamir, Shimon Peres, and Yitzhak Rabin the distinction of having misjudged the effect of the long occupation on the people who had to abide it. Arafat's strategy for obtaining a political status for the Palestinian entity has always involved both diplomacy and terrorism. He believed that the "next generation" would reap the fruits of his labors and was not at all prepared for the possibility that these "grandchildren" would take up stones, and take their own fate in their hands.

FROM CLOSE UP it was easy to see that the riots were fueled as much by acute economic distress as by frustrated nationalist aspirations. Youngsters who had known nothing but poverty in the refugee camps and city slums were the ones leading the protest, drawing in their wake first the urban middle classes and then the peasant population in villages far from the main arteries. In addition to the sustained deprivation—and a lack of evidence that it was likely to ease—was a series of signals that the plight of the Palestinians had been conveniently left off everyone's agenda. Reagan and Gorbachev had not discussed it during their summit in Washington, and even the November pan-Arab summit in Amman had chosen to ignore the Palestinian issue, focusing instead on the threat posed by Iran.

In Israel, meanwhile, there was more and more talk of executing a "transfer" (one of many euphemisms coined to blur the sinister import of extremist ideas, this one the mass expulsion of the Palestinians). Israeli settlers in the territories had stepped up their pressure to resume the expropriation of land and the takeover of water sources. The interrogation of detainees made it clear that during the initial stages of the riots, at least, the incitement was coming from

those Palestinians who were in day-to-day contact with Israelis and were well acquainted with the odious face of the occupation—from frequent and humiliating checks at roadblocks to cavalier treatment at work and discrimination in setting wages. Convoys of laborers who left for Israel each day at dawn came home at night to sewage flowing in the streets between their wretched huts, after having spent their days building villas and apartments for Jews. Once the *intifada* began, in the lower classes, it gradually made its way upward. The pro-Jordanian faction, consisting largely of members of the genteel class of Palestinian society, was forced to lie low and pay lip service to the uprising. The kids in the street jeered at the suggestion that they accept the patronage of King Hussein, and all at once it was utterly clear that there was no serious support for the "Jordanian option" in the territories. The King had in fact long lost his standing there; now his pitiful following was exposed in all its feebleness.

THE INTIFADA DREW its momentum not only from the Palestinians' profound sense of frustration, humiliation, and despair but also from their swift upsurge of belief that a relatively easy and effective way had been found to neutralize Israel's enormous military advantage. This belief was reinforced by a series of grave errors on the part of the Israelis, who had likewise underestimated the depth and force of feeling powering the rebellion. In addition to a failure to send reinforcements into the territories quickly and an unconscionable lack of proper equipment, the army was too selective in its use of the curfew—a standard means of restoring order and providing a cooling-off period—and the demonstrations were able to continue without respite and feed off each other. For the entire first month of unrest the standing orders were not to disperse demonstrations unless attempts were made to block arteries or attack soldiers. In a number of places the Palestinians took this to mean that they could barricade themselves inside villages and camps, and they proceeded to do so, declaring Bir Zeit, Salfit, and other towns on the West Bank "liberated areas."

Several weeks after the uprising began the Israeli army added truncheons to the otherwise mostly lethal weapons of unit in the territories, and shifted to a more generalized application of the curfew the dispersal of demonstrations by force

as soon as they began, and the securing of places where riots were most likely to erupt. In a closed session with the ranking officers in the field Defense Minister Rabin made it plain that he preferred to have the world chastise Israel for being too tough than to have the Palestinians conclude that it had lost its clout and its control over the territories. By that point, however, a broad section of the Palestinian public had been buoyed by the taste of success, and the groundwork had been laid for what would later be called a war of attrition.

The strength of the *intifada* lay to a large degree in its lack of organization, and the aspect of spontaneity remained even after weeks of confrontation. Different places acted in different ways, at different paces, and with different levels of violence. The common denominator was an appreciation of the need to keep up the momentum without turning to firearms and incurring the predictable consequences of their use. Following these unwritten rules, the riots continued to move in a hiccuping zigzag from one place to another, producing a steady yield of curfews, clashes, and casualties.

The young militants effectively maneuvered the local merchants into the position of buffer between them and the army. By forcing storekeepers to close their shops, knowing full well that the army would force them to open again, the hard-core activists were able to wage a struggle on the backs of the least militant sector of all. Gangs of youngsters organized within the refugee camps and slums, which the army avoided entering for quite some time while attending to the striking merchants (who forfeited 20 to 30 percent of their business). Neither the shopkeepers nor factory owners dared fire any of their employees during the extended commercial strike; at most they might try to cut back on their wages. Throughout the strike and curfews, many workers continued to steal out of the refugee camps and report to their places of work in Israel—out of economic necessity—but they were merciless to any merchants who tried to carry on business, torching their shops, sending threatening notes, and sometimes even beating the offenders. In Gaza, for instance, it came out that after setting fire to the buses used to transport workers to the packing houses of the city's rich citrus growers, the arsonists continued on to their own jobs in Israel.

JUNE 1988



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MEANWHILE, PLO ACTIVISTS of varying ranks tried to gain control of the *intifada*. One way was through the volunteer work committees that had been founded under PLO sponsorship in refugee camps and slums and were usually directed by students and graduates of the local universities, who were themselves organized into defined blocs. These committees, which had been formed to coordinate the political education of the youth, social-welfare activities, and cultural evenings, became field commands for organizing demonstrations—assigning youngsters to throw stones, paint nationalist slogans on buildings, and even use the loud-speaker systems of mosques to broadcast propaganda.

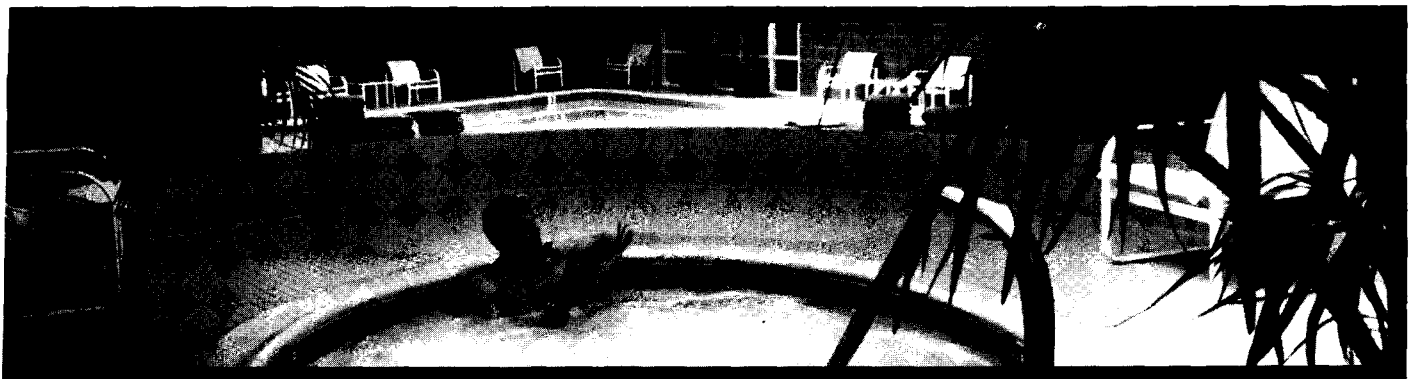
A collection of some thirty to forty Palestinian press agencies and newspapers in East Jerusalem and other cities, all backers of the PLO (yet allowed by Israel to continue operating openly), assumed the task of running a propaganda campaign that ranged from spreading inflammatory rumors to briefing foreign journalists and steering them to the hot spots.

Close to a thousand freed prisoners who had been tried and convicted of acts of terrorism or sedition in the service of the PLO proved themselves an influential cadre of leaders. The prisoners worked each in his own sector, but they were united by the bonds of friendship formed during the endless ideological seminars they had held in prison. Their prestige as veterans of the struggle against Israel and their sway over the young people quickly raised them to the rank of directors of the *intifada* in their respective areas.

The PLO officials abroad, from Arafat down, conducted their work through these three types of activists, trying to coordinate them and direct their activities. Direction was also conveyed through the evening broadcasts of PLO Radio in Baghdad and by the distribution of circulars signed by the United National Command (an entire month elapsed before this cryptic signature was joined by that of the PLO). Gradually even fund-raising campaigns were organized, but they had to be abandoned when criminal elements tried to elbow in on the enterprise.

The most striking thing to emerge at this stage, however, was Arafat's inability to ride the wave. Even his loyalists in the territories displayed an astonishing degree of independence and disregard for the directives coming from abroad. While continuing to champion the PLO as a symbol of their aspirations, for the most part they refused to accept its authority in day-to-day affairs. The leaders of the demonstrations expressed, often in the same breath, esteem for Arafat and contempt for the PLO's failure over the twenty-four years of its existence to achieve any tangible results. Thus the cadres that the PLO had cultivated in the territories turned out to have views of their own and a capacity for action not contingent upon direction or support from abroad. In general, the inhabitants of the territories realized that collectively they carried more weight than the PLO's distant leaders. Soon there was an outbreak of indiscreet grumbling about Arafat's attempts to dictate policy to the local leaders, to bully them into line by crude intimidation tactics (the burning of cars, smear campaigns, and even assassination threats), and, above all, to

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take personal credit for everything that had been achieved.

The waning influence of the PLO leaders abroad was particularly evident in two spheres. Because their directives were so little heeded, they were ultimately forced to retreat from their call to Palestinian laborers to stop working in Israel—a demand that was unrealistic and simply ignored. The same was true of the call to attack Jewish settlements and of Arafat's pathetic insistence that placards bearing his portrait be carried at every demonstration and plastered on walls. Demands of a strictly local character were raised both in the circulars and in meetings with Israeli officials and American diplomats. These ranged from permitting elections for municipal and refugee-camp councils to ensuring that the taxes deducted from Palestinians' wages were put toward improving services in the territories.

The PLO leadership also lost points with the local population when its attempt to launch the "Ship of Return," carrying 120 Palestinian deportees, ended in stinging failure. By sabotaging the ship before it ever weighed anchor, Israel turned what was meant to be a dazzling media extravaganza into a public-relations fiasco for the PLO. What's more, Arafat had planned to use the ship both to regain full command of events and to pull in the 700,000 Arab citizens of Israel, who had clearly expressed their solidarity with the residents of the territories but had stopped short of actively joining in the uprising. Like the Israeli authorities, Arafat had been impressed by the strength and self-discipline displayed by the Israeli Arab community on the day of its solidarity strike. He also took note that some of its more radical elements were prepared to break that discipline, blocking main roads and hurling Molotov cocktails at traffic. Indeed, the danger (from Israel's standpoint) or prospect (from the PLO's) that the rebellion would spread to the Arab population within Israel's pre-1967 borders became one of the main concerns of the warring sides.

THE GREATEST CHALLENGE the PLO has encountered, however, is that posed by a new camp that has emerged in the Gaza Strip and East Jerusalem. There a dozen or so Moslem fundamentalist groups have attracted large followings and have already built effective and obedient organizations. The PLO and the Communists have taken care to

observe an armistice with the Islamic Jihad, the Islamic Mujamma'a, and other religious factions. But this truce in the occasionally violent rivalry among the movements has not halted the contest for hegemony, and it is now indisputable that in Gaza and nearby cities the fundamentalists have gained the upper hand. Although some of these groups recognize the symbolic value of the PLO, they part radically with it on such issues as the character of a future Palestinian state and of the struggle to achieve it, and they have leveled withering criticisms at the personality cult built around Arafat.

Another internal Palestinian issue that has called attention to itself as a result of the uprising is the complex one of who actually speaks for the Palestinians: Arafat and his associates based in Tunis, Baghdad, and other Arab capitals, or the PLO leaders in the territories themselves. Because of the plethora of competing interests and considerations, the question is not just who is entitled to speak for the Palestinians but who is likely to get a hearing in the places where it counts.

Israel has recently shown signs of reversing itself on this question. For the better part of a decade it has made every effort to suppress the re-emergence of a nationalist leadership in the territories, by ousting local public officials, for example, and deporting such PLO fellow-travelers as Mayor Mohammed Milhem and the late Mayor Fahed Kawasmeh (who was subsequently felled by a Palestinian bullet for his excessive moderation). The tendency since the Begin years has been to lump together all Palestinian nationalists as PLO—which has become a synonym for *terrorists*—and refuse to have any truck with them. Now Israel finds that since it will inevitably have to talk to *someone*, it is better off dealing with the moderate "natives" than contending with the radical and often mercurial leadership in the "diaspora."

Yet even if Israelis will talk to the local leaders, it remains to be seen whether these leaders are prepared to negotiate in earnest, rather than serve merely as mouthpieces for Arafat. The emergence in the territories of figures such as Hanna Siniora and Fayez Abu Rahmeh, who were received by Secretary of State George Shultz in Washington in February, has made the PLO in exile fearful that it will be left out of the political process altogether, with the local leadership being considered more authentic and



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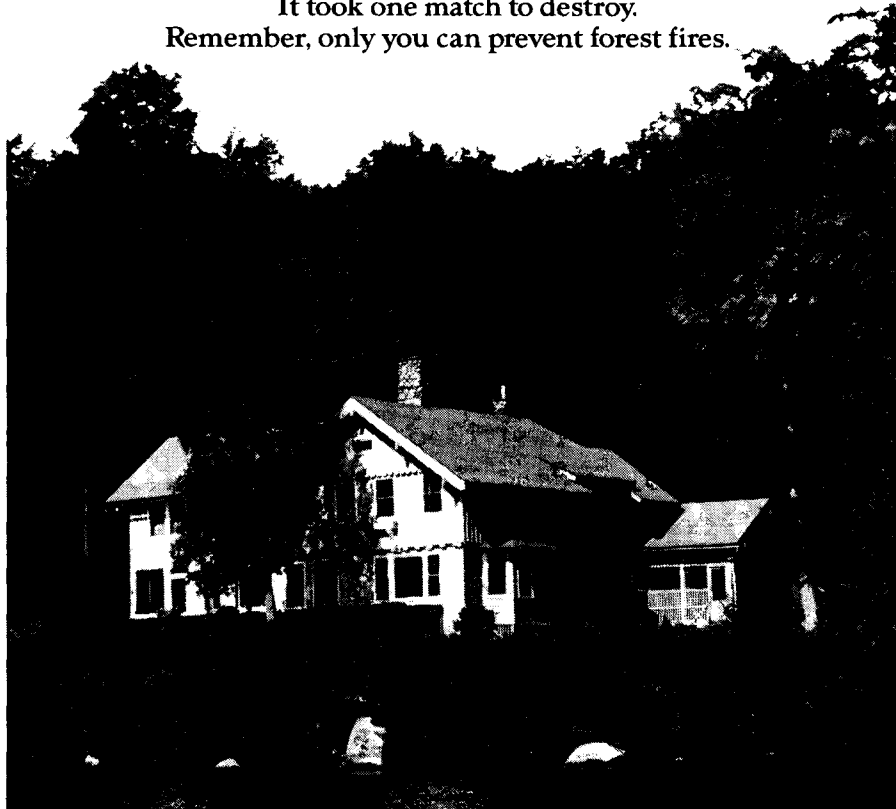


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representative. This is undoubtedly why it forbade Siniora and others to meet with Shultz again, in Jerusalem, just a few weeks later.

The local leaders, for their part, are caught between a rock and a hard place. In the case of the Shultz visit, they gave every sign of wanting to respond to the American invitation, for fear that if they declined to see the Secretary of State in Jerusalem, they would sabotage their own efforts to keep direct lines of high-level communication open to Washington. Yet to placate the mistrustful PLO abroad, they felt constrained to relay certain conditions set by Arafat, such as a guarantee not to close the PLO office in New York and an agreement to hold the session somewhere outside Israel and the territories, so that PLO leaders other than local ones could take part. Considering the brute threats made against them, the local leaders would have had to be very brave men indeed to defy the leadership abroad.

THOUGH ORIGINALLY directed against the Israelis, the *intifada* has severely jolted the traditional power structure in Palestinian society itself. Throughout its existence the PLO has drawn its more visible leaders from the "leading families" of the West Bank. Thus Arafat's loyalists have come from the same quarters as Hussein's supporters did during his term of rule over the area; this group has carved out a place for itself under Israeli rule as well. This Palestinian aristocracy, so to speak, managed to sustain its hegemony throughout the years of the conflict with Israel, and rather than be damaged by the rise of the PLO, it affiliated itself with the new establishment. Now, however, this class of inveterate survivors has been dealt a stunning blow. Those who had tended to collaborate with Israel were threatened with death if they refused to make public confessions in the mosques and churches; those who looked to Jordan for aid were told that the King was helpless to protect them from the whirlwind; and those who were associated with Arafat and the leftist organizations discovered that, although their reputations as devoted nationalists remained intact, no one was listening to them.

An entire hierarchy that has weathered generations of political turmoil has come under assault. The members of the upper classes, who had been the local spokesmen of the PLO, were suddenly being classified, with more than a

hint of ridicule, as "right-wingers." The business and professional classes found that they were being swept along by the sheer thrust of the force rising up from below. All at once thousands of families were discovering that teenage boys, rather than the patresfamilias, were setting the tone of their lives. Countless women were discovering a convenient, indeed respectable, means of liberating themselves from the bonds of the traditional household; in a number of places they actually stoned their husbands for trying to stop them from participating in demonstrations. Peasants whose forebears had been showing deference to city dwellers for generations now made their way to the town halls to have their say, and the same *mukhtars* who had once held the fate of every villager in their hands now found themselves subjected to abuse as they walked the paths and alleyways of their erstwhile domains.

Clearly, the chances of instituting negotiations toward a political settlement will have very little effect on this social upheaval. The dominant forces—the young people—are seeking not only an end to the occupation but also a different status and a better life for themselves. They want a Palestinian state with Yasser Arafat at its head, yet they themselves want to be its leaders, not just plain citizens. And they do not want a state in which they will have to continue living in refugee camps. For these young people, the Palestinian flag is a symbol of the struggle for economic equality as much as for national independence, and for many of them the mosque is a source of identity and inspiration, not merely a setting for religious ritual.

This is a war within a war. While Arafat is trying to neutralize the challenge from the new leadership in the streets, the religious elements are striving to increase their sway, and the leftist organizations are fighting desperately just to hold their own. The left and the right in Israel are preparing for a showdown that promises to be more fateful than any before it, largely because of the Palestinian uprising, but the contest for primacy is no less critical on the other side of the barricades. One way or another, the Israeli government that emerges from the forthcoming elections will have to deal with the Palestinians, and the profile of the leadership it will be facing—across the negotiating table or across the battlefield—is already quite different from the one that has been so familiar.

—Ehud Ya'ari

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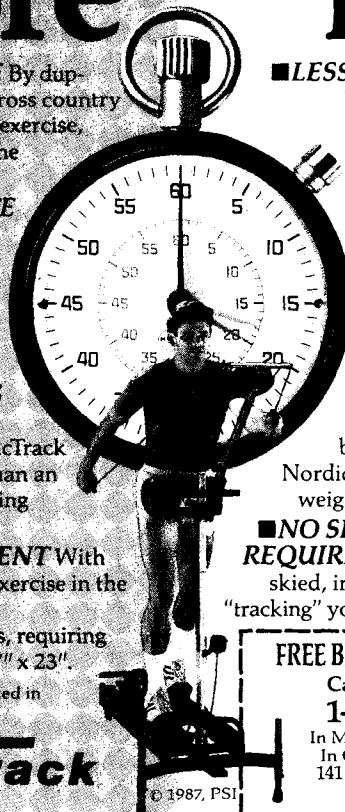
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Sap (if said tree proves maple), knotholes,
Birds, squirrels, insects, agents, and servants.
If more than one tree is mentioned herein,
The images, similes, metaphors, and allusions
Shall be the joint and several obligations of each such tree
Through no fault of its own.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest [sic]
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast
In the event that no receptacles, vehicles, baby carriages,
Or other like equipment
Obstruct the common ground as heretofore described.

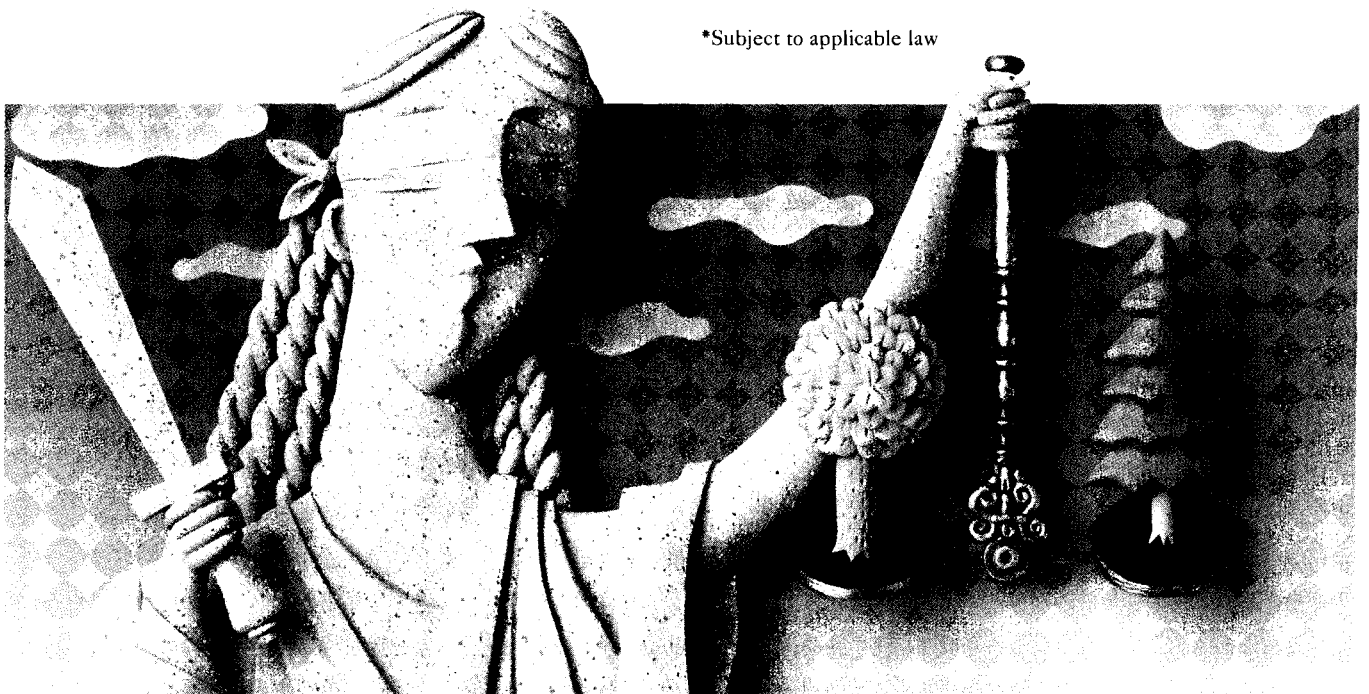
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A nest of robins in her, his, or its hair;
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Their spouses, friends, relatives, invitees, visitors,
Agents, servants, and any offspring born to them
Shall neither make nor suffer any noisy, unclean,
Or otherwise offensive use of said tree.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain, hereupon and until
The reasonable cessation of said rain,
Or until the expiration and termination of said tree
By exercise of the power of eminent terrain,
Or by the action and authority of strong wind, lightning,
Chain saw, Dutch elm disease (if said tree proves Dutch elm)
Or any other natural or unnatural force,
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Poems are made by fools like me,*
But only God,
And no other instrument of like tenor,
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Wash any base coat/clear coat finish with gentle, non-abrasive cleaners, rinsing away all loose dirt with plenty of water before sponging on the soapy solution.

Rinse the cloth or sponge or change it frequently to avoid scratching the finish with dirt or

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If you use a commercial car wash, look for one that uses a soft scrub system. A few car wash systems employ harsh brushes, which may scratch the clear coat finish.

Base coat/clear coat paint need not be polished as often as a lacquer or enamel to remove the grime and effects of weathering. When you do polish it (once or twice a year), use a mild cleaning wax, not an abrasive. Polish gently, by hand.

Avoid mechanical polishing or sanding of the surface.

Don't use a scrub brush on the paint or on the wheels, if they're aluminum mag wheels with clear coat paint on them.

You can help maintain the finish on your car by parking and driving wisely. Try not to park under trees, where bird droppings or sap, which contain compounds that can injure the finish, may fall onto your car. Try to park upwind from industrial areas. If you get cement dust or fly ash on your car from any fire or smokestack, rinse it off immediately.

When you drive, go easy on the gas pedal to keep stones from flying up and chipping the paint during quick starts. When traveling on dirt or gravel roads, put some extra distance between you and the car ahead to avoid running into stones thrown into the air by that car's tires.

If you get a scratch or chip in the finish, and it's a deep one, you should probably seek expert repair advice on how to keep it looking good and to avoid exposing bare metal to the elements. If the scratch is small, auto supply stores and GM dealers offer two-step touch-up paints to repair the underlying color coat and the clear coat finish.

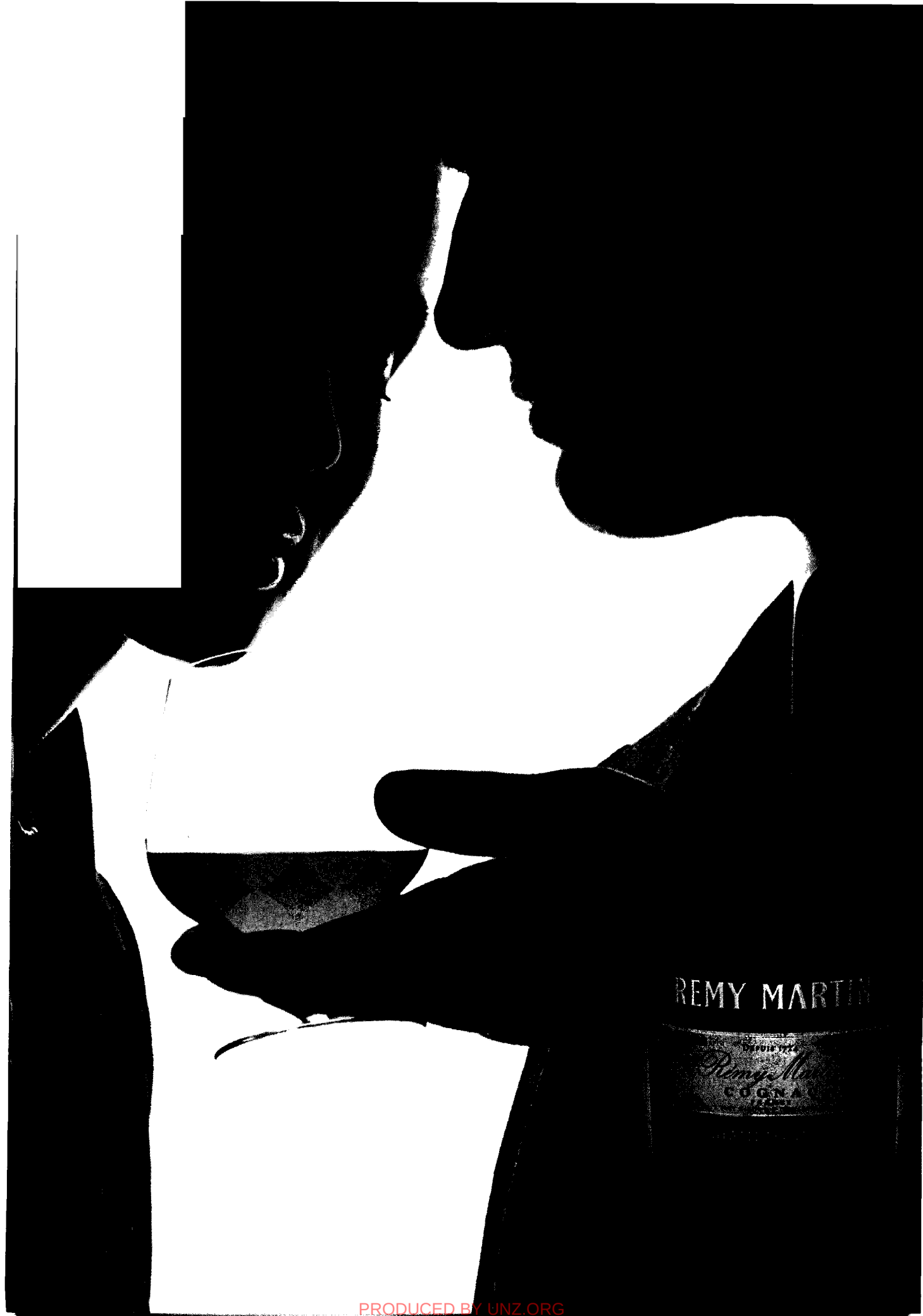
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and twisted energies of the twentieth century. So did his life*

CREATOR AND DESTROYER

BY ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS HUFFINGTON



Conchita's Face, 1894

ly drawn to the ghost of herself that he drew just before death snatched her away. He watched the desperate comings and goings of Dr. Ramón Pérez Costales, a friend of his father's. He watched his parents' struggle to save his sister; and

THE YEAR 1895, WHEN Pablo Picasso was thirteen, brought his initiation into two mysteries—the mystery of power and the mystery of death. On January 10 his seven-year-old sister, Conchita, died of diphtheria. Picasso watched her deteriorate from the smiling little girl with the blonde curls whom he had so tender-

he watched bewildered as they celebrated Christmas and Epiphany and gave presents to the children, trying to shield Conchita from any knowledge of approaching death. In his anguish Picasso made a terrible pact with God. He offered to sacrifice his gift to Him and never pick up a brush again if He would save Conchita. And then he was torn between wanting her saved and wanting her dead so that his gift would be saved. When she died, he decided that God was evil and destiny an enemy. At the same time, he was convinced that it was his ambivalence that had made it possible for God to kill Conchita. His guilt was enormous—the other side of his belief in his powers to affect the world around him. And it was compounded by his almost magical conviction that his little sister's death had released him to be a painter and follow the call of the powers he had been given, whatever the consequences.

AFTER CONCHITA'S DEATH THE FAMILY MOVED FROM A Corunna, in the northwest corner of Spain, to Barcelona. During his early days there Picasso did a revealing drawing, *Christ Blessing the Devil*, which was evidence of the deep conflict raging within him. Christ, with a shining aura around his head, is blessing with his left hand an overwhelmed Devil. At the same time, he painted *The Holy Family in Egypt* and *Altar to the Blessed Virgin*. In 1896 came an abundance of religious pictures: Christ appearing to a nun, Christ being adorned by the angels, the Annunciation, the Last Supper, the Resurrection.

A year after he drew *Christ Blessing the Devil*, he gave tender expression to some of the most powerful symbols of religious worship, but he also did a picture of Christ with no face—impersonal, unreal, and with no answers. Catholicism, with its emphasis on ethical rules and the rewards of heaven, held no answers for Picasso, with his growing passion for freedom and this world. He would reject the Church, but he could not stop himself from returning throughout his life to the figure of Christ, as a symbol of his own suffering, in the same way that he would bury his transcendent longings but could not extinguish them.

TALK OF NIHILISM, CATALANISM, ANARCHISM, AND MODERNISM filled the smoky air of Els Quatre Gats, Picasso's main haunt in Barcelona. Els Quatre Gats was from the beginning a huge success, "a Gothic tavern for those in love with the North," where Utrillo staged puppet shows,

where Rusiñol, Casas, and Nonell, among other painters, showed their work, and where anyone with an apocalyptic gleam in his eye would gravitate to discuss the new ideas. Enthusiasm contended with a sense of futility, and the urge to create with the compulsion to destroy. The anarchist Mikhail Bakunin was one of the imported heroes of Els Quatre Gats: "Let us put our trust in the eternal spirit which destroys and annihilates only because it is the unsearchable and eternally creative source of all life. The urge to destroy is also a creative urge."

Such was the intellectual milk that nourished Picasso in Barcelona at the turn of the century. Uneducated but quick to learn, he devoured ideas and philosophies through his friends who had read and absorbed them. Nietzsche's *Will to Power* struck an especially powerful chord in Picasso's heart. Power was the only value set up by Nietzsche to take the place of the transcendent values that had lost their meaning for modern man. And Picasso, for whom transcendent values were associated with Spain's repressive Church, found that Nietzsche's philosophy admirably suited his own needs and dreams of power.

PICASSO ARRIVED IN PARIS JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS nineteenth birthday, speaking no French and having no place to stay. At the beginning it did not seem to matter where he lived. Most of his time was spent on the streets, at cafés, in the Louvre, at the Universal Exhibition, at the Grand and Petit Palais, in the odd whorehouse.

ARS



ARS



LEE MILLER ARCHIVES



LEE MILLER ARCHIVES



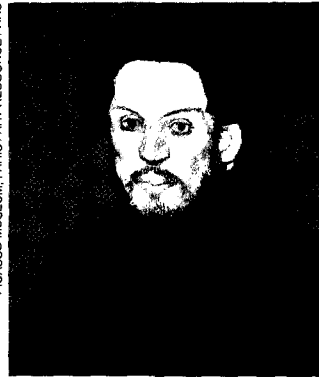
Clockwise from the lower left: Picasso at age fifteen; *Christ Blessing the Devil*, 1895; a drawing by Picasso, after Toulouse-Lautrec, for the cabaret Els Quatre Gats; the poet Max Jacob; and Picasso in Montmartre, around 1904.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1901 AMBROISE VOLLARD, THE DEALER of Cézanne and Gauguin, put on a Picasso exhibition. There were prostitutes and society ladies, portraits and landscapes, interiors and street scenes. The exhibition was a success, but even more significant for Picasso's life, it led to his meeting the man who for the next few years would fulfill two of his three most constant and urgent needs. Max Jacob would become his caretaker and his worshipper. As for Picasso's third need, for constantly and effortlessly available sex, he would no doubt have been eager to meet that too, if only Picasso had been willing. Max Jacob went to see the Vollard show and soon after, struck by Picasso's "fire" and "real brilliance," arrived at the boulevard de Clichy, where Picasso was living, to pay his respects to the young master.

Jacob was twenty-five years old when he met Picasso. He had come to Paris from Brittany three years earlier, determined to become an "artist"—a poet and a painter. "Stick to poetry" was Picasso's advice, and to a very large extent Jacob took it. He called Picasso "my little boy" but listened carefully to what the little boy had to say. This short, prematurely balding intellectual, who wore a monocle with the sensuality of a woman wearing a garter belt, had already gained considerable influence in the demi-monde of poets and painters which he had made his home. He would launch some and help the careers of others already launched, but none would he love as deeply and as unconditionally as he loved Picasso.



PICASSO MUSEUM, PARIS / ART RESOURCE / ARS

Large Blue Self-Portrait
(detail), 1901

children, and fashionable ladies. Yet a noticeable change was beginning to take place in both his mood and his work. "I have tried to express the terrible passions of humanity by means of red and green," Van Gogh wrote in 1888, and in 1901 Picasso, spurred by his inner turmoil, switched his focus to the solitude and pain of humanity and tried to express them by means of blue. So began the procession of beggars, lonely harlequins, tormented mothers, the sick, the hungry, and the lame. And in their midst was Picasso himself, his own suffering on display in a blue self-portrait.

In January of 1902 he returned for a time to Barcelona, where the sometimes despairing, sometimes bitterly tender expressionism of the Blue Period became still more intense. The destitute women of Paris appeared in their Barcelona incarnation utterly crushed by life and a hostile world. In *Two Sisters*, his painting of a whore and a nun, Picasso expressed for all time his starkly divided vision of women as madonnas or whores. And in his life, having idealized his mother to the point where he could not even bear to talk to the real, imperfect Doña Maria, he spent his time watching, sleeping with, and painting women who in his mind occupied the space reserved for whores. Two of the smaller nude drawings he would keep for his private collection. On one of them he had written, "*Cuando tengas ganas de joder, jode*"—"When you are in the mood to screw, screw." In his struggle to define himself as a man, lust seemed the most appropriate emotion toward women.

IN OCTOBER PICASSO RETURNED TO PARIS. ALL HIS HOPES were now pinned on a new show organized by Berthe Weill. The other artists in the show were Launay, Pichot, and Girieud, and the catalogue praised Picasso's "indefatigable ardor to see and show everything" and the "wild light" that permeated his work. But nothing was sold, and Picasso's mood became even more nihilistic.

His despair was there for all to see in his work. Charles Morice focused on it in an essay he wrote for the *Mercure de France* while the Weill show was still on.

It is extraordinary, this sterile sadness which weighs down the entire work of this very young man. His works are already numberless. . . . He seems a young god trying to remake the world. But a dark god. Most of the faces he paints grimace; not a smile. His world is no more

habitable than lepers' houses. And his painting itself is sick. Is this frighteningly precocious child not fated to bestow the consecration of a masterpiece on the negative sense of living, the illness from which he more than anyone else seems to be suffering?

It was an extraordinarily powerful piece, and it shook Picasso. He wanted to meet Morice, as if the man who had so accurately diagnosed his state of mind might also be able to provide a cure. Morice, a good friend of Paul Gauguin's, introduced him to *Noa Noa*, Gauguin's autobiographical poem. Picasso's deep-rooted pessimism was pitted against Gauguin's primitive, questing optimism. "Where are we coming from? Who are we? Where are we going?" Gauguin asked, and although Picasso never formulated those questions in words, they were all there in his work and in the restlessness of his life.



Fernande Olivier

BLUE WAS STILL DOMINANT on his canvases, but a rose glow began to creep in, anticipating a major change in his life. In the afternoon of August 4, 1904, in the middle of an unexpected thunderstorm, he was on his way to his studio, carrying a little kitten he had rescued from the storm, when a beautiful, statuesque woman rushed into the Bateau-Lavoir, drenched to the skin. He blocked her path and thrust the kitten into her arms—an offering and an introduction. He laughed and she laughed with him, and he took her to see his studio. Her name was Fernande Olivier. In a nude autobiographical drawing dated August, 1904, they have just made love and he is still stretched on top of her, his feet barely touching hers, her almond eyes closed, her wavy hair dark and rich. He commemorated the occasion as if he knew immediately that this was not just another sexual encounter. It was, in fact, the beginning of his first real relationship, the first time in his life he committed himself to a woman—not "till death do us part" but at least until the attachment stopped being passionate, inspiring, or convenient.

Fernande had been born in Paris on June 6, 1881, four months before Picasso was born in Málaga. At seventeen she had become involved with a shop clerk, Paul-Emile Percheron, and had a son by him. When the child was five months old, Percheron married her, but soon after, both father and son disappeared without a trace, and Fernande married the sculptor Gaston de Labaume. In Fernande's inventive reshaping of her life she had never had a child or a shop-clerk husband. Instead, at seventeen she had had, as she described it, "an extremely unhappy try at marriage," which left her at twenty-two, again in her own words, "already a little disillusioned with life," living alone at the Bateau-Lavoir, as Madame de Labaume.

"For good or for bad," Gertrude Stein would say, "everything was natural in Fernande." She was naturally beautiful, naturally intelligent, naturally creative, and naturally lazy. She painted and drew, but she preferred to expend her creativity in inventing a life, a past, and a new name for herself. The new name was Olivier, and it was as Fernande Olivier that she entered Picasso's world and became his first official mistress and his door to manhood. "There was nothing especially attractive about him at first sight," she wrote years later about meeting Picasso, "though his oddly insistent expression compelled one's attention. It would have been practically impossible to place him socially, but his radiance, an inner fire one sensed in him, gave him a sort of magnetism which I was unable to resist."

For him, there was a sense of recognition and inevitability. And it was exhilarating to have such a beautiful, worldly woman beside him. He loved the way she looked and the way she dressed and wore her floppy hats with such instinctive grace. But there was also fear and anxiety, prompted by the challenge of adult sexuality and the prospect of a real relationship. In the fall of 1904 Fernande moved in with him. Yet his fears persisted. In *Woman Sleeping* he painted himself sitting by the bed, lost in anxious thoughts and imaginings, while Fernande lies blissfully asleep. She had surrendered, while he was still troubled by this dramatic change in his life.

Having overcome his anxiety about her living with him, he was now equally anxious that she be with him *all* the time. He asked nothing from Fernande but to exist as part of his life. He didn't care if she cooked, he didn't expect her to keep their place clean or even to sweep the floor, and he positively forbade her to do the shopping, his jealousy creating nightmarish visions of her being propositioned on the streets of Montmartre and succumbing to other men's advances. His needs perfectly matched her disposition. "Out of a sort of morbid jealousy," she wrote, "[Picasso] forced me to live like a recluse. But with some tea, books, a couch, not much housework to do, I was very, very happy. . . . I was, I admit, extremely lazy." Her youthful indolence and her unbridled sensuality were the cornerstones of their relationship. She offered Picasso passionate and abandoned sex, at any time that suited the unpredictable rhythm of his work and his equally unpredictable moods. By regularizing his sex life she brought stability to his whole existence. In fact, she brought more than that. Her equanimity balanced his anxiety, and her healthy optimism was an antidote to his depressions—not a potent enough antidote, however, as she herself observed. "This rather sad, sarcastic man, who was sometimes a bit of a hypochondriac, found no consolation but only forgetfulness in his work and in the love of his work for he always seemed to bear a great grief within him."

With Fernande, Picasso was becoming a man, no longer the adolescent who searched for women in whorehouses and thought only of himself. Fernande's value to him was there for all to see in the metamorphosis that his work un-



PICASSO MUSEUM, PARIS / ARS

The Lovers, 1904. The drawing was done after Picasso first made love to Fernande.

derwent. Rose became the dominant color, and circus performers and saltimbanques replaced the derelicts of the blue world. He still portrayed outsiders, but there was more tenderness and more empathy in this world of the circus. Charles Morice wrote another piece in March of 1905, in which he saluted Picasso's new maturity and his deepened sensibility relative to his earlier work, when "he seemed to take delight in sadness without sympathizing with it."

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Guillaume Apollinaire

A FIGURE WHO BEGAN TO appear, though in considerable disguise, in Picasso's work in the spring of 1905 was the young poet Guillaume Apollinaire. His first portrayal was in the *Family of Saltimbanques*, as a big buffoon who presides over the group and combines the qualities of two major archetypes, the jester and the wise old man. He also soon appeared as a youthful giant, hardly an accurate reflection of the plump Apollinaire's physical prowess, but more a subjective portrayal of the poet's intellectual powers and understanding of the ways of

the world—qualities that Picasso admired and on which he would often lean as he negotiated his way through the minefield of his life in Paris.

Within days of meeting Picasso this illegitimate son of the daughter of a Polish papal chamberlain, this former tutor and writer-of-all-work, was writing his first promotional piece on him. It also happened to be his first piece of art criticism. He had never before taken any interest in the visual arts and had an even scantier knowledge of them than he had of Prague, where he had set a short story that left readers convinced he had spent his life there.

What he did for Prague he did for the Blue Period. When its existence was revealed to him in Picasso's studio at the Bateau-Lavoir, two days after they met, it was alien to anything he had ever seen or thought about. But when he wrote about it, it was as if he had been its creator.

These children, who have no one to caress them, understand everything. These women whom no one loves now, are remembering. They shrink back into the shadows as if into some ancient church. They disappear at daybreak, having attained consolation through silence. Old men stand about, wrapped in icy fog. These old men have the right to beg without humility.

In Apollinaire, Picasso had also found an advocate who was big enough to contain his contradictions. "It has been said that Picasso's work shows a precocious disillusion-

ment," Apollinaire wrote in the first issue of a small review he was editing.

In my opinion the contrary is true. Everything he sees enchants him and it seems to me that he uses his incontestable talent in the service of an imagination that mingles delight and horror, abjection and delicacy. His naturalism, with its loving precision, has a counterpart in the mysticism which, in Spain, is to be found deeply rooted in even the least religious mind.

These two brilliantly gifted outsiders had first met, toward the end of 1904, at an English bar near the Gare Saint-Lazare. Apollinaire was there, waiting for the train to Le Vesinet, the suburb where he lived with his mother and his brother. The money he made from editing and writing was far too meager to allow him the freedom to live in Paris, away from his increasingly eccentric mother and close to his artist friends.

THE HARBINGERS OF FREEDOM FROM WANT WERE GERTRUDE and Leo Stein. Gertrude Stein, whom Picasso later described as his only woman friend, was in fact more masculine than many of his men friends. "Masculine, in her voice, in all her walk" was the way Fernande described her. "Fat, short, massive, beautiful head, strong, with noble features, accentuated regular, intelligent eyes." She also had a large independent income, superlatively managed by her elder brother, Michael, back in the States, which made her rebellions as well as her independent views and bohemian life-style much easier to sustain. She was twenty-nine when she left Baltimore, having completed her medical studies, which had included a course in surgery. Her brother Leo, bald and bearded and wearing gold-rimmed glasses, had in the meantime been living in Florence, painting and immersing himself in art. Fernande remembered, "Too intelligent to care about ridicule, too sure of themselves to bother about what other people thought, they were rich and he wanted to paint." They soon provided the informal focal point of contemporary art. They inspired, they catalyzed, and, even more important at this precarious stage of Picasso's existence, they bought.

Picasso met the Steins at the establishment of Clovis Sagot, a former clown who had turned a pharmacy into an informal art gallery. "Who is the lady?" Picasso asked Sagot. "Ask her if she will pose for me." Leo Stein recalled later that "at the very moment when Picasso was demurely awaiting her word of acceptance, Gertrude was vocally expressing total dislike of the painting they had come to see." The painting was *Young Girl With a Basket of Flowers*, and Gertrude so hated the girl's feet that she even suggested cutting them out and keeping only the head. Finally Leo prevailed, and the first Picasso, "with feet like a monkey's," entered the Steins' apartment, at 27 rue de Fleurus, intact.

It was at the rue de Fleurus that Picasso met Henri Matisse. They were Gertrude Stein's two great loves, and she wrote a short story, "Matisse, Picasso and Gertrude Stein," to celebrate that love.

Matisse was "very much master of himself," Fernande remembered. "Unlike Picasso, who was usually rather sullen and inhibited at occasions like the Steins' Saturdays, Matisse shone and impressed people. . . . With his regular features and his thick, golden beard, he really looked like a grand old man of art. He seemed to be hiding though, behind his thick spectacles, and his expression was opaque, gave nothing away, though he always talked for ages as soon as the conversation moved on to painting.

"He would argue, assert and endeavor to persuade. He had an astonishing lucidity of mind: precise, concise and intelligent."

Matisse thought that Picasso and he were "as different as the North Pole is from the South Pole." While Matisse pursued serenity in his life no less than in his art, Picasso was a mirror for the conflicts and anxieties of his age. Matisse's objective was to give expression to what he described as "the religious feeling I have for life. . . . What I dream of is an art of balance, of purity and serenity, free of disturbing or disquieting subjects . . . an appeasing influence." Picasso had no clear intellectual objective, only a vague but all-consuming urge to challenge, to shock, to destroy and remake the world. The fascination they extended over each other was the foundation of the relationship that began in Gertrude Stein's living room and that, despite all its up and downs, lasted until Matisse's death, in 1954. It was the fascination of opposites.

"ON THE RUE DE RENNES," MATISSE WROTE, "I OFTEN passed the shop of Père Sauvage. There were Negro statuettes in his window. I was struck by their character, their purity of line. It was as fine as Egyptian art. So I bought one and showed it to Gertrude Stein. And then Picasso arrived. He took to it immediately." Max Jacob's recollection was much more dramatic. "Picasso held it in his hands all evening. The next morning, when I came to his studio, the floor was strewn with sheets of drawing paper. Each sheet had virtually the same drawing on it, a big woman's face with a single eye, a nose too long that merged into the mouth, a lock of hair on the shoulder. Cubism was born."

Cubism was not yet born, but in the fall and winter of 1906 Picasso was definitely pregnant with it. And preparations were under way for the momentous event. He had a canvas mounted on specially strong material as reinforcement and ordered a stretcher of massive dimensions. Years later he talked to André Malraux of the moment of conception.

All alone in that awful museum with masks, dolls made by the redskins, dusty manikins. *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* must have come to me that very day, but not at all because of the forms; because it was my first exorcism-painting—yes absolutely! . . . When I went to the old Trocadéro, it was disgusting. The Flea Market. The smell. I was all alone. I wanted to get away. But I didn't leave. I stayed. I stayed. I understood that it was very important: something was happening to me, right?

The masks weren't just like any other pieces of sculpture. Not at all. They were magic things. But why weren't the Egyptian pieces or the Chaldean? We hadn't realized it. Those were primitive, not magic things. The Negro pieces were *intercesseurs*, mediators; ever since then I've known the word in French. They were against everything—against unknown, threatening spirits. I always looked at fetishes. I understood; I too am against everything. I too believe that everything is unknown, that everything is an enemy! Everything! Not the details—women, children, babies, tobacco, playing—but the whole of it! I understood what the Negroes used their sculpture for. Why sculpt like that and not some other way? After all, they weren't Cubists! Since Cubism didn't exist. It was clear that some guys had invented the models, and others had imitated them, right? Isn't that what we call tradition? But all the fetishes were used for the same thing. They were weapons. To help people avoid coming under the influence of spirits again, to help them become independent. They're tools. If we give spirits a form, we become independent. Spirits, the unconscious (people still weren't talking about that very much), emotion—they're all the same thing. I understood why I was a painter.

Everything, the whole of creation, was an enemy, and he was a painter in order to fashion not works of art—he despised that term—but weapons: defensive weapons against the spell of the spirit that fills creation, and offensive weapons against everything outside man, against every emotion of belonging in creation, against nature, human nature, and the God who created it all. "Obviously," he said, "nature has to exist so that we may rape it!"



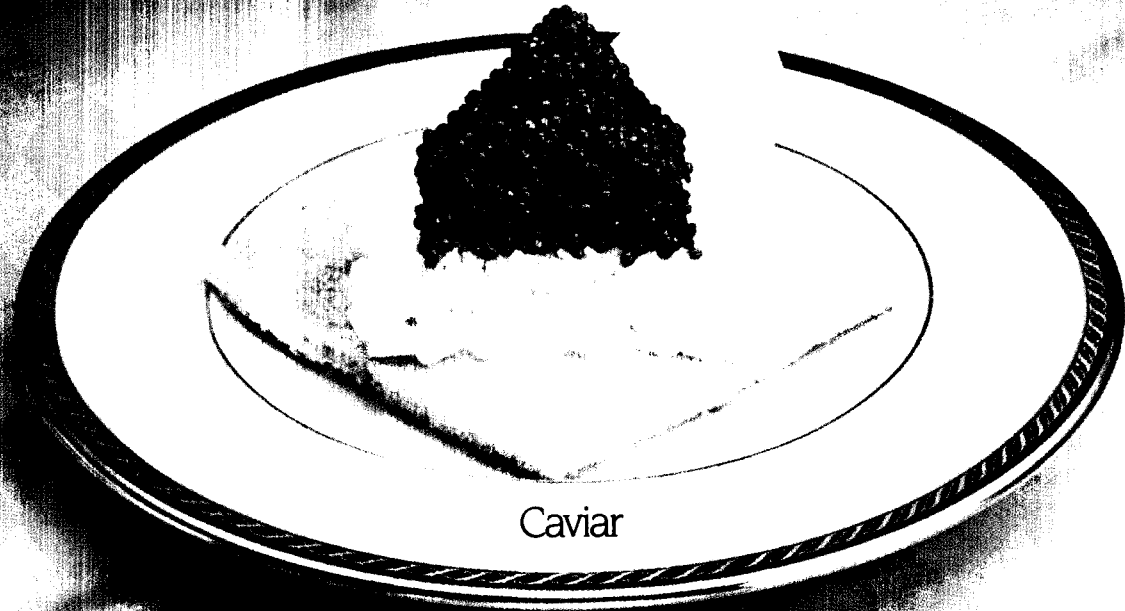
Les Femmes d'Alger, 1907

LES DEMOISELLES D'AVIGNON may have come to Picasso in the Trocadéro, but there were Iberian influences, Egyptian influences, and many unconscious philosophical influences whose principal perpetrator was a man scarcely five feet tall, with long black hair parted on his large head and falling on his narrow shoulders, and with mad, deep, black eyes. It was Alfred Jarry, the creator of Father Ubu, who in his play *Ubu Roi* summed up his philosophy of destruction: "Hornsocket! We will not have demolished everything if we don't demolish even the ruins!" Jarry abhorred every aspect of contemporary society—its bourgeois pretensions, sham, and hypocrisy—and his life no less than his art was devoted to its destruction. He carried a pair of pistols and contrived opportunities to use them to underscore his social role.

Destructiveness was Jarry's rallying call, and a deep, barbaric destructiveness was at the center of *Les Femmes d'Alger*. When Jarry gave Picasso his revolver, he knew that he had found the man who would carry out his mission

MAINTAINING A PROPER DIET IS THE FOUR BASIC

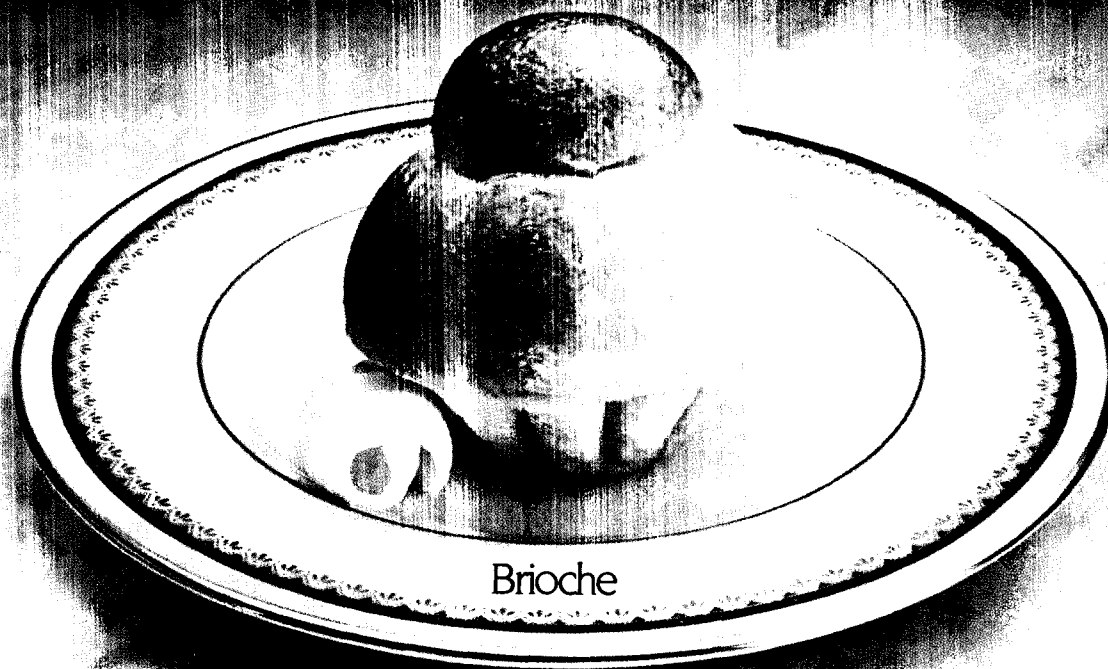
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Picasso (left) at home in the boulevard de Clichy, 1909; Georges Braque (above) in his studio, 1910; and the Surrealist playwright Alfred Jarry (right).

of destruction. It was a ritual act and was seen as such by all those present at the supper at which Jarry passed on the sacred symbol. "The revolver sought its natural owner," Max Jacob wrote. "It was really the harbinger comet of the new century." So was the explosion that was named *Les Femmes d'Alger*: five horrifying women, prostitutes who repel rather than attract and whose faces are primitive masks that challenge not only society but humanity itself. Even the Picasso *bande* was horrified. "It was the ugliness of the faces," the young poet André Salmon wrote, "that froze with horror the half-converted." Apollinaire murmured about revolution, Leo Stein burst into embarrassed, uncomprehending laughter, Gertrude Stein lapsed into unaccustomed silence, Matisse swore revenge on this barbaric mockery of modern painting, and André Derain expressed his wry concern that "one day Picasso would be found hanging behind his big picture."

Georges Braque, who had just met Picasso when he saw *Les Femmes d'Alger*, in the fall of 1907, knew immediately that nothing less than a revolution was intended. "It made me feel," he said, "as if someone was drinking gasoline and spitting fire." He was shocked, but he was also stirred as he had never been before. Seven months younger than Picasso, he was to become his partner not only in the great pioneering adventure of twentieth-century art but also in a shared intimacy that was rare in Picasso's relationships and unique in his relationships with other painters. "The things Picasso and I said to each other during

these years," Braque remembered, "will never be said again, and even if they were, no one would understand them anymore. It was like being two mountaineers roped together."

To the extent that Picasso felt himself part of a movement, it was a movement made of two. "We worked with enthusiasm," he later said, "and that was the main thing, putting much more into our efforts than usual, for we were involved in them body and soul." It was a quest that transcended ego and personal ambition, and to underline that what they sought was "pure truth without pretension, tricks, or malice," they signed their canvases only on the back to preserve anonymity, uncontaminated by personal glory. "Picasso and I were engaged in what we felt was a search for the anonymous personality," Braque said. "We were inclined to efface our own personalities in order to find originality. Thus it often happened that amateurs mistook Picasso's painting for mine and mine for Picasso's. This was a matter of indifference to us, because we were primarily interested in our work and in the new problem it presented."

ON AUGUST 21, 1911, THE MONA LISA WAS STOLEN FROM the Louvre, a theft that led to national outrage over the security arrangements at the nation's great museum. On August 28 G ry Pieret, a young Belgian dilettante straddling the fence between amusing, unscrupulous inventiveness and mild crookedness, went to the offices of

the *Paris Journal* with an Iberian statuette he had stolen from the Louvre, proudly demonstrating how easy it was to rob the place. Apollinaire read the headline in the next day's *Paris Journal* and was horrified. Pieret had been working as his secretary and the statuette had been at his home ever since Pieret had removed it from the Louvre. Even worse, a few years earlier Pieret had sold Picasso two other Iberian statuettes, which he had similarly acquired by removing them from the museum. Picasso was enchanted by them and, following Pieret's advice, had kept them hidden at the bottom of an old Norman cupboard. He had hardly given them any further thought until "the Louvre burglaries" hit the front pages of the French press.

Apollinaire and Picasso went into a frantic huddle at the boulevard de Clichy. Terrified that they might be implicated, they decided they had to act. Their first thought, born of their growing panic, was to flee the country. Fortunately, Fernande's common sense prevailed and they decided instead to dispose of the incriminating evidence by throwing the statuettes into the Seine.

After midnight they walked up and down the Seine looking for the right moment to get rid of their burden, but all moments seemed equally filled with risk. Finally, they gave up and returned to Picasso's apartment, where they spent the rest of the night plotting their next course of action. Early the following morning Apollinaire went to the offices of the *Paris Journal* and delivered the stolen treasures and a major scoop, on condition that the source would not be revealed. The condition was accepted and instantly breached. On the evening of September 7 the police arrived at Apollinaire's apartment, searched all his papers, found letters from G ry Pieret, and arrested him.

Two days later, at seven o'clock in the morning, there was a knock at Picasso's door. "As the maid had not come down yet," Fernande remembered, "it was I who opened the door to a plainclothes policeman, who flashed his card, introduced himself and summoned Picasso to follow him in order to appear before the examining magistrate at nine o'clock. Trembling, Picasso dressed with haste, and I had to help him, as he was almost out of his mind with fear. . . . The bus between Pigalle and the Halle-aux-Vins, in which he had to ride, was haunted for many a day by those unfortunate memories. The detective was not allowed to take a taxi at his client's expense."

The rising anxiety of the past few days, the long wait at the police station, and finally the sight of Apollinaire, being led into the magistrate's office "pale, disheveled and unshaven," according to Fernande, "with his collar torn, his shirt unbuttoned . . . a lamentable scarecrow," completely unbalanced Picasso and drove from his mind every thought of friendship, every vestige of loyalty, and all sense of truth. Only an animal instinct for survival was left, and if that meant denying his friend, so be it. And deny him he did, when he claimed that he had only the most superficial acquaintance with the man who stood before him

in trouble and in need of help. Apollinaire started to cry, and Picasso, as if to outdo him, began to tremble and cry at the same time. The magistrate discharged him with a warning to stay within reach in case further examination was necessary, and Apollinaire was sent back to the Sant  prison.

He was held at the prison for a total of five days, during which he was interrogated again and again regarding the theft not only of the statuettes but also of the *Mona Lisa*. It was the most devastating experience of the poet's life. From the moment he had been photographed for the criminal records, with handcuffs and without his belt, his tie, or his shoelaces, to his betrayal by the man he had loved and championed, and then to his provisional release by the magistrate, at seven o'clock on September 12, he had endured a nightmare that gave form to his deepest fears and insecurities. But in public he acted as if nothing had changed between him and Picasso, hiding both his dismay and his hurt. Even when he wrote about the whole affair to a friend, he referred to Picasso as "X," never by name.



Marcelle Humbert

AT THE END OF NOVEMBER, 1911, there appeared a review by the critic John Middleton Murry in *The New Age*, of London, which struck a chord that was to reverberate through the years in the response to Picasso's work. "I frankly disclaim any pretension to an understanding or even an appreciation of Picasso," Murry wrote. "I am awed by him. . . . I stand aside, knowing too much to condemn, knowing too little to praise—for praise needs understanding if it is to be more than empty mouth-ing." This was the first time that the leitmotif of awe

mixed with incomprehension was sounded so clearly in relation to Picasso's work. In the future, praise, not just awe, would unblushingly become a constant companion of incomprehension. The reason for this unlikely pairing was stated by Murry in comparing Plato and Picasso: "I feel convinced," he wrote, "that it is but my weakness that prevents my following them to the heights they reach."

In *The Republic* Plato expelled all artists from his ideal state, because they merely copied nature, which, in turn, was only a copy of the ultimate reality. "In fact," Picasso said, "one never copies nature, neither does one imitate it. . . . For many years, cubism had only one objective: painting for painting's sake. We rejected every element that was not part of essential reality." As Murry put it,

"Plato was seeking for a Picasso." When, in 1912, Picasso painted the first collage of the twentieth century, *Still-Life With Chair-Caning*, with a printed oilcloth across the bottom of an oval canvas and a newspaper, a glass, a pipe, and a sliced lemon, he was no longer imitating reality but displacing it. "When people believed in immortal beauty and all that crap," he would say, "it was simple. But now? . . . The painter takes whatever it is and destroys it. At the same time he gives it another life. For himself. Later on, for other people. But he must pierce through what others see—to the reality of it. He must destroy. He must demolish the framework itself." It was the beginning of synthetic Cubism, along the path Picasso had embarked on toward an art of essentials rather than an art of imitation.

At the same time, he had set out on another journey. He was falling in love. During numerous evenings Picasso spent at the Ermitage, his new favorite brasserie, with Fernande, the Polish painter Louis Marcoussis, and Marcelle Humbert, with whom Marcoussis had been living for the past three years, his waning attachment to Fernande was replaced by a growing passion for Marcelle.

The two women were a study in contrast. Gertrude Stein always referred to Fernande as "very large," but she was never larger than when next to Marcelle, who was very small. Fernande was older than Picasso—only four months older, but she suddenly seemed very much older. Marcelle was younger than Picasso—only four years younger, but next to Fernande, she appeared very much younger. Fernande was temperamental, sometimes unfaithful, sometimes angry—once so angry that she shook Picasso with enough vigor to shake off a button. Marcelle was so gentle and delicate that she was almost ethereal. Fernande had the flair to be extravagant even when she was starving, while Marcelle had the talent to make the tiniest budget stretch to permit delicious meals and a cozy home. Fernande was a seductress who allowed herself to be seduced, but always with her eyes open. Marcelle was ready to be swept off her feet, to surrender, to love without conditions. Fernande lived as if the world owed her a living. Marcelle did not have the strength to take on the world; she needed someone to protect her, and in return, she gave all of herself. Fernande gave herself if she felt like it, and knew she could survive alone—giving French lessons or pawning her earrings or breaking the rules.

When the increasing distance between her and Picasso became too much for her to bear, Fernande let herself surrender to the charms of Ubaldo Oppi, a young Italian painter who had been introduced to them at the Ermitage by the Futurist Gino Severini. "To live on one woman," Picasso would say later, ". . . was not to be thought of." But to *leave* a woman was for him emotionally no less difficult. So he waited for Fernande to take the first step. "Fernande left yesterday with a Futurist painter," he wrote to Braque. "What will I do about the dog?" Within twenty-four hours of Fernande's running off with Oppi he had lured Marcelle away from Marcoussis.

To demonstrate how precious Marcelle was to him, Pi-

casso renamed her Eva. It was the name she had been given when she was born, at Vincennes, outside Paris, to Marie-Louise and Adrien Gouel. But, following the fashion of the times, she had invented a new name for herself, and no one knew her any longer as Eva Gouel. By renaming her Eva, Picasso was not only giving her back her original name but also sealing her place in his life as the first woman he truly loved. "Yes, we are together and I'm very happy" was all that he was prepared to disclose even to as trusted a friend as Daniel-Henri Kahnweiler. "But don't say anything to anyone," he admonished his dealer.

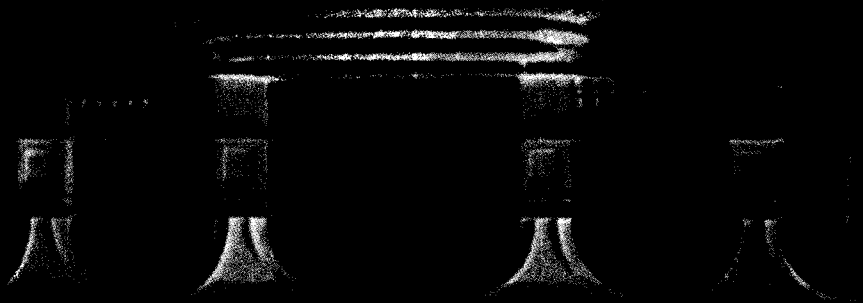
LIKE A SPOILED CHILD WHO CANNOT BEAR SHARING AFFECTION, Picasso whined to Kahnweiler, who loved Juan Gris and his work, "You know very well that Gris never painted any important pictures." He could not talk away Gris's importance, but neither could he learn to coexist with the younger Spaniard, whom Kahnweiler called the "modest genius," no doubt to distinguish him from his compatriot. Despite calling Picasso "cher maître" and exhibiting his portrait under the title *Homage to Pablo Picasso*, Gris had become very much his own painter and his own man. And the slightest tinge of rivalry brought out in Picasso the pout, the bark, and the bite. Gris was a Spaniard and yet he had become attached to Matisse, which, in the war going on in Picasso's mind, meant that he had crossed the enemy lines and was siding with the Frenchman.

But there was something about Gris that continued to draw Picasso to him despite his irrational antagonism. Kahnweiler later described Gris as a "firm hand serving a pure soul and a clear mind," and it was this purity that attracted Picasso. In his work he was trying to portray the essence of things, and in his life, despite himself, he kept being pulled to people who seemed closer to that essence. "I felt his friendly presence, his affection always about us," Kahnweiler wrote about Gris. "He was gentle, affectionate, unassuming, but he knew his work was important and he was firm in defending his ideas. . . . That is what makes Juan Gris such an outstanding figure in art: *The complete identity of his life and art.* . . . He was not only a great painter, but a *great man*." Picasso's antagonism toward Gris was to become even more virulent as he was confronted with growing evidence of Gris's integrity and his goodness. It was as if he had to disparage and destroy what he did not have or could not possess on his own terms.

ONE OF PICASSO'S FAVORITE PASTIMES DURING THE first winter of the First World War was learning Russian. It was a project born partly of his fascination with Russia and mostly of his fascination with the Baroness Hélène d'Oettingen. Part of Picasso's seductiveness was his willingness to be seduced, and he and the baroness spent many long evenings together, absorbed, as far as the world was concerned, in advancing his knowledge of Russian. Eva, left behind, found herself increasingly often at the mercy of coughing fits. She did everything she could to conceal from Picasso the fact that she was suffering not



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from a passing bout of bronchitis but from tuberculosis. She hid the bloodstained handkerchiefs and applied thicker and thicker layers of rouge to disguise the pallor of her cheeks. She was terrified that if he knew, he would leave her.

At cafés and in the streets men and women stared at Picasso, full of contempt for an able-bodied man who had stayed behind. He took refuge in sarcasm. "Will it not be awful," he said to Gertrude Stein, "when Braque and Derain and all the rest of them put their wooden legs up on a chair and tell about the fighting?" His humor seemed even blacker when news reached Paris that Braque and Apollinaire had received dreadful head wounds and both would have to be trepanned.

By fall Eva had to be hospitalized. Picasso was living alone for the first time in years. He went to the clinic every day, but he needed someone to console him during the long, lonely nights. He found that someone in Gaby Lespinasse, a beautiful twenty-seven-year-old Parisian who had been his neighbor at the boulevard Raspail. She had taken the name of the American-born artist Herbert Lespinasse, who was her lover when her affair with Picasso began. "My life is hell," he wrote to Gertrude Stein. But the sensual drawings of Gaby naked and the whimsical watercolors like *The Moonlit Bedroom* and *The Provençal Dining Room* belie his protestations with their playfulness and their ardent inscriptions: "Gaby my love my angel I love you my darling and I think only of you I don't want you to be sad To take your mind off things look at the little dining room I will be so happy with you . . . you know how much I love you . . . Till tomorrow my love it is very late at night with all my heart Picasso."

IN DECEMBER, 1915, THE COMPOSER EDGAR VARÈSE brought Jean Cocteau, the young poet of the glittering salons, to meet Picasso. Cocteau, then twenty-six, had been variously described as walking "with the pride of a wild bird that had dropped by chance into a poultry yard," as evoking more strongly than any other young man Wordsworth's "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," and simply as "the frivolous prince"—the title of a volume of poems he had published at twenty-one. Impeccably elegant, he wore in his buttonhole one of the gardenias that, rumor had it, he received every day from London. Picasso told his two visitors that he was very much in love with a young woman who was about to die. "I have never forgotten Picasso's studio," Cocteau said forty years later,

because the whole height of its prowlike bay window looked out on the Montparnasse cemetery. . . . Picasso and I eyed each other for quite a while. I admired his intelligence, and clung to everything he said, for he spoke little; I kept still so as not to miss a word. There were long silences and Varèse could not understand why we stared wordlessly at each other. In talking, Picasso used a visual syntax, and you could immediately see what he was saying. He liked formulas and summed himself up in his statements as he summed himself and sculpted himself in objects that he immediately made tangible.

The long silences, the wordless staring, the clinging to Picasso's every word: Cocteau was in love and on the scent of something ultimate. "He fell under Picasso's spell and remained there for the rest of his days," wrote Francis Steegmuller, while Cocteau described their meeting as having been "written in the stars." As for Picasso, the frivolous prince was his bridge to a world he had barely glimpsed, of society, balls and banquets, princesses and counts, virtuosity and yet more uncritical idealization.

A FEW DAYS LATER, ON DECEMBER 14, EVA DIED. "MY poor Eva is dead," he wrote to Gertrude Stein. "It was a great sorrow . . . she was always so good to me." Ever since his little sister had so suddenly died, it seemed that death was always winning.

IT WAS THE SADDEST CHRISTMAS OF PICASSO'S LIFE. Alone at the rue Schoelcher, haunted by memories of Eva, by sickness and death, he was too distraught even to find refuge in work. Discharged from the Marines, his war over while the war still raged, Cocteau decided to bring Picasso into Sergei Diaghilev's circle. Cocteau's vision was for Erik Satie to write the music and for Picasso to design the costumes and stage sets for a new ballet, *Parade*. Picasso threw himself wholeheartedly into his new project. On February 16, 1917, he took Cocteau to Gertrude Stein's to introduce him and to announce that they were leaving the next day for Rome. "Voilà," they exclaimed on arriving at the rue de Fleurus, "we are leaving on our wedding trip."

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Sergei Diaghilev

"I HAVE SIXTY DANCERS," Picasso wrote to Gertrude Stein. "I go to bed late. I know all the Roman women." What he did not write to Gertrude was that among the sixty dancers of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet was a twenty-five-year-old Russian ballerina whose dainty good looks and restrained bearing had immediately intrigued Picasso and had brought to an end the series of nameless casual encounters that had filled the void since Eva's death. Olga Koklova was the daughter of a colonel in the Imperial Russian Army and had been born in Niezin, in the Ukraine, on June 17, 1891. She had left home at twenty-one to join the Diaghilev Ballet. Her talent was too small to compensate for the fact that, by ballet standards, she had started so late, but Diaghilev liked to include in his company girls from a higher social class, even if they were not very good at dancing.

Olga Koklova was, above all, average: an average ballerina, of average beauty and average intelligence, with average ambitions to marry and settle down. For Picasso, who had tried prostitutes, bisexual models, flamboyant bohemians, tubercular beauties, and black girls from Mar-

tinique, Olga was so conventional as to be positively exotic. And there was a touch of mystery about her too. This time it was not the mystery of another reality, which Eva had radiated, but the mystery of another country. Picasso had always found all things Russian fascinating, even more so since his encounter with the Baroness d'Oettingen. He, who even at the height of the war read only gossip and the comics, could not read enough about developments in Russia, the uprisings, the fate of the czar, the hopes of the people. In the spring of 1917, Russia fascinated him more than ever. The Revolution had just taken place, the czar had abdicated, and a provisional government had taken power. Many ingredients at that particular moment in history and in Picasso's life combined to transform an average Russian ballerina into a spellbinding creature singled out from the *corps de ballet* as the object of his lavish attentions.

What Picasso was for Olga was much simpler. Women—and men—were transfixed by his black-marble stare, charmed by “his hands so dark and delicate and alert,” enchanted by the unruly forelock of his black hair. Some, like Cocteau, felt “a discharge of electricity” when they met him; others, like Fernande, were magnetized by “this radiance, this internal fire one felt in him.” Others still were mesmerized by the dashing bohemian who knew about opium and women and cabarets and whorehouses, and were spellbound by his vigor, the secrets he seemed to know and hide, his flair and his showmanship. And there were those who were simply overwhelmed at being in the presence of the sacred monster of Montmartre and Montparnasse, the revolutionary inventor of Cubism. But Olga cared nothing about art except as something to decorate an apartment, was revolted by bohemianism, and was too firmly controlled to allow herself to be swept off her feet by animal magnetism. Also, she was a performer, and her narcissism matched his. So she responded to his advances because he was important in her own immediate world, someone substantial enough to have been chosen by the legendary Diaghilev as the designer for *Parade*. And she responded with caution and calculation.

The signs of future disaster were there for all to see, but Picasso was somnambulating toward their wedding day as though on a course set by fate. Tired of daring, he was hoping to find with Olga a haven of dignified tranquillity and perhaps even an excuse for daring no more. He wanted to escape from the exhausting search for absolute painting and the absolute in painting to a world of luxurious ordinariness.

Years later he would say that he had settled on Olga because she was pretty and belonged, however tangentially, to the Russian nobility. As a boy in Corunna he had been rejected by the family of his first love, a girl named Angeles, because his social background was not sufficiently distinguished. A quarter of a century later he would settle that score. There was also the wish to ally himself with the elite of position and wealth, a world that was still new to him. Whether or not Olga was the right partner for life, she was unquestionably the right partner for society. The great

revolutionary of twentieth-century art fell back in his life on the stale hope of marrying into the aristocracy.

It was the beginning of what the Surrealist painter Matta called Picasso's “Harper's Bazaar” period. “He was so flattered by the attention,” Matta said, “that from then on a schizophrenia pervaded his life: between his need for privacy and his need for more and more attention.” His chief remaining links with the world of his past were Apollinaire and Max Jacob. On July 12, 1918, Apollinaire, Max, and Cocteau, ambassadors from the past and the future, were witnesses at Picasso's wedding to Olga, performed first in a civil ceremony at the *mairie*, and then in a sumptuous religious ceremony at the Russian Orthodox church in the rue Daru. Matisse, Braque, Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, Diaghilev, Léonide Massine, Volland, Paul Rosenberg—all were there to see Picasso marry Olga with pomp and circumstance, incense, flowers, and candles.

ON FEBRUARY 4, 1921, OLGA GAVE BIRTH TO A SON THEY called Paulo. The pride and delight of being a father pushed Picasso's anguish into the background and inspired a series of tender sketches recording Paulo's first months. Sometimes, as if aware of the dramatic changes wrought during a child's first year, he recorded not only the date but the hour at which the drawings were done. Soon, however, the uneasy feeling appeared again, in a succession of pictures of mother and child, isolated and inaccessible in their own world. There are male children but no men in this world, where time stands still—not in blissful timelessness but in a lumpish immobility from which every ounce of life's vital energy has been drained. And when there is activity, it is in slow motion, sluggish and leaden, a kind of absentminded surrender to the force of gravity.

Olga was lethargically but obsessively preoccupied with little Paulo. There were servants to ease her burden—nurse, chambermaid, chauffeur, cook—yet emotionally she was incapable of stretching beyond the nursery or the ossified niceties of fancy balls and opening nights.

ON MAY 22 *CUADRO FLAMENCO*, PICASSO'S FOURTH Diaghilev ballet, premiered at the Gaité-Lyrique. It was no more than an echo of what had gone before, and this time Picasso had effectively invited himself to do the sets and costumes—and for the meanest of reasons. Diaghilev had originally commissioned Juan Gris to design the ballet, but when Gris arrived in Monte Carlo, where the company was based in April, he discovered to his amazement that his services were no longer required. “I don't know just what happened,” he wrote to Kahnweiler. Picasso knew. Gris, his health already failing, had been late with his designs. And Picasso, a master of intrigue, with whose machinations Gris was unequipped to compete, immediately started spreading the rumor that Gris was too sick to do the job. To drive his point home to Diaghilev more forcefully, he sent his own sketches for the ballet, which were little more than a rehash of sets—a stage within a stage—that he had prepared for an earlier ballet and that

Diaghilev had turned down. This time he accepted them, and Picasso won a double, hollow victory: he beat Diaghilev into submission and he beat Gris out of a glamorous job.

PICASSO AND OLGA SAW 1922 IN AT A NEW YEAR'S EVE party given by the Count de Beaumont. Midnight approached, and one of the most important guests had not yet arrived. The host announced that Céleste, Marcel Proust's housekeeper, had just telephoned for the tenth time, to find out if the house was drafty and if the herb tea for which she had given the recipe was ready. "Finally at midnight," wrote the painter Jean Hugo in his diary, "there was a sort of stir in the crowd and we knew that Proust had arrived. He had entered together with the new year, the year of his death. . . . His pale face had become puffy; he had developed a paunch. He spoke only to dukes. 'Look at him,' Picasso said to me, 'he's still on his theme.'" Picasso may not have read Proust, but he had absorbed him.

IN 1924 THE PICASSO HOUSEHOLD, AS HAD BECOME ITS CUSTOM, spent the summer by the sea, this time at Juan-les-Pins. The only exercise Picasso engaged in was occasionally paddling in the water with barely more proficiency than his three-year-old son. The athletic image conveyed by his naked torso—stocky, hairy, and always bronzed—had nothing to do with athletic prowess. It was an image, though, that he assiduously cultivated, for no matter how

many women fell in love with him and no matter how much worship was heaped at his feet, he never reconciled himself to the fact that he was not quite five foot three. When Pablo Gargallo's daughter once told him that now he had everything he could possibly want, he replied, "No, I don't. I'm missing five centimeters."

By March of 1925 the Picassos were in Monte Carlo, going to more parties and often dining at Giardino's, the fashionable restaurant at the top of the hill. But Picasso, who never wanted a following yet always needed a court, was weary of his present entourage, especially as it was becoming increasingly hard to reconcile the demands of the fire burning in him with the fashionable life they were leading. The more Olga sensed him withdrawing into his own world, where all access was denied her, the more frequent and extreme became her petty and irrational outbursts of jealousy. She was obsessed with his past and did everything in her power to erase all traces of the existence of other women in his life. She helped push Max out of their lives, and she even stormed out of Gertrude Stein's apartment, during a reading of Stein's *Bateau-Lavoir* memoirs, at the mention of Fernande.

Olga's considerable will had now changed focus, from a drive for social recognition to a no less obsessive drive to possess her husband in the downward swing of their marriage as she had never possessed him in the upswing. He was as much the perpetrator as the victim of Olga's exasperating behavior. He had given her a taste of life and a

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Portrait of Olga in an Armchair, 1917 (left); Olga, Picasso, and Jean Cocteau (above); and Picasso and Olga at a ball with Madame Errazuriz, at whose villa they spent their honeymoon (right).



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glimpse of herself that she had never had before. And then, with no explanation and for no reason she could understand, he withdrew, and the supply of affirmation and joy was abruptly halted. But by then it was too late. Like an addict who has touched the artificial highs, she could not return to her previous existence. She needed larger and larger doses of his attention, and when, instead, she received less and less, she felt angry and betrayed. She lashed out at him, forcing him to give her, however momentarily, the attention she was otherwise denied.

Anger begot rage and rage violence, and in the spring of 1925 *Three Dancers* was born. It was the beginning of a savage decomposition of the human body, and the evocation of the Crucifixion compounded the sense of doom and destruction that pervaded the picture.

ON THE PIERCINGLY COLD AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 8, 1927, Picasso was wandering near the Galeries Lafayette in the aimless state of mind advocated by the Surrealists as most propitious for unexpected discoveries and new beginnings, for the intervention of chance and the marvelous. Among the crowd coming out of the Métro was a blonde and beautiful young woman whose face, with its classic Greek nose and blue-gray eyes, he had seen before—in his mind's eye and on his canvases. "He simply grabbed me by the arm," Marie-Thérèse Walter recalled, looking back on the moment that transformed her life, "and said, 'I'm Picasso! You and I are going to do great things together.'" For him it was a moment of recognition and of surrender to a sexual passion unfettered by the conventions of age, matrimony, time, and responsibility.

Marie-Thérèse had been born in Perreux, in south-central France, on July 13, 1909, the year Picasso and Fernande left the Bateau-Lavoir for a less bohemian existence. She knew nothing of art and Picasso. Up until now her passions had all been athletic—swimming, cycling, gymnastics, mountain climbing.

Marie-Thérèse may not have known who Picasso was, but her mother, Madame Emilie Marguerite Walter, knew, and she did nothing to discourage her daughter's natural curiosity about this exotic man almost thirty years older than she was. Their next meeting, intentional this time, was at the Métro Saint-Lazare, two days later. Because conversation between them was limited, he took her to a movie. "I resisted for six months," Marie-Thérèse later said, "but you don't resist Picasso. You've understood me—a woman doesn't resist Picasso." On July 13, the day of her eighteenth birthday, he took her to bed. Many years later Picasso commemorated in a letter to her the importance of that date in his life. "Today, 13 July 1944, is the seventeenth anniversary of your birth in me and the double one of your own birth in this world, where having met you, I have begun to live."

The greatest sexual passion of Picasso's life, with no boundaries and no taboos, had begun. It was fueled by the secretiveness that surrounded the relationship and by the revelation of the childlike Marie-Thérèse as an endlessly

submissive and willing sexual pupil who readily accepted all experimentation, including sadism, with absolute obedience to Picasso's will. She was an object that he alone possessed, proof of his power and sexual magnetism.

In the summer of 1928 Picasso left Paris for Dinard, accompanied by Olga, Paulo, and Paulo's English nanny—and preceded by Marie-Thérèse, who was ensconced nearby in a holiday camp for children. It was an ingenious arrangement that delighted Picasso not only because of its watertight secrecy but also because of its perversity. The idea of visiting his young mistress at a children's camp added a frisson of risk, surrealism, and masquerade to a relationship that was already bristling with sexual passion, a passion that continued to thrive on the often violent subjugation of the "woman-child" to her lover's will. So when Picasso had had his fill of amusing himself watching his ample and athletic mistress swimming or cavorting on the beach with the children of the camp, he would lead her to a beach cabana where the cavorting became a great deal more intense and serious. Her job was clear: to obey every command and caprice of the man she referred to as her "wonderfully terrible" lover. "I bowed my head in front of him . . . I always cried with Pablo Picasso," Marie-Thérèse confessed more than forty years later.

The fact that Marie-Thérèse was legally under age and in a children's camp was a mainspring of Picasso's sexual ardor. At that time in France the corruption of a minor could result in a severe prison sentence, but flouting the law was part of the excitement that fired his passion. De Sade had written about the sovereign man with the authority to transgress and to infringe all taboos; and Picasso, who had always believed that everything was allowed him, in life no less than in art, was now defying, all at once, law, morality, and convention in the cabanas of a children's camp. Exploring the limits of sexuality was serious business for Picasso. He sought not merely to satisfy his sexual urges but to reach, through indulging in what was culturally forbidden, the heightened state of being that the French writer Georges Bataille saw as the goal of eroticism.

In the fall of 1930, with an eye to eliminating wasteful traveling time, he installed Marie-Thérèse in a ground-floor apartment at 44 rue La Boétie, directly across the street from himself and Olga. Efficiency was not, of course, his only motive. There was also the perverse pleasure he derived from knowing that he could get away with anything, that he could put his secret under the nose of his maniacally jealous wife and still keep it a secret, that he could write his own rules and break everyone else's.

A GRAND PICASSO RETROSPECTIVE PLANNED TO OPEN AT the Georges Petit Gallery on June 15, 1932, gave him an opportunity to be surrounded by 236 canvases that had been gathered in Paris from around the globe. In September of the same year, another grand retrospective opened at the Zürich Kunsthaus. One of the 28,000 visitors to see the show was Carl Jung, and the result of his confrontation with an overview of Picasso's *oeuvre* was a devastating

piece that appeared in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* on November 13, 1932. Struck by the similarity between Picasso's work and the drawings of his schizophrenic patients, Jung declared Picasso a schizophrenic, expressing in his work a recurrent, characteristic motif "of the descent into hell, into the unconscious, and the farewell to the world above." Comparing the images produced by Picasso to those produced by his patients, he wrote,

Considered from a strictly formal point of view, what predominates in them is the character of mental lacerations, which translate themselves into broken lines, that is, a type of psychological fissures which run through the image. . . . It is the ugly, the sick, the grotesque, the incomprehensible, the banal that are sought out—not for the purpose of expressing anything, but only in order to obscure; an obscurity, however, which has nothing to conceal, but spreads like a cold fog over desolate moors; the whole thing quite pointless, like a spectacle that can do without a spectator.

Whatever the validity of Jung's insights, it was undeniable that as Picasso entered the sixth decade of his life he was further away than ever from his youthful dream of creating a universal art—not just of achieving mastery in any style and any medium he chose but of transcending all styles to create something absolute and ultimate. He had the courage to die to many different artistic expressions and be born to new ones, but he lacked the courage to let go of the trapeze of his monumental egocentricity and his dazzling personality and trust that there was something beyond himself to catch him. No number of magical canvases and sexual acrobatics could shield him, except momentarily, from his all-pervading sense of doom.



Marie-Thérèse Walter

feminine which leads us upward."

For years now he had turned away from his wife's increasingly unstable emotions. As he wrote in a poem, in 1935, the "eye of the bull"—another code name for himself—has a "thousand reasons to keep silent and turn a

deaf ear to the flea who pisses the rain from so much coffee." It was a clear reference to Olga. One of Picasso's most vivid domestic images, he once said, was of her constantly and neurotically drinking coffee, something he was particularly aware of because his own sensitive stomach had long ago driven him to herb teas. But very early in 1935 it ceased to be possible for him to maintain his wooden pose, hoping that Olga would stop screaming, Marie-Thérèse would stop giggling, and, except when performing a specific function for him, both would disappear.

Now Marie-Thérèse found herself pregnant and Picasso found himself confused. Events ruled out inertia and frustrated his desire that nothing should disturb the status quo, fraught though it was with juggling and unpleasantness. He was excited about the coming baby and the possibility that it would bridge the growing chasm between himself and Marie-Thérèse—so much so that at one point during her pregnancy he knelt in front of her and cried tears of gratitude.

At the same time, although he wanted to rid himself of Olga's physical presence, he was paralyzed by the thought of divorce. Any final parting had the ring of death about it, and he was prepared to put up with a great deal to avoid major endings in his life. On top of his own innate terror he had the expert advice of Maître Henri-Robert, one of France's leading lawyers, who had reminded him that divorce would mean parting with half of everything he owned, including his work. So the French community-property law and an agreement he had signed when he married Olga kept him from doing the rational thing and pressing for a divorce. As for Olga, she never wanted a divorce in the first place. But none of this made the separation negotiations any less bitter, unpleasant, or humiliating, especially when Olga's overzealous lawyers had official seals put on the door of Picasso's sacred studio in the rue La Boétie.

Even so, it was Olga's spirit that broke first. By now she could not avoid the realization that her marriage was over, nor could she any longer ignore her husband's increasingly obvious hatred of her or the presence of her rival in his work. In July of 1935 she had a final hysterical outburst under the conjugal roof and stormed out, taking the puzzled Paulo with her. She did not go far, only around the corner, to the Hôtel California, in the rue de Berri, and in a sense she would never go far from her husband's life, growing progressively more demented over her obvious inability, no matter what she did, to provoke a reaction.

THIS WAS THE FIRST SUMMER PICASSO HAD SPENT IN Paris alone in the rue La Boétie. Marie-Thérèse, more than six months pregnant, was staying with her mother outside Paris, at Maisons-Alfort, waiting for the divorce that Picasso had led her to believe was imminent. He had promised her and had assured her mother that they could be married before the baby was born—or at least soon after.

On September 5 Marie-Thérèse gave birth to a girl. The *femme-enfant* was now a mother, the salacious sex object a

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LUC JOUBET

Clockwise from the upper left: The Dream, 1932; Marie-Thérèse with the infant María de la Concepción, known as Maya, her daughter by Picasso, 1935; Blind Minotaur Guided by a Little Girl in the Night, 1934, one of many works in which Picasso used the mythological creature, half man and half bull, as a symbol for himself; and The Minotaur Carries Off a Woman, 1937, the woman in this case being Marie-Thérèse.

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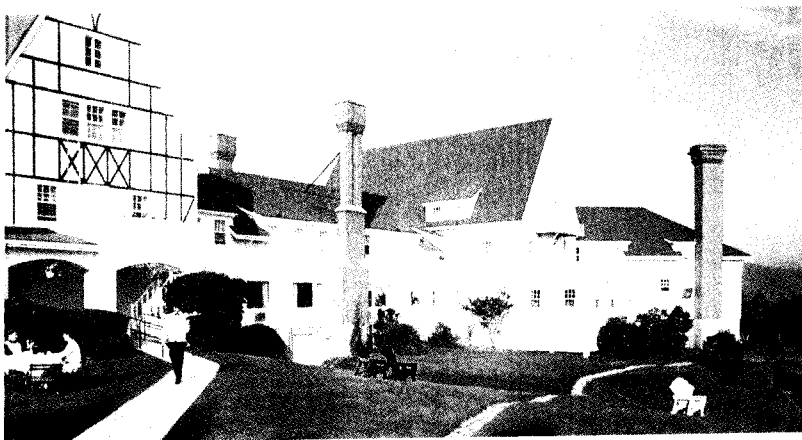
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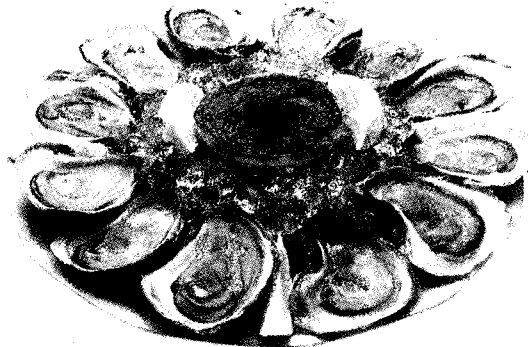
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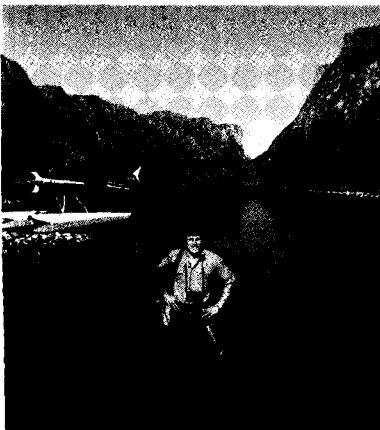
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mother-figure. The baby was given the name of her father's dead sister, María de la Concepción, but on her birth certificate the identity of the father was declared unknown.



Dora Maar

AT ALMOST EXACTLY THE same time that his daughter was born, Picasso, now fifty-three, met the woman who was to replace her mother. At the Deux-Magots, the new favorite meeting place of André Breton and his Surrealist band, opposite the Romanesque church at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Picasso was introduced to Dora Maar. The name her parents had given her was Henriette Theodora Markovitch, and she had been born in Tours "in the same year as *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*," as she would later put it. Her mother was French and her father a Yugoslav architect. It was the poet Paul Eluard who introduced her to Picasso, and Paul Eluard, as much as Dora, became inseparable from the new epoch that was beginning in Picasso's life.

As Picasso soon discovered, Dora was a painter and a photographer, an intellectual muse of the Surrealist movement, a close friend of Breton's, a friend and sometime mistress of Georges Bataille. She had changed her name from Markovitch to Maar, had lived for a long time in Buenos Aires, spoke fluent, beautiful Spanish, and exuded the restlessness, bewilderment, and anxiety of the modern intellectual.

She was as different from Marie-Thérèse as Eva had been from Fernande. Marie-Thérèse's life apart from Picasso was taken up by sport, Dora's by her intellectual passions. Marie-Thérèse's response to Picasso's portraits was that they "didn't look like her," to his paintings that they "didn't bowl her over," and to painting in general that it "didn't interest her." Dora, in contrast, could discuss with authority Corot's photographic experiments and how they applied to Picasso's work, as well as whatever technical problems or philosophical questions were on his mind; she could share his friends and his preoccupations. Both the wife and the concubine would be succeeded by the official mistress whose tormented intellect was in perfect harmony with the tragic years ahead.

ON JULY 18, 1936, THE NEWS REACHED PARIS THAT CIVIL war had broken out between the Republican government and the insurgent Nationalists, led by Franco. The murder of the poet García Lorca soon after, at the age of thirty-eight, sent shock waves through the art world. "They are killing men here as if they are cutting down trees," Saint-Exupéry wrote. There was no question that Picasso's allegiance belonged immediately and instinctively to the Republicans seeking to put down the military

uprising. But it was Eluard who, in their endless conversations, supplied him with the vocabulary of political indignation that he used in declaring himself for the Republic.

For the first time in his life this grand solitary joined the stream of history. From now on his isolation would be laced with a sense of solidarity and belonging. He even accepted, with alacrity, the offer of the Spanish government to become the honorary director of the Prado. It was the first and the last official position he would ever hold, and it was not so much honorary as symbolic. By then the Nationalist troops were only twenty miles from Madrid, and in August, as Franco's planes began bombing the city, the Prado treasures had to be rushed to the relative safety of Valencia.

Picasso settled Marie-Thérèse and María in a house ten miles from Versailles, at Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre. With its barn converted into a studio and its relative proximity to Paris, it provided the perfect arrangement for this stage in his life. Having tucked Marie-Thérèse away, he threw himself into his relationship with Dora. Secure in her intellectual ascendancy over the uncultured Marie-Thérèse, Dora was also taking steps to solidify her position in Picasso's daily life by looking for a large studio away from the rue La Boétie, which they both detested. She hoped that he would work in the new studio without having to retreat as often to the country and that the two of them could work together on the photographic prints that fascinated Picasso or on their respective paintings. The first two paintings she gave him were heads, severe and imbued with a sacred, mystical quality. One of her proudest possessions was a painting they co-produced, which they jointly signed "Picamaar."

15 October XXXVI

My love:

I have to stay with Paul—I cannot come to have dinner and afterwards I am going to see the 'Catalans' who are here. Tomorrow I could come to have lunch soonest possible to see you, which is the most pleasant thing to do in this dog's life which I am leading.

I love you every moment a little more.

Yours,
Picasso

At the center of his "dog's life" was Dora. The letter was addressed to Marie-Thérèse. As she recalled toward the end of her life, "there were bizarre things going on . . . Nusch [Paul Eluard's second wife], Dora." She might also have noticed that in his recent work she was growing flabbier and uglier, while the dark-haired woman would never look as beautiful or as serene as she looked at the beginning of 1937. On March 2 Dora was even portrayed asleep. Having usurped Marie-Thérèse's primary place in Picasso's life, she had now also usurped her abandoned rest.

"It must be painful," Picasso had said, "for a girl to see in a painting that she is on the way out." His love letters to

Marie-Thérèse grew proportionately more passionate as his relationship with Dora intensified. And she believed them. Not because she was stupid, not even because she was unaware of the existence of “the other woman,” which was already too public a part of Picasso’s life to remain a secret, but because he had invented the reality in which Marie-Thérèse lived. Together they had burned the bridges to any other reality, and now there was nowhere else for her to go. At the same time, he had scored a major victory over Dora—her grudging and pained acceptance of the fact that, although she was the official mistress, she was not, and perhaps would never be, the only one.

Meanwhile, the insurgent generals in Spain were busy creating, as the Nationalist general Emilio Mola put it, “an impression of mastery” over the country. In order to achieve this, according to Mola, it was “necessary to spread an atmosphere of terror.” And since the Republicans continued to control Madrid and most of the north and the east, the atrocities calculated to produce an atmosphere of terror became increasingly vicious and widespread. At the beginning of 1937 Picasso wrote a poem full of violent imagery, designed to ridicule Franco, who was presented as a loathsome, barely human, hairy slug. “Dream and Lie of Franco” was written in Spanish, in his automatic style, which eschewed any rules of syntax or grammar. As he had said to Jaime Sabartés, his longtime friend and secretary, “I would prefer to invent a grammar of my own than to bind myself to rules which do not belong to me.” The text was illustrated by eighteen etchings of matching violence, fury, and horror. Franco, the beast attacking Spain, was another emissary of Picasso’s arch-enemy, fate.

The landscape of his private life was changing. By late March he had moved into the new studio that Dora had found him, at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins, and she had moved around the corner, to 6 rue de Savoie. It took a lot of money to keep Picasso in bohemia. This particular bohemian setting was a seventeenth-century building redolent of historical associations: it had been the old Hôtel des Ducs de Savoie, it had been used by Jean-Louis Barrault as a rehearsal hall, and it was the setting for Balzac’s *Chef-d’Oeuvre Inconnu* and its hero’s desperate quest to capture the absolute in painting.

AND NOW, THANKS TO DORA, PICASSO HAD FOUND IN “Barrault’s loft” a space vast enough for his own most celebrated work. He had been commissioned by the Spanish government to produce a canvas for the Spanish Pavilion at the Paris World’s Fair. As usual, hating the sense of obligation engendered by commissions, he procrastinated, worked on other things, refused to fall into step with his commitment. It took the bombing of the historic Basque town of Guernica, on April 26, 1937, to mobilize his creative frenzy, and then the huge canvas, twenty-five feet by eleven feet, was completed in only a month. In fact, many of the “preparatory studies” were done after the work was finished.

It was the first time that Picasso allowed himself an au-

dience while he worked. Dora was a constant companion, photographing successive stages of the work; Eluard was a frequent witness, watching Picasso, brush in hand, sleeves rolled up, commenting on the progress of *Guernica* or obsessively talking about Goya. The forty-three German planes that had bombed Guernica had killed 1,600 of its 7,000 inhabitants and had destroyed 70 percent of the town, but the impact of this massacre went far beyond the actual damage inflicted. *Guernica*, with its ancient oak tree under which the first Basque Parliament had met, became a symbol for the triumph of hatred and irrational destruction, and helped convert a large section of Western public opinion to the Republican cause.

Guernica’s power was enormous. It was a distillation of forty years of Picasso’s art, with the woman, the bull, and the horse horrified companions in a black-and-white nightmare world. The novelist Claude Roy, a law student at the time, saw *Guernica* at the Paris World’s Fair and described it as “a message from another planet.” He wrote, “Its violence dumbfounded me, it petrified me with an anxiety I had never experienced before.” The Surrealist poet Michel Leiris summed up the sense of despair engendered by *Guernica*: “In a rectangle of black and white such as that in which ancient tragedy appeared to us, Picasso sends us our announcement of our mourning: all that we love is going to die. . . .” Herbert Read went even further: all that we love, Picasso is saying, *has* died.

DURING THE CREATION OF THIS PUBLIC MONUMENT TO destruction Picasso’s private games of destruction continued with no respite. One day Marie-Thérèse, who had been relegated to the margin of his life ever since he had embarked on *Guernica* with Dora as his tragic muse, arrived at the rue des Grands-Augustins while he was working. “I have a child by this man,” she said to Dora, all her anger directed at her rival rather than her lover. “It’s my place to be here with him. You can leave right now.”

“I have as much reason as you have to be here,” Dora replied coolly. “I haven’t borne him a child, but I don’t see what difference that makes.”

Throughout this exchange Picasso kept on painting, as though he were an innocent and uninvolved bystander. Finally Marie-Thérèse asked him to arbitrate: “Make up your mind. Which one of us goes?”

Picasso, absolute master of the situation, recollected the incident with relish: “It was a hard decision to make. I liked them both, for different reasons: Marie-Thérèse because she was sweet and gentle and did whatever I wanted her to, and Dora because she was intelligent. I decided I had no interest in making a decision, I was satisfied with things as they were. I told them they’d have to fight it out themselves. So they began to wrestle. It’s one of my choicest memories,” he concluded, laughing. The art historian James Lord pinpointed an irony that had escaped Picasso: his mistresses engaged “in a fistfight in his studio, while he peacefully continued to work on the enormous canvas conceived to decry the horrors of human conflict.”

LEE MILLER ARCHIVES



Picasso with Dora at Mougins (left); Picasso in front of Guernica, which he completed in 1937 (below); and The Weeping Woman, 1937 (right), in which Picasso depicted a tormented Dora Maar.



Sometimes Picasso enjoyed having Marie-Thérèse follow along, in relative secrecy, when he and Dora went on vacation. But two women did not make a big enough harem for him, and so he often made sure through Paulo, his unwitting accomplice, that Olga also knew where he was going. She would turn up to stake her wifely claims, assault the woman who happened to be in her lawful place, and, most important, feed Picasso's insatiable hunger for power over others.

AT THE BEGINNING OF 1938 PICASSO STARTED SPENDING more time at Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre. The attraction, much more than Marie-Thérèse, was María. Now two years old, and looking just like her father, squat and square and with his piercing eyes, she became the new major figure in his work. He did not idealize her as he had Paulo; there is anxiety in her face and fear in the way she clings to her clumsy doll. At her christening her father, who was not officially her father, became officially her godfather. When her little friends asked what her name was, her father replied that it was Conchita, his diminutive for María de la Concepción. "Con-what?" they asked, aware, apparently, that *con* in French is "a fool," "an idiot." So her parents started calling her María, which from the little girl's lips soon began to sound like Maya. "Maya!" exclaimed her father. "It's perfect. It means the greatest illusion on earth." So Maya it was from then on—Maya Walter.

WAR HAD BEEN IN THE AIR FOR SOME TIME, BUT ON August 23, 1939, when Hitler signed a non-aggression pact with Stalin, it became inevitable. Many of Picasso's friends, including Eluard, had left to join their regiments, and those who remained could talk of nothing but the impending war. Picasso was scared, uncertain about his next move, and, to top it all, angry: "If it's to annoy me that they make war, they are carrying it too far, don't you think?" he complained to Sabartés.

As France mobilized for war, Picasso took care of the many details that went with his galloping success, seeing to numerous exhibitions of his work around the world—especially a grand retrospective of forty years of his art that was to open at the New York Museum of Modern Art in November. As part of the attendant publicity he spent a day posing at the rue des Grands-Augustins, at Lipp's, and at the café de Flore, while Brassai photographed him for *Life*. Picasso had mastered the publicity game before the world knew that such a game existed. In fact, in many ways he helped to invent and define it. He had always recognized, and every step of his life had confirmed, a very basic correlation between the money fetched by a painting and the legend built around the painter. And money, for Picasso, was not so much a medium of exchange as the only unequivocal barometer of his success.

After the German blitzkrieg had swept through Belgium and moved on to France, the German army threatened Paris, and it became clear that to stay in the city was to court



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danger. Picasso decided to go to Royan. Once there, he received news from the gardener at Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre that the house had been requisitioned by the Germans. He waited anxiously for more news, full of fear about the fate of his paintings and sculptures. As soon as the gardener called to say that the Germans had gone on army maneuvers, he took Marie-Thérèse and left for Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre. They found the big pieces of furniture moved to the courtyard to serve as a canteen for the soldiers, and sheets, silk dresses, shirts, and baby clothes used as cleaning cloths. But the aim of the first trip was to salvage the paintings and sculptures. After that, each time the Germans left for army maneuvers, they rushed back to steal more things from the thieves.

WAR WAS IN HIS PICTURES—NOT THIS WAR, NOT ANY particular war, but the darkness and the anger and the hatred that cause wars. In June the German army marched into Royan and Picasso painted one of his most brutal and vengeful images of womanhood: Dora as the *Nude Dressing Her Hair*. The brutality was no less present in his life. He often beat Dora, and there were many times when he left her lying unconscious on the floor. The transformation of the princess into a toad and of sensuality into horror was complete. And in the dog-face portraits he painted of Dora, he completed the transformation of woman into servile animal. As the art historian Mary Giedo put it, Dora, like his Afghan hound Kazbek, “came whenever

he whistled.” More than two thirds of his work during 1939 and 1940 consisted of deformed women, their faces and bodies flayed with fury. His hatred of a specific woman seemed to have become a deep and universal hatred of all women.

FRANCE FELL, AND ON JUNE 22 AN ARMISTICE WAS signed dividing the country into two zones—one, including Paris, occupied by the German army, and the other, Vichy, governed by the collaborationist Marshal Pétain. Late in 1940 Marie-Thérèse and Maya moved back to Paris. Since the Germans were occupying her house at Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre, she took an apartment on boulevard Henri-IV. Picasso would visit her and Maya most Thursdays and Sundays, and she would live for those visits until in her mind they came to be her whole life. During the other five days she kept a room in the house locked and told Maya that her father worked there and she should never disturb him. Marie-Thérèse would visit him at the rue des Grands-Augustins only when invited. During one of these visits he showed her a closet where he kept stacks of gold ingots and bars of soap from Marseilles. “If something happens to me,” he told her, “all this is yours.” Marie-Thérèse, who since the Occupation had been using ersatz soap, which was all she could get, pleaded with him: “I would much rather have the soap right away.” Ignoring her request, Picasso locked the door to the closet. And Marie-Thérèse had to be satisfied with promises and declarations. “You’ve saved my life,” he told her again and again, and he insisted that she write to him every day, “because without your letters I am sick.” He wrote her letters in return, full of flowers, pigeons, and ardent statements like “You are the best of women” and “I love only you.”

IN MAY OF 1943, WHILE PICASSO WAS DINING AT THE CATALAN with Dora and her friend Marie-Laure de Noailles, both his passion for life and his hope for love were rekindled. Two young women were having dinner with the actor Alain Cuny, and Picasso couldn’t take his eyes off them. One had dark hair, dark eyes, and a classical Greek face enhanced by the flowing, pleated dress she was wearing. The other, very slender with a tiny waist, had wide green eyes and a fresh, alert face set off by a green turban. One was Geneviève Aliquot, the other Françoise Gilot.

MADELEINE GILOT HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO FRANÇOISE ON November 26, 1921, nine months after Olga Picasso had given birth to Paulo. Emile Gilot, a successful businessman highly interested in educational theories, was determined to bring up his only child like a boy—a very well educated one. As a result, Françoise could read and write by the time she was four and was more familiar with the gods of Olympus and the formulas of algebra than with the children of her neighborhood in Neuilly. Until she was nine, a tutor came to the house to teach her under the stern supervision of her father.

When the war began, Françoise was studying law, planning, in accordance with her father's wishes, to become an international lawyer. But the war and the growing Resistance, which many of her friends had joined, made her rethink what was really important to her. "I told my father," she remembered, "that it didn't mean anything to me any longer to become a lawyer when the law, and especially international law, didn't even exist. . . . So, in 1941, I decided to use the time I was spending earning a master's degree at the school of law to pursue my studies of art." She had been drawing ever since she was a child, illustrating daydreams or stories she told herself, full of monkeys, devils, and ghosts. But then everyone in her family had a gift for drawing, so no one took her gift very seriously. Still, her mother agreed to pose for her, and so did her closest friend, Geneviève Aliquot. Geneviève, who was a pupil of Aristide Maillol's, was instrumental in Françoise's decision to give up law for painting.

Picasso watched Françoise closely that night at the Catalan and made quite sure that all his witty aphorisms and brilliant declarations were clearly overheard. It was as if they had dinner together before they ever met. When Cuny introduced them and Picasso discovered that Françoise and Geneviève were painters, he invited them to his studio to see some of *his* paintings.

COURTESY FRANÇOISE GILOT



Françoise Gilot

AFTER GENEVIÈVE LEFT Paris, Françoise would come to the Rue des Grands-Augustins alone. One day, while Picasso was showing her his sculpture tools, he turned and kissed her on the mouth. She accepted this familiarity as matter-of-factly as she had accepted tubes of paint and drawing paper from him, which enraged Picasso.

"That's disgusting," he told her. "At least you could have pushed me away. Otherwise I might get the idea I could do anything I wanted to."

Françoise told him that she was at his disposal, her tone making it clear that this was an assertion of control rather than an admission of surrender. "That's disgusting," he repeated. "How do you expect me to seduce anyone under conditions like that?"

It was their last meeting before Françoise left for Fontes, a village near Montpellier, where Geneviève's family lived. Her father was the head of the Resistance there, which brought Françoise closer to the daily dangers of the Nazi Occupation. From Fontes the two women cycled to Les Baux, where they stayed for two weeks. Françoise's time at Les Baux was her life's major turning point. "I remember every detail as though it was today," she said. "First of all the place itself is so special. Dante was there during his exile from Florence, and he was so affected by

the setting he made it part of the *Divine Comedy*. And in nearby Arles, Van Gogh did all those extraordinary paintings. While I was there, I had the most incredibly mystical experience that challenged every aspect of myself and my life. It was not a momentary thing—there was an inner struggle that went on for days, during which I knew that I had to stop identifying with my ego and my intellect if I was to enter into that transcendent state. I felt on the edge of an abyss, and then on the other side I was sort of remade, bit by bit, from nothingness into being."

When Françoise went to see Picasso again, she found him in a state of extreme sadness. She also found that she felt closer to him than ever before. "The impact of our meeting," she recalled, "would have been very different if we had met at a time of peace. The tragedy around us and the pounding of history made it extraordinary where otherwise it might have been something interesting but ordinary, without the metaphysical quality that it had. Also, in the perspective of war, the fact that Picasso was forty years older than myself didn't mean a thing. After all, I could have died at any moment. And in any case, Pablo was more like a man of forty than a man who by the time I saw him again in November had had his sixty-second birthday."

TO PICASSO, FRANÇOISE WAS A MARVEL, A MARVELOUS accident. As this girl young enough to be his granddaughter expressed her precocious opinions and pulled the rug out from under his tricks of seduction and control, a grudging respect welled up in him. One day in February of 1944 he suggested that next time she should come in the afternoon and he would teach her engraving and not let anyone disturb them. She arrived for her engraving lesson looking like a vision out of Velázquez, in a black velvet dress, her face framed by its high collar of white lace, her dark red hair swept up. Once again he was the one thrown off balance. "Is that the kind of costume you put on to learn engraving?" he asked. She replied that she had dressed not for engraving but for what she had assumed he had on his mind: "I wanted to look beautiful for you."

There was both an innocence and a power in her directness that unnerved him. She kept dealing him cards he had never been dealt before. "You do everything you can to make things difficult for me," he said, throwing up his hands. "Couldn't you at least *pretend* to be taken in, the way women generally do? If you don't fall in with my subterfuges, how are we ever going to get together?" He complained, and at the same time he loved it. "You're right, really," he conceded. "It's better that way, with the eyes open. But you realize, don't you, that if you don't want anything but the truth—no subterfuges—you're asking to be spared nothing. Broad daylight is pretty harsh."

He had issued a warning, but, vibrant with all the courage of youth, she felt invincible. So far she was winning—the twenty-two-year-old virgin was outwitting the sixty-two-year-old roué who had explored to the full the dark outer limits of sexuality. The engraving lesson forgotten, he began showing her his Vollard etchings. A minotaur is

watching over a woman asleep: "He's studying her," Picasso explained, "trying to read her thoughts, trying to decide whether she loves him *because* he's a monster. Women are odd enough for that, you know. It's hard to say whether he wants to wake her or kill her."

No matter what he said, he could not succeed in disturbing her equanimity. He was intrigued by the source of her strength; he sensed that it came from a higher place than experience, looks, or brains. "You are the only woman I've met," he told her, "who has her own window to the absolute." He was excited about the possibility of what he considered a new kind of relationship, where there was reciprocity—perhaps even love. "I guess I'll die without ever having loved," he had told her a few months earlier. And she had laughed and asked him not to make up his mind yet.

"What is it all about, anyway?" he asked her suddenly as they were looking through the Vollard prints. "Do you know?" There was hope in the challenge. Françoise said that she didn't know for sure but that yes, she had taken the first steps on the journey of finding out. It was his cue to take her arm and lead her to the bedroom. He undressed her, and then studied her. And then he marveled at how closely her body matched his image of her body.

Françoise lay in his arms filled with a peace so profound and a joy so complete that nothing else mattered and there was nothing left to achieve. She felt impervious to doubts, fears, and even to the pessimism that had seeped into Picasso's very being and which now took over. He did not trust life enough to give himself over to what he sensed would bring light into his darkness; and he did not trust himself enough not to destroy it. By asking to see her sparingly, he was seeking to protect what had begun to grow between them from the monster that, experience had taught him, he could not control.

Françoise left, feeling that the great painter she had admired impersonally had, in the course of the past hour, been transformed into a man she could not help but love.

IN FEBRUARY OF 1944, THE SAME MONTH THAT PICASSO and Françoise set out haltingly on their journey together, Max Jacob was arrested at Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire and sent to the detention camp at Drancy, a stop on the long journey to Auschwitz or Dachau. On his way he wrote to Cocteau: "Dear Jean, I'm writing this on a train out of the kindness of the gendarmes who surround us. We will very soon be in Drancy. This is all I have to say. Sacha, when they talked to him about my sister, said: 'If it was him, I could do something!' Well, it is me. I embrace you. Max." The restraint of his plea made his agony all the more poignant. From Drancy one last appeal reached his friends in Paris: "May Salmon, Picasso, Morigand do something for me."

His friends had already begun to mobilize all the support they could find. Cocteau drew up a moving letter about Jacob, about the reverence in which he was held by the French youth, about his invention of a new language that dominated French literature, about his renunciation of the world. And in a discreet postscript he added: "Max

Jacob has been a Catholic for twenty years." The appeal was personally delivered to von Rose, the counselor in charge of pardons and reprieves at the German embassy, who, miraculously, was a lover of poetry and an admirer of Jacob's work. Conspicuously absent from the petition's signatories was Picasso. His silence in behalf of one of his oldest and most intimate friends was thundering. When Pierre Colle, Jacob's literary executor, went to the rue des Grands-Augustins to ask him to use his considerable authority with the Germans to intervene in Jacob's behalf, he refused, crowning his indifference with a quip: "It is not worth doing anything at all. Max is a little devil. He doesn't need our help to escape from prison."

On March 6 von Rose announced that he had succeeded in obtaining a liberation order signed by the Gestapo, and a few of Jacob's friends left immediately for Drancy. There they were informed that Jacob was dead. He had died the day before of pneumonia, fatally weakened by the conditions in prison and the freezing cold in his damp, filthy cell. The "little devil" had flown out of his prison through death. Did the Germans know that Jacob was dead when they signed the liberation order? Or was this a genuine reprieve that arrived too late? And would Picasso's intervention have made a difference?

WHENEVER PICASSO HIMSELF GOT INTO TROUBLE DURING the Occupation, whether because he was eating in a black-market restaurant when it was raided or because he had his sculptures cast in bronze when doing so was illegal, or—more serious—because he was caught smuggling currency out of the country, someone was able to hush things up for him. If André-Louis Dubois, in the Ministry of the Interior, was not able to help, he would address himself to Otto Abetz, the German ambassador. And if he, too, was powerless, Dubois would go as high as Arno Breker, Hitler's favorite sculptor, who would appeal directly to Himmler's assistant, the SS general Heinrich Müller. "If you lay a hand on Picasso," Breker warned him at the time of the currency incident, "the world's press will cause such an uproar you'll be left dizzy." He added that if Müller did not sign the documents to put an end to any action against Picasso, he would appeal directly to the Führer. Müller, who knew that on the Führer's orders statues from the squares of Paris had been melted down to provide bronze to cast the works of Arno Breker, knew better than to withhold his signature. In his memoirs Breker recorded what Hitler said: "In politics all the artists are innocents, like Parsifal."

THE LIBERATION OF PARIS, PROCLAIMED ON AUGUST 25, heralded a turning point in Picasso's life. He was no longer just world famous, no longer merely a legend. He became a symbol of the victory over oppression, of survival, and of the glory of old Europe. He was even asked to provide a drawing for the first page of an album of homage offered to General Charles de Gaulle by the poets and painters of the Resistance. He was a celebrity they could

co-opt to add more glamour to their triumph. Having always had a strong preference for symbols over reality, he accepted. There were thousands of anonymous heroes in the Resistance, but Picasso, although certainly no hero, was a monument, as well known as the Eiffel Tower and almost as accessible. He posed for photographs with his favorite pigeon perched on his head or on his shoulder; he welcomed hundreds of American GIs who lined up to visit his studio; he said, "Thank you very much," in a charming Franco-Spanish accent, to offerings of chocolate, coffee, fruit, and tins of food; he answered patiently and graciously over and over again all questions about the length of time it took him to paint a picture, how many he did a year, how many he sold and for how much.

An early visitor to the rue des Grands-Augustins was Ernest Hemingway. Picasso was out, and the concierge, used to everybody's leaving presents, asked if he had a gift to leave for Monsieur. Hemingway went back to his car and returned with a case of hand grenades, on which he wrote, "To Picasso from Hemingway."

AT PICASSO'S STUDIO A MONTH AFTER THE LIBERATION, Eluard, full of conspiratorial excitement, whispered in the ear of Roland Penrose, the English Surrealist painter and collector, "I have great news for you: in a week it will be announced publicly that Picasso has joined the Communist Party."

Picasso's entry into the Communist Party turned into a circus, and one of the more entertaining sideshows was the spectacle of Party functionaries going into contortions to demonstrate why his art, which was anathema to all the official canons of Socialist Realism, was nevertheless great art. They gushed and they cooed, and Picasso responded in kind. "All human expression," he once said, "has its stupid side." In his explanations about why he had joined the Communist Party, he proved it: "Joining the Communist Party is the logical conclusion of my whole life, my whole work. . . . Is it not the Communist Party that works hardest at understanding and molding the world, at helping the people of today and of tomorrow become clear-minded, freer, happier?"

BUT NOW DORA KNEW OF THE EXISTENCE OF FRANÇOISE, but she could not believe that she would ever be supplanted by "the schoolgirl," as she dismissively called her from the precarious heights of her intellectual eminence. "In bed, but not at the table," she told Picasso, which immediately led him to invite Françoise to join him and Dora at dinner.

Picasso's relationship with Françoise had fallen into a pattern: whenever Françoise withdrew or stayed away, he ran after her to seduce her back. But the moment he detected any signs of real tenderness and closeness in their relationship, he pushed her away: "I don't know why I told you to come. It would be more fun to go to a brothel." Or, "There's nothing so similar to one poodle dog as another poodle dog, and that goes for women, too." Once, as they

were watching the dust in the sunlight that streamed into the room, he told her, "Nobody has any real importance for me. As far as I'm concerned, other people are like those little grains of dust floating in the sunlight. It takes only a push of the broom and out they go."

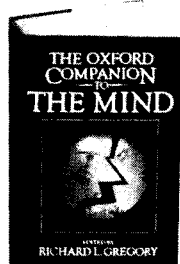
While Picasso and Françoise were carrying on their relationship in a state of armed neutrality, Dora was, quite simply, falling apart. One night Picasso went to her apartment and found that she was out. When she finally returned, with her hair disheveled and her clothes torn, she explained that she had been attacked by a man who had stolen her Maltese lapdog. Ten days later she was brought home by a policeman who had found her in the same disheveled and dazed state near the Pont Neuf. This time the story was that she had been attacked by someone who had stolen her bicycle. When her bicycle was found undamaged near the Pont Neuf, Picasso became convinced that these stories were nothing more than a dramatic attempt to rekindle his interest in her. Determined not to fall for the ruse, he went on as though nothing was happening—until it became unavoidably clear that something was.

One morning, in breach of Picasso's rule that she was not to come to the rue des Grands-Augustins unless specifically invited, Dora arrived unbidden and unannounced. She found Picasso talking with Eluard. There were no preambles. "You both should get down on your knees before me, you ungodly pair," she cried. "I have the revelation of the inner voice. I see things as they really are, past, present and future. If you go on living as you have been, you'll bring down a terrible catastrophe on your heads." And to underline her words she grabbed both men by the arms and tried to bring them down on their knees. Sabartés was immediately dispatched to call Jacques Lacan, the psychiatrist whom Picasso consulted for every kind of medical problem, including the common cold. He came to the studio, and when he left, he took Dora with him. He kept her in his clinic for three weeks, treating her with electric shock and starting her in analysis, which would continue long after she left the clinic.

Picasso narrated Dora's woes to Françoise and extracted the moral for her: "The present always has precedence over the past. That's a victory for you." It was a very different moral from the one that Françoise saw in Dora's story. She expressed her fears and told him that for her the story was bristling with painful warnings. "Let's drop that whole matter," he said in response. "Life is like that. It's set up to automatically eliminate those who can't adapt."

IN FEBRUARY OF 1946 FRANÇOISE WAS PRESENTED WITH an ultimatum. Their relationship, he said, could not continue in this way: either it was going to become a full relationship, which meant living together, or it had to stop completely. He suggested that she go to a place he had rented in Golfe-Juan, in the South of France, and there make up her mind. "By that time," Françoise said, "I was very much in love with him, but there was also the fear in me of being absorbed by him. I really didn't know what I

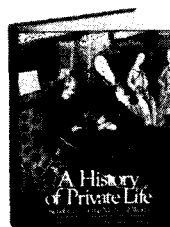
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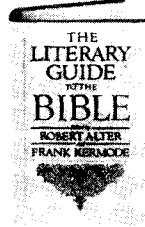
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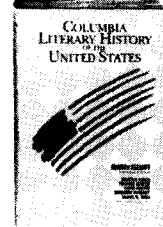
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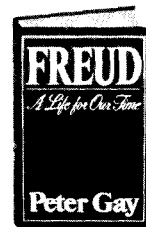
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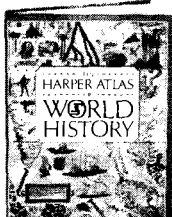
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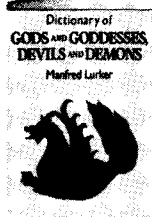
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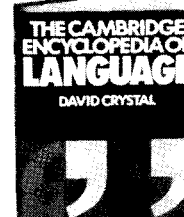
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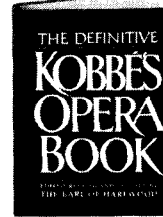
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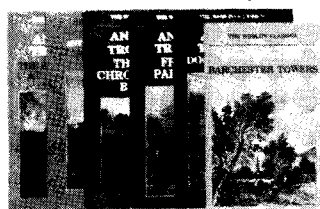
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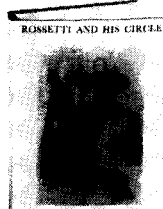
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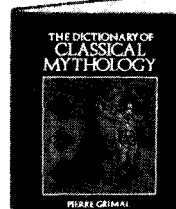
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wanted, so I thought that it would be a good idea to go to the south of France and try and sort out my own feelings."

At the end of May Françoise finally decided to match herself against Picasso full-time. She moved into the rue des Grands-Augustins—or, rather, at the end of an evening together she did not go home. Picasso dictated the letters she wrote to her grandmother and her mother to announce, without revealing very much, that she was going to stay away and live a different kind of life.

It was, right from the beginning, a battle much more ferocious than she had imagined. Looking back, Françoise called it living "like Joan of Arc: wearing one's armor from day till night, proving your strength twenty-four hours a day." She also realized that although she had said yes to living with him, it was a qualified yes: "Not all the wrongs were on his side. Part of me never accepted that I had agreed to live with him. I never embraced him with my whole being. I could have given more of myself. I could have given *all* of myself, but I didn't."

AT THE BEGINNING OF JULY, 1946, PICASSO ANNOUNCED that they were leaving for the Midi, and that he wanted to stop in Ménerbes to show her Dora's house. To Françoise's alarm, as soon as they arrived he told her that this was where they were spending their holiday. "I made her give us the house," he said, "and now I'm going to make sure that you stay here with me." It was not a happy holiday. Françoise felt that choosing Dora's house for a holiday was a callous act, showing a complete indifference both to Dora's feelings and to her own: "Everything was a trap. He was the perfect trap-setter, and his timing could not have been worse, since Dora was just recovering from her attack of insanity and I was just beginning my life with him."

Even though Françoise was alone with Picasso, Dora seemed to be hovering in the house, and Marie-Thérèse was a definite presence, in the rapturous letters he received from her every day. Françoise, who had looked forward to their time away as a kind of honeymoon after they had started living together, was actually expected to listen, every morning, to selected passionate passages from Marie-Thérèse's letters, punctuated by Picasso's commentary: "Somehow I don't see you writing me a letter like that. . . . It's because you don't love me enough. That woman *really* loves me. . . ." What he did not read to her were his no less passionate letters to Marie-Thérèse. They were, Maya remembers, "full of 'I love you' and 'I love you' and 'I love only you' and 'You are the best in the world.'"

Françoise began to dream of escaping from Picasso and from the oppressive presence of his past—as far away as Tunisia. Luc Simon, a painter friend, had arranged a job for her there, making designs to record the local arts and crafts before they disappeared. She plotted it all in her mind, and one afternoon when Picasso was out of the house, she left. Since she had no money, she had decided to hitch a ride to Marseilles, where she had friends, and borrow from them her fare to North Africa. She had not

been on the main road long before a car stopped for her. It all seemed to be going according to plan except for one thing: the car was Picasso's blue Peugeot. His first reaction was anger and incomprehension. "You must be out of your mind," he cried. But then, as always when she wanted to leave him, he knew with uncanny accuracy just what to say to bring her back: "You must not listen to your head for things like that. You'll talk yourself out of the deepest things in life. What you need is a child. That will bring you back to nature and put you in tune with the rest of the world." By now he had already pushed her inside the car, kissed her, and held her close to him.

Once she was back, nothing seemed further from her thoughts than Tunisia. In fact, she decided to follow Picasso's advice to think less and obey her heart more, wherever it led her. "You won't know what it means to be a woman until you have a child," he said, and she, who had up until then dismissed the idea of motherhood, was no longer so sure. "Before I went to live with him," she remembered, "that was one thing I absolutely had made up my mind on: I didn't want to have children. And that was one thing he absolutely had made up *his* mind on: I *was* going to have children." A little over a month later, back at the house in Golfe-Juan, where they settled after they left Ménerbes, she was pregnant.

On May 15, 1947, at the Belvédère Clinic in Boulogne, Françoise gave birth to a baby boy.

At first Picasso was fascinated with baby Claude, who looked with every day that passed more and more like him, and he was happy to have taken greater possession of Claude's mother. "He always wanted her very near to him," said the writer Dominique Desanti, who visited them a few times in Golfe-Juan in the summer of 1947.

They were a very striking couple together. She was so beautiful and he was really astonishing, so aesthetically they were very striking to look at. He would make aggressive remarks meant to put down and humiliate her in front of others and she would laugh and make what he said seem innocuous. He would refer to her as "the woman." "What has the woman made for dinner?" he would ask. Or he would look at an erotically dressed woman on a postcard and sigh: "What a dream to have such a woman in front of you." And Françoise would laugh and diffuse it: "It's very easy. We can do that. Just get me a dress like that and I'll put it on—it would be a very amusing disguise." She never looked cross or humiliated; she always made you feel that they were acting in a play. That was his way of being; he was cruel whether it was with his woman, his best friends or whoever was around if he felt like it. So if you decided to live with him, you needed unusual strength and unusual maturity to find your part in his play and improvise the text.

THE ARTIST PICASSO MOST ENJOYED DISCUSSING AESTHETIC questions with was Alberto Giacometti, partly because he was too much of a visionary to think of them purely in aesthetic terms. Giacometti had further earned his secret respect by never fawning over him. The two

men visited each other often, and sometimes, like naughty schoolboys, they went to a nearby café and pored over the pornographic magazines that Picasso had brought along.

At other times they discussed their work. "He accepted Giacometti's criticisms," the art historian James Lord said, "but at the same time resented having done so, and the perverse side of his nature—always powerful—led him to make fun of Alberto behind his back. . . . Making light of the sculptor's anxiety and frustration, he said, 'Alberto tries to make us regret the masterpieces he hasn't done.'"

When he was in a mood to be truthful, Picasso conceded that Giacometti's work represented "a new spirit in sculpture." He displayed a gratuitous meanness, however, one day at Giacometti's studio, when such an expression of appreciation could have made all the difference to Giacometti's livelihood. He was there when, unexpectedly, Christian Zervos, who would devote his life to cataloging Picasso's work, arrived with an Italian collector. Three times Zervos asked Picasso if he agreed with him on the merits of a particular sculpture that he hoped the Italian might buy, and three times Picasso refused to reply.

The result was what Picasso knew it would be. Faced with the conspicuous silence of the world's most celebrated painter, the Italian collector left empty-handed. "He amazes me," Giacometti said once. "He amazes me as a monster would, and I think he knows as well as we do that he's a monster."

AT THE BEGINNING OF AUGUST, PICASSO AND FRANÇOISE Adrove to Vence to visit Matisse, who had been working on the design of a Dominican chapel and had even agreed to underwrite its cost. "You're crazy to make a chapel for those people," Picasso immediately began to rage. "Do you believe in that stuff or not? If not, do you think you ought to do something for an idea that you don't believe in?" "Why don't you build a market instead?" he cried out on another occasion. "You could paint fruits and vegetables."

Matisse reported the outburst to Father Couturier, the Dominican priest and champion of modern art who was also posing for the preparatory designs for the panel of Saint Dominic. "I couldn't care less," Matisse told the priest, his equanimity and his conviction quite undisturbed. "I have greens more green than pears and oranges more orange than pumpkins. So why build a market?"

When Picasso and Françoise went to see him again and Picasso again criticized the project, Matisse was more explicit: "As far as I'm concerned, this is essentially a work of art. It's just that I put myself in the state of mind of what I'm working on. I don't know whether I believe in God or not. I think, really, I'm some kind of Buddhist. But the essential thing is to put oneself in a frame of mind which is close to that of prayer."

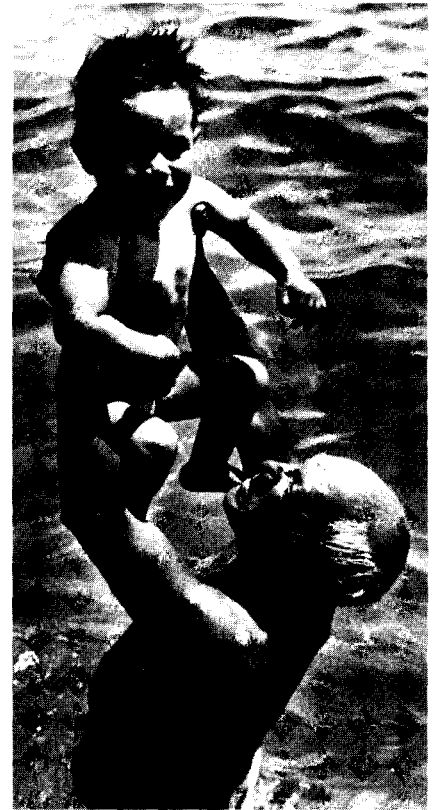
And later, since Picasso would not let go of his obsessive fury at the thought of the chapel, Matisse told him, "Yes, I do pray and you pray too, and you know it all too well:



Picasso marching in Paris (left) to celebrate the Liberation, 1944; Henri Matisse (below), with designs for the Dominican chapel; and Picasso's lifelong friend Paul Eluard with his wife Nusch (right).



ROBERT CAPA / MAGNUM



LEE MILLER ARCHIVES

Picasso and Françoise Gilot (left) at Golfe-Juan, on the Riviera; Françoise with Claude (below right), her son by Picasso, in 1947; and Claude with his father (above right), before Picasso's fondness ebbed.



when everything goes badly, we throw ourselves into prayer. . . . And you do it—you, too. It's no good saying no." Matisse had taken to treating Picasso like a brilliant and precious but recalcitrant son. He listened to him but had no intention of heeding what he said.

Matisse's vision was clear and compelling: to create a simple "religious space" where people could come "to feel purified and freed of their burdens." "In the end," he told Picasso, "it's not worth trying to be too clever. You are like me: what we are all looking for in art is to rediscover the atmosphere of our First Communion." The First Communion was a powerful symbol for Matisse, embodying the serenity that he himself radiated.

It was this serenity, this peace beyond his understanding, that Picasso was fighting with his explosions against the idea of the chapel. And there was something else. Matisse gave expression to it at the dedication of the chapel: "This chapel for me is the culmination of an entire life's work and the flowering of an enormous, sincere, and difficult labor. It is not a labor I chose but for which destiny chose me at the end of my road. . . . I consider it, despite all its imperfections, my masterpiece, an effort resulting from an entire life dedicated to the search for truth." Picasso, too, longed for such a culmination, for the "ultimate" painting, yet felt further and further away from it. "One swallows something, is poisoned by it, and eliminates the toxic" was his description of his process of working. Since he believed that there was no truth to be revealed at the end of the road, did he really paint as a catharsis, merely to cast out the toxic, increasingly trapped in his own virtuosity?

"MY FEATURES WERE ALL THAT MATTERED TO HIM," Françoise said. "He never sought access to my spirit. So he just missed me as a dynamic force. It was as if he had made a brilliant reproduction of a car without the motor. I felt that on this point we were really apart." But she went on trying. Determined, even after she became pregnant for the second time, to keep up with Picasso's late nights and Claude's early mornings and to continue with her own painting, she found herself sacrificing sleep, getting as little as four hours a night. As for Picasso, he was grappling with the new depths of intimacy that he and Françoise had reached. In the paintings and lithographs he made of her early in 1949, serenity jostles with aggression and chaos with a starry sky. Love and hate, trust and betrayal, wrestled in the deep recesses of his soul, and, afraid of probing the darkness, he began to flee from the newfound intimacy.

On April 19, 1949, the day of the opening in Paris of the second World Peace Congress, organized by the Communist Party, Françoise went to see Dr. Fernand Lamaze. The baby was not due for another month, but he found her in such a rundown state that he instructed her to check in to the Belvédère Clinic at once. She went back to the rue des Grands-Augustins, told Picasso what had happened, and asked him if their chauffeur, Marcel, could

drive her to the clinic. Irritated at having his day disturbed, Picasso told her that he needed Marcel to drive him to the Peace Congress. "If you need a car," he snapped, "you'll have to find another solution. Why don't you call an ambulance?" Had he not already given her enough? Since he had given her the greatest of all things, since he had given her himself, since they had possessed the universe together, how could she be petty enough to ask for little things like a car to drive her to the clinic?

Fortunately, Marcel had an earthy sense of priorities. He suggested that nothing would be easier than to drop her at the clinic on the way to the Congress. But even a detour was too much of an inconvenience. Finally, a compromise was reached: Marcel took Picasso to the Congress and came back to fetch Françoise. They arrived at the Belvédère Clinic at five o'clock. At eight o'clock that night she gave birth to a little girl, Ann Paloma Gilot.



Portrait of Françoise, 1946

EVERY THURSDAY AND Sunday, Marcel drove Picasso to Juan-les-Pins, where Marie-Thérèse and Maya were spending their summer holidays—less than ten miles away from Picasso's new family. For some time now Françoise had been campaigning for an end to this situation. She found it absurd to go on pretending that there was nobody else in Picasso's life. Why, she kept asking, shouldn't Maya meet Claude and Paloma? Why shouldn't she meet Marie-Thérèse? Why have Maya continue to grow up in a lie, hearing at school or reading in newspapers and magazines things that her mother denied at home? "It's the easiest way to go crazy," Françoise told Picasso, "not knowing if you are seeing the sun at noon or the moon. You pretend you are unusual, then let's really lead an unusual life, instead of playing hide-and-seek with the truth." He did not like the idea of Françoise trying to put an end to his games, but at the same time he was intrigued by the possibilities that would be opened up by such an encounter. He finally agreed to invite Marie-Thérèse and Maya to visit them at La Galloise. "With a bit of luck," he told Françoise, "you might even come to blows!"

But Françoise had begun to untangle Picasso's strategy. "He always put those around him in competition with each other—one woman against another, one dealer against another, one friend against another. He was masterful at using one person like the red flag and the other like the bull. While the bull was busy charging against the red flag, Pablo could, unnoticed, deal his wounding thrusts. And most people didn't even think to look who was hiding behind the red flag."

It was too late for Marie-Thérèse. For years Françoise

had been the red flag Picasso had used to taunt her, and she had allowed herself to fall victim to his strategy of dividing and conquering. "She had grown to hate Françoise," Maya says, "and she wanted me to hate her too."

When in the summer of 1949 Marie-Thérèse finally found herself in front of her adversary, there was only one thing she really wanted to tell her, and when they were alone for a few moments, she did: "Whatever you may be thinking, there is no way that you could ever break our bond and take my place." "I *can't* take your place," Françoise replied, "and I don't wish to. The place I'm in is one that was vacant." Françoise knew that Marie-Thérèse was the red flag, not the enemy. She also knew that "one truth does not annihilate another truth and one relationship does not invalidate another, in the same way that you don't love your first child less because you have a second one."

Having the blindfold taken off was at first very hard on Maya. Suddenly, at thirteen, she was confronted with a little half-brother and a baby half-sister and another woman at the center of her father's life. "When she first saw Claude and Paloma, she wanted to kill them," Françoise recalls, "but that, of course, had been instigated in her by her mother. When she was allowed to have her own experience of her father's new family, it all changed and she was happy that the charade was over." Many years later Claude would tell Maya's husband, "You know, the first children of Maya were myself and Paloma."

FRANÇOISE SEEMED TO HAVE EVERYTHING, AND YET gradually, and at first almost imperceptibly, it became clear to her that the vital current was missing. It started with her health. She had heavy hemorrhages, and was feeling spent. She found it hard to recover from Paloma's birth, and her exhaustion and hemorrhaging made it impossible for Picasso and her to continue their active sex life. "Pablo had tremendous sexual needs, and I began to feel harassed. Also I felt tremendously burdened with the children and all the duties of our life and all the people around, especially as Pablo made it really hard for me to get any stable organization going at the house that could support me and take some of the burden off. It was always 'No, I don't want him, no, I don't want her, no, I don't want this, no, I don't want that.'" Many nights he would wake her up as often as half a dozen times, insisting that something was wrong with "the money," his nickname for the children—that he could not hear any breathing and that she should get up and check. Making sure the children were all right would often wake them up, and Françoise had to spend even more time coaxing them back to sleep before she could go back to bed herself.

By the time fall came, Picasso had added another arduous task to her daily routine. He had bought an old perfumery in the rue du Fournas, in Vallauris, which he had converted into his painting and sculpture studios, and he insisted that Françoise was the only person who could build the fires in the morning so that the place would be

warm enough for him to begin work there in the afternoon. So every morning from November on, no matter what time she had gone to sleep, Françoise stoked the furnace at La Galloise and then bicycled down to the rue du Fournas to start the fires there. Picasso would sleep until noon most days and wake up grumpy but recharged, while Françoise's health continued to deteriorate.

Even when they were together, she felt that Picasso was far away from her. She withdrew into her own world, kept her suspicions and her fears to herself, and watched as her relationship with Picasso began to feel more and more like a business partnership. She managed his dealings with galleries, publishers, and the world, and immersed herself in her own work. Picasso was pleased that she had a contract with Kahnweiler, pleased that Paul Rosenberg had also asked to represent her, pleased that her drawings and lithographs would soon be illustrating books of poems by Verdet and Eluard. And Françoise was grateful for any signs, however spasmodic, that she existed for him as something more than a useful adjunct. At the same time, she was "chilled by the growing recognition that I had to pay for any signs of affection on his part by the pain he caused me when he immediately switched and became harsh and cruel. He called it 'the high cost of living,' but it was really the high cost of living with Pablo. Any time he was at all loving or caring and I allowed myself to relax and be open and vulnerable, he would turn."

When she was not attending to his business, to her own work, or to the children, Françoise's main release was crying. As always, the smell of pain brought out the sadist in Picasso. "You were a Venus when I met you," he told her once when he caught her crying. "Now you're a Christ—and a Romanesque Christ, at that, with all the ribs sticking out to be counted. I hope you realize you don't interest me like that. . . . You should be ashamed to let yourself go—your figure, your health. . . . Any other woman would improve after the birth of a baby, but not you. You look like a broom. Do you think brooms appeal to anybody? They don't to me."

To add to Françoise's problems, Picasso began a very public affair with Geneviève Laporte, whom he had first met after the Liberation, when she came to interview him for her school newspaper. "It was the loss of innocence and the end of trust," Françoise said. "From then on not a day passed that I did not discover one more corpse in one more dark corner of a closet. I felt as though I was stepping deeper and deeper into a slimy pond. My whole universe had crumbled."

IN THE FALL OF 1952 FRANÇOISE ISSUED A WARNING: SHE told Picasso that she could no longer find any "deep meaning" in their union and could see "no reason for staying." It was a warning but also a plea. Picasso's response was to act as though he wanted to give her every possible reason to leave. His life became a comedy of Don Juanism indulged—an old man darting about the countryside, driven not so much by desire as by the fear of waning passions

It turned out to be an occupation infinitely more exhausting than work, and each time he returned to La Galloise, haggard and worn out, he would ask Françoise defiantly if she *still* wanted to leave him. "I began to despise him," she said, "and I could not forgive him for turning the man I had loved into the man I despised. He had been transformed into a dirty old man, and it was all so grotesque and so ridiculous that I could no longer even be jealous."

Toward the end of the year Françoise went to Paris to discuss the sets and costumes she had been commissioned to design for Janine Charrat's ballet *Heracles*, which was to open in the spring. While she was there, she wrote a letter to Picasso telling him all the things that she had had such difficulty expressing to him in person: the tragedy of love denied that their relationship had become; the ways in which he had disfigured and violated their love; his betrayal not just of her and of what they had had together but, even more important, of what their love could have bloomed into; all the anguish he had caused her; and what had been the hardest thing for her to accept—his continued refusal to admit the truth about the other women in his life, even after she had confronted him with it. She ended the letter by telling him that she would not return to Vallauris and to him unless he finally told the truth.

He rushed to Paris. He knew, with the unerring instinct of all great manipulators, that the time had come for a theatrical confession. He arrived at the rue Gay-Lussac holding her letter in his hand. "Everything you wrote in the letter is the truth," he admitted. "And it's such a beautiful letter—you write so well. And not at all in a way that is demeaning to me." Then he cried. For the first time since she had known him, he cried and asked for forgiveness. He also promised that he would immediately end all affairs. And to prove that he meant it, he told her that at that very moment Geneviève Laporte was waiting for him in the restaurant around the corner and that he was going to go down and tell her that it was over. He went and quickly came back and cried some more. But Françoise did not cry; she realized that just as he was leaving Vallauris to come to her to confess and to ask for forgiveness, he had made an appointment to meet Geneviève in the neighborhood restaurant. Much as she would have loved to, Françoise could not believe that the man facing her with tears streaming down his face was a transformed man. Yet at the same time she decided, with her eyes open, to try once again. Yes, she said, she would stay.

The next day at six in the evening, as she passed the restaurant, Françoise saw Geneviève Laporte through the window, alone and waiting. The following day, she was again waiting, and the day after that. For two hours each night she waited for the man who had told her, "I've never wept over a woman," as he wiped his tears and left their "haven of bliss" to return to Françoise. He never came back to the restaurant, which had been one of their regular meeting places—not because he had really turned a new page but because he had had his fill of her. And there were so many others waiting in line, and time was running out.

AT THE END OF MARCH, FRANÇOISE RETURNED TO PARIS alone to work on the sets and costumes for *Heracles*. In her free moments she saw a lot of Kostas Axelos, a young Greek philosopher she had met in the summer of 1948. "I was so lonely at the time, he was really a godsend," she said. "At first it seemed so natural and convenient, I didn't think at all about what it might lead to." Then, gradually, he started to challenge all her reasons for staying with Picasso. When she talked of duty, he told her that she was really a coward, avoiding all the trials of her own generation by living with someone who had soared above the battle. When she talked of being prepared to sacrifice her personal happiness, he told her that she was in fact choosing what was most convenient, a position that gave her power by association. When she talked of not letting down her children, he talked of her betrayal of herself. Trained in the arts of persuasion, he was a formidable challenger. "He fought me inch by inch, personally and philosophically," Françoise said, "with all the verbal weapons in his arsenal. Greece had always held a fascination for me, and here was Kostas, the young, handsome philosopher-prince!"

After a month Picasso arrived in Paris with the children. He knew that they were powerful reminders of the life he and Françoise had built together and powerful allies, silently pleading his case. He dutifully attended the opening-night performance of *Heracles*, sitting in a box with Françoise and Maya. At the end of the performance Françoise left the box to go onstage to take a bow. Axelos was waiting for her backstage; he kissed her, congratulated her, and disappeared into the night, while Françoise went on with Picasso to a gala dinner being given by André Boll, who had written the story of the ballet, in his elegant apartment on the Quai d'Orsay. It was her night, and as the guests were swarming around her to compliment and congratulate her, Picasso could be overheard muttering to himself, "Ballets always bring me bad luck."

At the rue Gay-Lussac, he was writing poems, in Spanish, full of loneliness, violence, and pain. "It was suddenly a complete reversal of what our life had been like," Françoise said. "He was the one now waiting until I was ready to go back to Vallauris, and when I told him that I wanted to spend more time in Paris alone, he took the children and returned to the South of France to wait for me there. Kostas and I were still intimate friends but nothing more. One night in June, soon after Pablo had left, we went to see a Jacques Tati movie, *Les Vacances de Monsieur Hulot*. I found it so silly that after half an hour we left. That night was the turning point in our relationship. Kostas put aside the philosophical arguments and addressed me man to woman. He told me that he loved me and that even though I didn't love him yet, he could, for a while, love for both of us and help sustain me while I mustered enough strength to leave Pablo. We became lovers—I think less because of compelling sexual desire and more because he wanted to assert, before I returned to Vallauris, that our relationship was real on many levels, including the sexual one."

As soon as she returned to Vallauris, she was inundated

with telegrams and letters from Axelos, all of them intended to strengthen her resolve and all of them ending, "I love you." Picasso asked her what was going on; she told him and added that she had decided to leave with the children on September 30. "I had finally reached the conclusion that my life with Pablo was like a sickness," she said, "and I knew that I had to eliminate everything that was sick in me." He repeated again and again that nobody left a man like him, a challenge that only made her all the more eager to leave. "Wait and see," she told him finally. "If nobody leaves a man like you, you are, in that case, going to see something you have not seen before."

He refused to face the fact that she was indeed leaving—as if his refusal to empower reality with his attention would make it go away. On September 30, 1953, he watched silently and incredulously as the taxi arrived to take Françoise and the children to the station, the driver helped them with their bags, and first the children and then Françoise got into it. All along he had refused to say good-bye. As the taxi pulled away, he uttered one word only, "*Merde*," and stalked back into the house.

Françoise's decision to abandon Picasso as death drew closer was a symbol of life leaving him, of death displacing the vitality that had always been his hallmark. He talked of her treachery to whoever would listen, as if, through venting his anger, he could master his grief. But he suffered alone, and on November 28, a month after his seventy-second birthday, he stopped talking, took his despair in hand, and started working. He worked feverishly, and in just over two months produced 180 drawings. The poet Michel Leiris called the series a "visual diary of a hateful season in hell, a crisis in his private life leading him to question everything." In these confessional drawings he is not only old and grotesque but ugly, dwarfish, flabby, and pathetic, trying to capture through his art the vitality that eludes him in life. He is extremely skillful, a superb craftsman, full of imagination and wit in all the different ways he portrays his model and himself, but an air of meaninglessness hangs over the whole enterprise of his art. And the young woman in the series, the eternal feminine in many different guises and disguises, knows it. She is amused by him but cannot take him seriously as an artist and certainly not as a lover. She is much more delighted playing with a monkey or fondling a cat, with its fur, as Rebecca West wrote, "soft against her smooth flesh, its nervous energy crackling against her serenity, her faculty of acceptance bringing the little animal into unity with herself. She is as strongly affirmative as a Greek goddess." She is the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. And the painter's despair is not just that he is an old man who must give up "his place at the feast of sensual pleasure"; it is that he is an old man who will die without knowing why he has lived and why he has painted. Neither his gifts nor his endless sexual adventures have brought him any closer to the secret of life that the young woman seems to know and from which she seems to draw her serenity and her deep acceptance of everything, including the absurd little old man.



Jacqueline Roque

"PICASSO WAS UNHAPPY, unhappy like only a Spaniard can be unhappy," said the writer Hélène Parmelin. "So the procession of women began. It was horrible. People would come to see us to tell us about this one or the other one that he should meet. I remember one day a very famous woman came to see me to tell me

that since I was such a good friend of Picasso's, I should do something for him, and that she knew this young Spanish woman, marvelously proportioned, intelligent, who would be so good for him. I told her that that was not my profession. It was incredible what was going on."

The children watched and waited. "I accepted them all," Maya said, "the ones he brought home and the ones he collected while we were traveling. I used to say, 'She's the last one to date.' As they were getting younger and younger, I could really have fun with some of them." Paulo was less generous: "Whores for daddy" was his conclusion.

With Françoise gone, Picasso could not stand to remain in Vallauris. So in midsummer the court set itself up in Perpignan. In fact, he seriously considered staying there permanently, and the local Communists did their best to persuade him to do so. On August 19 he painted a beautiful portrait of his hostess, the Countess de Lazermes, but the rumor was that it was Rosita Hugué whom he wanted to marry. And then there was Jacqueline Roque, whom he had met at the pottery at Vallauris, where she worked as a salesgirl. Paule de Lazermes described her "watching him like a fox, clearly eager to fill the vacant place." Picasso treated her abysmally—when, that is, he bothered to take any notice of her at all. He made it so humiliatingly clear that he did not want her around that one day she finally decided to leave. Picasso came down to lunch looking and sounding relieved. During lunch Jacqueline called him from the road. "She threatened to kill herself," Picasso announced when he returned to the table, "if she could not come back to Perpignan." His response had been that she could do whatever she liked, provided she left him in peace. That night Jacqueline came back: "You told me to do whatever I liked; so here I am."

Her behavior for the rest of their stay at the Lazermes' showed that returning to Perpignan was the last time she would do whatever she liked. She started calling Picasso "Monseigneur," addressed him in the third person, kissed his hand, and was ready at any moment to spread herself out like a cloak for Monseigneur to walk on. She had clearly decided to accept every humiliation, stifle all pain, and subordinate both her life and her will to his, provided she could just stay around. By the time he took her with him to the rue des Grands-Augustins, at the end of the summer, he had decided to accept her offering. Having failed in his life with a goddess, he settled for the peace of living with a

doormat. It was the peace of the grave, but he was a tired man. Dominique Eluard, Paul's third wife, explained, "Françoise had asked of him to stretch to a relationship which was on a higher level and in which she was much more than just the mistress and the vestal virgin. But ultimately I don't think that he was capable of having other than a macho relationship with a woman."

In October he painted *Jacqueline in a Rocking Chair*—a stocky, matronly little Jacqueline, a far cry from the idealized, long-necked, sphinxlike creature he had painted the previous June. Prophetically, he had shown Jacqueline not as she was but as she would soon become. She had chosen her fate and he had chosen a caretaker to hold the world at bay while he painted with no other goal than to hold death in check. She was a woman he could dominate; but he had not taken into account the tyranny of weakness.

WHILE PICASSO WAS AT THE RUE DES GRANDS-Augustins, Françoise called him, asking to come and see him. She wanted to be the first to tell him that she was getting married. She had known Luc Simon, the young painter she was going to marry, since her school days.

Picasso's first reaction was rage. "It's monstrous," he told her. "You think only of yourself." Françoise protested that she had also been thinking of their children. "Luc will help bring up the children," she said. "He is not their father, but he will be a good stepfather, and it will be easier for them to lead a normal life." Picasso's anger was now

mixed with incomprehension. "Is that what you call a normal life?" he shouted. "The only normal life would be you, me, and the children."

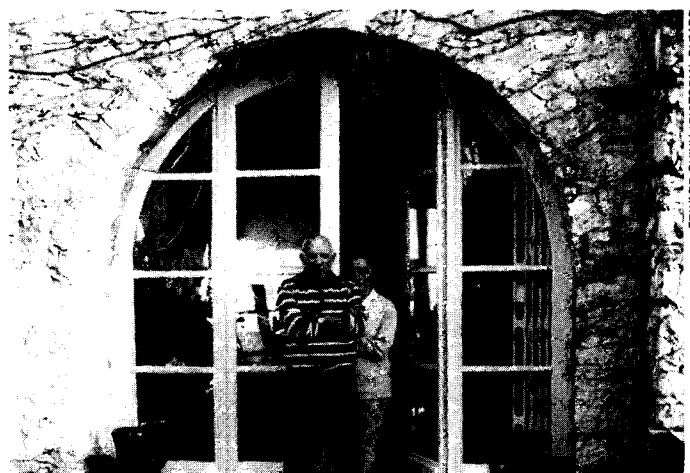
"There was another purpose to my visit, and I wanted to complete it," Françoise recalled. "I told Pablo that before marrying Luc, I intended to set up a trust for the children, a *conseil de famille*, with my father, Luc, and him as trustees. Since the children officially had no father, I wanted to make sure they would be taken care of if anything happened to me. Also I wanted to establish that my marriage would not change Pablo's status toward his children."

PICASSO DID NOT WANT TO STAY IN PARIS AND HE CERTAINLY did not wish to return to Vallauris. So the search began for another house in the South of France. In the end he chose La Californie, an ornate turn-of-the-century mansion overlooking Cannes. The "king of junkmen," as Cocteau had called Picasso, took possession of his new kingdom in June and moved with him his jumble of trifles.

Claude and Paloma had come to La Californie for the summer, while Françoise was in Venice on an extended honeymoon. She had asked Picasso many times to take her to Venice, a place she had loved since she was a child. He had repeatedly said no; but now he could not bear the thought of her being there with her young, tall, and handsome husband—all attributes which made the thought that much more irksome to him. "To claim that when you



Jacqueline, Picasso, and Cocteau, and, behind them, Paloma, Maya, and Claude, at a bullfight in Spain (left); "Monseigneur" and Jacqueline (below) at their home in Mougins; and detail of Portrait of Jacqueline With Crossed Arms, 1954 (right).



love somebody, you can accept the idea of seeing her go off with some young fellow is very unconvincing," he had told Françoise after seeing Charlie Chaplin's *Limelight*. "I'd rather see a woman die, any day, than see her happy with someone else. . . . I'm not interested in these so-called Christian acts of nobility."

One weekend in the fall of 1955, when Claude and Paloma were with Picasso at Kahnweiler's house in the country, and Françoise and Luc were back in Paris, she received a call from him: "I'm not returning the children to you unless you give to Paulo all the drawings and etchings that are in your apartment." "You have to return the children first," she replied, "and then you can send Paulo to pick up the drawings." He returned the children, and the next morning she returned everything except *The Woman Flow-er*, which he had specifically given her as a present.

It was an open declaration of war, followed by the conspicuous absence of an invitation for Françoise to exhibit at the Salon de Mai and finally, in November of 1956, by a letter from Kahnweiler terminating her contract. "I began to feel as though I was living in a nightmare," Françoise remembered. The more good news Picasso received about Françoise's new life, as when he heard that she was pregnant, the more determined he was to destroy her. He made it clear that anybody who was her friend was his enemy. She soon got used to art dealers' apologizing for not exhibiting her work, explaining that they could not risk his displeasure. Any evidence that she could not only exist but flourish without him was for Picasso proof of his waning powers. He was addicted to having people be addicted to him, and although there were plenty around him who were, he was obsessed by the one stray sheep.

AT LA CALIFORNIE PICASSO AND JACQUELINE SETTLED IN to a life of being devoured in the process of devouring each other—she by her smothering possessiveness and he by crushing first her spirit and then her humanity. "When everything went wrong, everything went wrong," Hélène Parmelin wrote.

To an unimaginable degree. The whole world was nothing but trash, friends and enemies alike, there was no truth anywhere, nothing mattered, all was rotten, everything was spoiled, all he asked of the world was to be left in peace, and the bit of chalk he had put down there had disappeared. Jacqueline, I said I would see no one. Do you mean to say so-and-so came, Jacqueline? Well, why did you send him away? . . . Why did you let so-and-so in? I said I would see no one.

The Spoiled Child had met his match in the Terrible Mother, all too eager to enclose him in her deathly womb, the better to foster all that was dark, cruel, gross, and meanspirited in him. Even when he shut himself away to work, Jacqueline clung to him from behind the closed doors. "It's not merely that he might happen to want something," she said. "But I wouldn't be happy thinking that he might want something merely because I wasn't there." "One had to stay at La Californie, one's mind's eye on

Monseigneur," Parmelin wrote. "Not go even to the bottom of the garden. Not even outside the house. Besides, at fixed times, he had to be given his pills, or his drops: he was taking homeopathic medicines for whatever was the matter with him. What was the matter with him? Nothing. But he took the medicines. Small doses. Moreover he might want something." If things went well for him, things went well for her. She sank herself in him with a monomania that excluded even her own daughter, who had to subsist on the few emotional crumbs her mother could spare. "When one is lucky enough to have Picasso in front of one, one doesn't look at the sun!" she snapped when, one night, someone pointed out the beauty of a sunset. Jacqueline became his secretary, housekeeper, and press-clipping service, and the translator of his will into action; and Picasso became the tool through which she could assert her will over the rest of the world, the means through which she could experience a sense of power that, even if her imagination had not been as limited as it was, she would never have imagined possible.

The main source of her power was her role as gatekeeper, although a lot of the time the gatekeeper only conveyed Monseigneur's wishes. He was away, asleep, working, on the beach, at the bullfights, in Paris—any one of those authorized excuses would be used to send away the old friends or the new admirers that he did not want to receive, or at least did not want to receive at that moment.

In the summer of 1957 Jacqueline fell sick and had to have a stomach operation. From now on she would frequently be ill. She had problems with her stomach, problems with her eardrums, gynecological problems; often she felt so exhausted she could barely drag herself to bed. When she was sick, she slept in the room next to Monseigneur's, so as not to bother him. And he would presage in his work the stages of her recurring cycle of sickness and recovery. "Isn't it curious," he said, "that by the time she is ill I am painting pictures in which she appears to be well again? I don't understand it. I always seem to be ahead of events." It was hard to distinguish cause and effect.



Françoise and Luc Simon

IN THE SUMMER OF 1960 Françoise began trying through lawyers to gain some basic rights for her children—starting with the right to use their father's name. During her prolonged negotiations with Maître Bacqué de Sariat, Picasso's lawyer, Françoise received an extremely unexpected proposal from Picasso.

"Would you consider divorcing Luc Simon and marrying him?" Maître de Sariat asked on his client's instructions. "That would certainly be the easiest way to regularize the status of the children. Then you could divorce, but at least the children would have been legitimized."

"For the sake of the children": that was the argument to which Picasso's emissary kept returning as Françoise listened to him week after week during the final months of 1960. Paulo and Claude joined the chorus encouraging her to say yes. At first Françoise was incredulous and could not bring herself even to contemplate the offer. But gradually Picasso's proposal, like an earthquake, began to change the landscape of her life. Almost despite herself, she began to look at her life with new eyes. During the day she worked in her studio in her family home in Neuilly. Her father had died in 1957, so only her mother was there now. She would return to the rue du Val de Grâce in the evening, and she and Luc would have dinner with the children. "We were very well behaved in front of them," Françoise said, "but after they had gone to bed, there was argument after argument." Luc, who had been like a father to Claude and Paloma, was not happy about their taking Picasso's name. Picasso's hostility toward him since his marriage to Françoise had permeated the art world and had been devastating to his career; and now the children he loved would carry the name of the man who had done everything he could to destroy him.

Looking back over the years since her marriage to Luc, Françoise saw clearly for the first time how much Picasso's vindictiveness had poisoned their lives. Was it really possible, she began to wonder, to put an end to his corrosive resentment? To have a life where she could talk to the father of her children without going through lawyers? To be able to function in the art world without the stigma of Picasso's enmity? An awful burden lifted from her at the thought of life without the shadow that Picasso, the destroyer, had cast over her world.

There was something else that Picasso's proposal made her confront: that much as she loved Luc and mistrusted Picasso, she had never loved anyone with the intensity with which she had loved Picasso. And Luc knew it. He had even written a letter to Picasso, telling him that "Françoise may be my wife, but she will always be yours." Life had not been easy with the Furies of Picasso's vengeance pursuing her, but Françoise had been able not only to survive but to heal her wounds and to grow. And with the benefit of distance she had seen ways in which she might have been able to achieve greater intimacy and depth in her relationship with Picasso. She saw the mistakes that *she* had made. What if she had learned Spanish? She remembered how enchanted he was every time he saw her take an interest in anything Spanish, as when she had translated Góngora's poems; being able to speak the language of his birth would definitely have brought them closer together. What if she had been more flexible, if she had opened her heart more, if she had mistrusted less? What, above all, if spiritually she had reached a place where she could have loved him unconditionally without losing her own center, where she could have surrendered fully without capitulating to domination, and from which she could have led him away from his own self-destructiveness?

Maybe she was dreaming. Maybe it was too late and there were too many ghosts from the past. But if she accepted Picasso's proposal, then at least her children would be legitimized, she would disarm some of Picasso's hostility, and Luc would be able to follow his career without the curse of having Picasso as an adversary.

In January of 1961 Claude and Paloma were legally awarded Picasso's name. At the end of February Françoise asked Luc for a divorce. On March 2, in utmost secrecy, Pablo Picasso and Jacqueline Roque got married in the town hall of Vallauris in the presence of Paul Derigon, the Communist mayor, and Maître Antebi, a lawyer from Cannes, and his wife. The banns, at Picasso's request, were not published on the door of the town hall. Jacqueline had been Madame Picasso for twelve days before the news hit the newspapers. During that time Picasso had carefully refrained from informing Maître de Sarrac, who had continued clearing the path for his client's marriage to Françoise.

On March 14 Françoise opened her morning paper and read that the man she was preparing to marry had been married twelve days ago. The news made her shiver. She suddenly felt touched by evil. In a state of emotional upheaval, Françoise decided to go ahead with the divorce, even though there was no longer any immediate reason for it. She had never before seen so unequivocally Picasso's power of destruction.

MARRIAGE TRANSFORMED JACQUELINE FROM VICTIM TO victor, and crossing the line from mistress to wife unleashed the destructiveness that had been nursed in her through seven years of being treated as something subhuman. She was now Madame Picasso and the mistress of all she surveyed. A sinister assertion of her new power was the campaign she immediately began against his children.

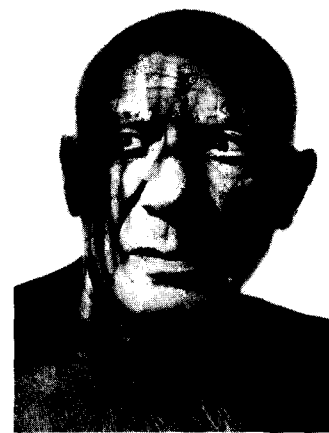
Claude and Paloma had always provided a bitter reminder of the woman she replaced, of the woman she hated more than any other. They were also reminders of the fact that she was never going to have her own children by Picasso. She had tolerated their presence for the holidays, as she had tolerated everything and everybody that had been part of his life while she was uncertain about how permanent a part she would be. But now she knew and the world knew, and there would no longer be any brakes on the exercise of her will. Also, the children were fast becoming adults—clever, attractive, and now, to her horror, carrying their father's name. They were increasingly hard to tolerate, and she no longer had to tolerate them. She started feeding Picasso lies, about how little his children cared for him, how their minds had been poisoned by their mother. She even said the fourteen-year-old Claude was a drug addict and should not be allowed to join them for the Easter holidays. Both children were promptly disinherited.

The isolation of Picasso took place by stages, but it began with the discounting of every emotional claim. What Jacqueline wanted was Picasso all to herself, and she was ruthlessly clear about how to achieve her goal, since what he wanted was to lose himself in work. Later she would re-

EDWARD QUINN



Notre-Dame-de-Vie (left), the house in Mougins, one of the mansions Picasso owned in his later years, when he spent millions to live in bohemian splendor; Picasso in his final years (below).



UNCOPY FUDGE / DIFFUSION PARADIS

fer to Picasso's paintings during their life together as their "children," and she wanted nothing to interfere with the production of more and more children—certainly not the presence of real children from his past. There was a window on the second floor of Notre-Dame-de-Vie, their home in Mougins, looking down on Picasso's studio. From that window Jacqueline watched for hours as Picasso made their children. These were her great moments—just she and Monseigneur and the prospect of more and more of their children populating the earth.

For Picasso, who in October of 1961 celebrated his eightieth birthday, work was the only weapon he could pit against death, his great adversary. He went on working—paintings, drawings, linocuts, seventy Jacquelines in 1962 alone—but it was work born of panic and of the frenzy that panic brings. Both in his life and in his work he was retreating. It was the time of giving up, settling down, and going back: giving up the hope of unearthing reality and truth, settling down as if life's gravity had taken such a toll that he had to marry his caretaker, and going back to the mother who would order his reality, meet his every wish, and demand nothing in return except to possess him. He did not even have to maintain the fiction of loving her. He could be as estranged, emotionally absent, cruel, or unfair as he felt like, and she would still be there taking care of him, because that is a mother's job. He started calling Jacqueline *Maman*. And of all the women in his life, Jacqueline looked most like his mother, and came to look more

and more like her as she grew stockier and sturdier with every year. Picasso liked her to give him his bath, and threw violent temper tantrums if she was not there when he wanted her.

In his work, too, he was regressing—not to an earlier stage of his own life but to an earlier, much earlier, stage of man. The people populating his canvases were not modern; they were not even Egyptian or Greek. They were the old Mesopotamian people seen in the art that has survived from those ancient times: stout, squat, with hardly any neck, and, above all, with the pupils suspended in their eyes, nowhere touching the lids—big, black holes, just emerging from the cosmic darkness, fearfully watchful and still in the grip of a primeval terror.

Two of the key people in his long life died in 1963: Braque in August, Cocteau in October. Picasso went on working. Perhaps work could command death out of his orbit. If not work, then what? His children, far from giving him a sense of life going on, were a bitter reminder of *his* life coming to an end. During the Christmas holidays he told Claude that this was the last time he could visit him. "I am old and you are young," he explained. "I wish you were dead."

Paloma went back for the Easter holidays. "No, you cannot see him," she was told. That Christmas of 1963 was the last time either child would spend time with their father. "Monsieur was 'out' for ten years . . .," Paloma said "the person I loved most in the world."

“HE HAD A WARRIOR’S MENTALITY,” PICASSO’S COUSIN Manuel Blasco said. “Fight during the day and fornicate at night.” In November of 1965, in conspiratorial secrecy, Picasso was taken to the American Hospital in Neuilly for gall-bladder and prostate surgery. From then on there would be only fighting. For a warrior who had worn his virility like a badge, the end of his sexual life was a terrible calamity. It looked as though the operation might signal the end of his fighting days, too. During the rest of 1965 and up to December of 1966 he drew and he etched, but he did no painting. It was the longest he had ever been away from the battlefield. “When a man knows how to do something,” he told the bullfighter Luis Miguel Dominguín, “he ceases being a man if he stops doing it.”

He had kept death at bay, but not the despised signals of his inescapable mortality. He had had to give up his Gauloises, his life’s most constant companion; his failing eyesight meant that his magnetic gaze was more and more often hidden behind glasses; his growing deafness gave him one more reason to avoid people; and the deep scar from the operation, which, once the curtain of secrecy had been lifted, he defiantly displayed to the few still allowed to visit him, was a constant hateful reminder of what he had lost forever. “Whenever I see you,” he told Brassai, “my first impulse is to reach in my pocket to offer you a cigarette, even though I know very well that neither of us smokes any longer. Age has forced us to give it up, but the desire remains! It’s the same with making love. We don’t do it anymore, but the desire is still with us!”

The desire and the frustration and the rage and the self-acerating despair were funneled into his work, and sex in anticipation, sex in action, sex in retrospect became the dominant motif of his painting—once he had sufficiently recovered from what he called the “goring” to start painting again. The reports from Notre-Dame-de-Vie were that Picasso was back to normal—his own extraordinary normal, of course. In the same way that he had all his life pretended to be an excellent swimmer, he now pretended, as best he could, to be untouched by age. “He only knows how to float and splash about a bit along the shore,” wrote Roberto Otero, a bullfighting aficionado who had succeeded in penetrating the fortress of Notre-Dame-de-Vie. Still, the imitation is so realistic that from a distance nobody could tell if his ‘swimming’ is authentic or not.” And this imitation of being “fresh as the morning dew” was so convincing to all those who wanted to be convinced that the myth of the perpetually vital genius lived on. “One is reminded of the last days of some old vaudeville star: everything, creaking now, is still *invented* as superlative,” the art critic John Berger wrote.

The horror of it all is that it is a life without reality. Picasso is only happy when working. Yet he has nothing of his own to work on. He takes up the themes of other painters’ pictures. . . . He decorates pots and plates that other men make for him. He is reduced to playing like a child. He becomes again the child prodigy.



The last Self-Portrait, 1972

PICASSO WAS SICK, AND the couples that filled his work in 1969, kissing, copulating, and suffocating each other, bore the stamp of his sickness. His body was a sack of ills and frustrated desires. The body that had for so long served him so admirably had turned against him. He could not see well, he could not hear well, his lungs fought for breath, his limbs fought for the strength to sustain him, and he fought for the unconsciousness of sleep. But a sickness much more frightening than the inevitable sicknesses of a man close to ninety was the soul-sickness of a man close to death and utterly disconnected from the source of life, a man staring at death and seeing his own fearful imaginings.

On June 30, 1972, Picasso faced the terror that consumed him and drew it. It was his last self-portrait. The next day the art historian Pierre Daix came to visit him. “I made a drawing yesterday,” he told him. “I think I have touched on something there. . . . It is not like anything ever done.” He took the drawing and held it up to his face, and then put it down, without comment. It was a face of frozen anguish and primordial horror held next to the mask that he had worn for so long and that had fooled so many. It was the horror he had painted and the anguish he had caused and which, in his own anguish, he continued to cause. Two months after he drew his last self-portrait, Pablo, his first grandson, tried to see him. He arrived on his motorcycle and showed his identity card. He was turned away, and when he persisted, the dogs were let loose on him and his motorcycle was thrown into a ditch.

On April 1, 1973, Picasso wrote to Marie-Thérèse, telling her again that she was the only woman he had loved. Was he seeing her then as she had first been for him—a vision of beauty and purity, a promise of entering together a forbidden world where abandoned sexuality would lead to a heightened state of being? Or was the letter a Mephistophelian April Fool’s joke, the last lie with which to secure her bondage to him, disorient her a little more, and put one more nail in her cross? Perhaps he wrote her from mere force of habit. Perhaps he spoke the truth.

ON THE SUNDAY MORNING OF APRIL 8 JACQUELINE called Pierre Bernal, Picasso’s cardiologist in Paris. Dawn had barely broken. Bernal took the first plane to Nice. Florenz Rance, the local doctor, was already there when he arrived. Sitting up painfully against the pillows, in his beige pajamas, Picasso was gasping for breath. The fingers of the hand he extended to the doctor were blue and swollen. While Dr. Bernal was confirming with his instruments what his professional eye had already seen, Jacqueline, trailing her long red dressing gown, paced up and

down the room. The cardiogram showed rattles in both lungs and a dangerously large congestion in the left lung.

"I knew the minute I walked in," Bernal said, "that it was the end. He asked me no questions. He did not realize that he was going to die. I tried to make Jacqueline understand that it was going badly."

"We have already saved him," she said. "You are here. We are going to save him. He doesn't have the right to do this to me, he doesn't have the right to leave me . . ." These were the words she kept repeating through the morning, like an incantation: "He doesn't have the right to do this to me, he doesn't have the right to leave me . . ."

"Where are you, Jacqueline?" Picasso cried from his bedroom. His heart and his lungs were both fast giving out. He tried to talk, but he was suffocating. His words, coming through his gasps for air, sounded like wailing, hard to understand. He mentioned Apollinaire and seemed far away from Notre-Dame-de-Vie, in the spectral world of his past. Then he was once again back in his room: "Where are you, Jacqueline?" He turned to Dr. Bernal. "You are wrong not to be married. It's useful." They were his last coherent words.

"WHEN I DIE," PICASSO HAD PROPHESED, "IT WILL be a shipwreck, and as when a huge ship sinks, many people all around will be sucked down with it."

On the morning of Picasso's burial Pablito, excluded from his grandfather's funeral, drank a container of potassium-chloride bleach. He was taken to the hospital in Antibes, where the doctors found that it was too late to save his digestive organs. He died three months later, on July 11, 1973, of starvation.

On October 20, 1977, in the year of the fiftieth anniversary of their meeting, Marie-Thérèse hanged herself in the garage of her house in Juan-les-Pins. She was sixty-eight years old. In a farewell letter to Maya, she wrote of an "irresistible compulsion." "You have to know what his life had meant to her," Maya said later. "It wasn't just his dying that drove her to it. It was much, much more than that. . . . Their relationship was crazy. She felt she had to look after him—even when he was dead! She couldn't bear the thought of him alone, his grave surrounded by people who could not possibly give him what she had given him."

Just after midnight on October 15, 1986, Jacqueline called Aurelio Torrente, the director of the Spanish Museum of Contemporary Art, in Madrid, to discuss the final details of the exhibition of her personal selection of Picasso's paintings that was to open in Madrid ten days later. She assured him that she would be there for the opening.

At three o'clock in the morning she lay on her bed, pulled the sheet up to her chin, and shot herself in the temple. She had left behind a list of everyone she wanted at her funeral.

These events were part of the dark, tragic legacy Picasso left behind in his life. The legacy of his art has to be seen in conjunction with the legacy of our time. He brought to fullest expression the shattered vision of a century that perhaps could be understood in no other terms; and he brought to painting the vision of disintegration that Schoenberg and Bartók brought to music, Kafka and Beckett to literature. He took to its uttermost conclusion the negative vision of the modernist world—so much that has followed has been footnotes to Picasso. His tragedy was that he longed for the ultimate in painting and died knowing that it had eluded him. Unlike Shakespeare and Mozart, whose prolific creativity he shared, Picasso was not a timeless genius. He was in fact a time-bound genius, a seismograph for the turmoil, doubts, and anguish of the twentieth century. From the time that he shook the art world with *Les Femmes d'Alger*, Picasso was out of love with the world. He saw his role as a painter as fashioning weapons of combat against every emotion of belonging in creation and celebrating life, against nature, human nature, and the God who created it all. "How difficult it is," Picasso had said soon after his eighty-fifth birthday, "to get something of the absolute into the frog pond." But however difficult, is it not the highest function of art to try to get something of the absolute into the frog pond of this world? With prodigious skill, complete mastery of the language of painting, inexhaustible versatility, and monumental virtuosity, ingenuity, and imagination, Picasso showed us the mud in our frog pond and the night over it. Yet there is a sense in all great art that beyond the darkness and the nightmares that it portrays, beyond humanity's anguished cries that it gives voice to, there is harmony, order, and peace. There is fear in Shakespeare's *Tempest* and in Mozart's *Magic Flute*, but it is cast out by love; there is horror and ugliness, but a new order of harmony and beauty evolves out of them; there is evil, but it is overcome by good.

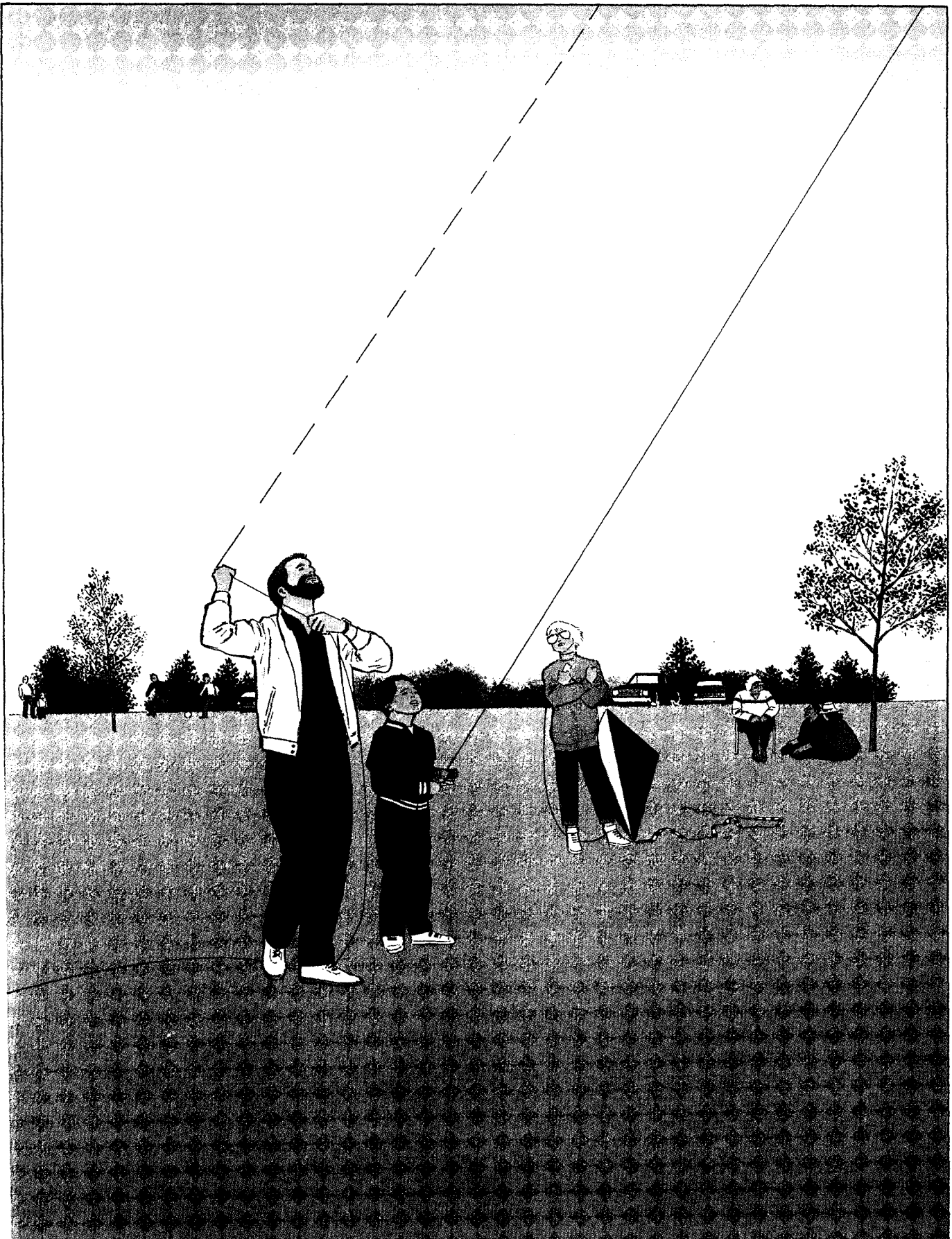
Picasso's advanced age was filled with despair and fueled by hatred. As for his art, he had told André Malraux that "he had no need of style, because his rage would become a prime factor in the style of our time." And his rage has become the dominant style of our time. As we move toward the beginning of a new century, what will Picasso, so irrevocably tied to the age that is dying, have to say to the age being born? □

ILLUSTRATION NOTES

Les Femmes d'Alger (page 43), courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art, New York, acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest.
Collage-and-crayon portrait of Françoise (page 69), from the exhibition "*Je suis le cahier*: The Sketchbooks of Picasso," sponsored by American Express.
Self-portrait (page 77), courtesy of Fuji Television Co. Gallery Ltd., Tokyo.
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LINES

BY GUY BILLOUT



A Short Story

MEAT

BY KEN SMITH



JOHN EDWARD WALKER WAS SITTING OVER HIS SECOND cup of coffee when he heard the rifle reports. With the windows closed against the cold wind, the sounds came to him only faintly, so he wasn't certain of what he was hearing until the third or fourth shot. He had overslept and had awakened with a bloated stomach that caused him so much pain he cried out in the still house. He was seventy-two years old, and he had been born in this ranch house and had lived in it all his life, alone the past six years. Whenever he thought of Martha, he was surprised, again, that she had been gone so long.

First thing this morning he had walked out to feed the horse kept in the corral overnight, hoping the activity

would loosen him up. But later he had spent so much time in the bathroom that he'd let the coffee perk too long, and it was strong and bitter. He knew that whatever men were firing upcountry were up to no good—here in the middle of January—unless they were bear hunters. But bear hunters would have stopped by his place, wanting to know where he'd last seen track or sign.

If I was any good anymore, he told himself, I'd get my rifle and go see about this. But he was cold and his gut churned and growled and threatened to grow beyond the boundaries of his skin and burst, like the stomach of a cow that had eaten dewy alfalfa. At that moment all he wanted to do was sit and wait for his coffee to cool.

FOUR DAYS AGO, ALONG THE HIGHWAY TO YOUNG, HE had found signs that someone had killed and butchered one of his yearlings. They had worked right from the road, and at night. This made the third cow he'd lost this way in the past few months, and he had taken a few minutes to look over the hide and head, discarded near the pile of viscera, not forty yards from the road. He studied the tire tracks where a vehicle had pulled off the hard-packed surface. He found the tracks of three men, a cigarette butt, and two shell casings from a .30-06. They weren't too particular, he thought. And not very damned skittish about getting caught.

Walker called the sheriff again, just as he had after the first two killings. The same young deputy came out. He stood around for a while and then picked up the cigarette butt and the shell casings and shook his head.

"It's the damned strikes," he said.

Walker nodded. He knew the copper mines in all the little towns around had been out on strike for a long time, some as long as eight months.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Walker, but we can't watch everybody's cows twenty-four hours a day." The deputy gazed down the embankment at the pile of hide and guts. "Sheriff's going to hire a couple more men, and we'll pick up our patrols along some of these out-of-the-way places."

"Yeah," Walker had said. Then he had climbed into his pickup and driven off, leaving the deputy standing by the side of the road.

THE COFFEE, COOL ENOUGH TO DRINK NOW, TASTED good to John Walker, despite its bitterness. He wondered if the shots he'd heard earlier could have been aimed at his cattle, but he couldn't believe that men would do such work by daylight. He sipped his coffee and waited, his eyes watering against the pain in his gut and his ears as alert as he could get them for the sounds of more gunfire.

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE WALKERS HAD CAUGHT TWO rustlers, men from up north of the Sierra Ancha, where that sort of thing went on all the time. John Edward and his brothers, Vince and Tom, had found a hole cut in the north boundary fence. He and Vince started trailing what looked to be about a dozen head of cattle and two horsemen, while Tom rode downcountry to where Grandfather and Father were branding.

The trail was easy to follow, but he and Vince rode slowly, waiting for the others. In an hour or so, when the older men and Tom caught up to them, Grandfather said, "Why, that trail's plain as your nose. Why aren't you boys spurring those horses?" Neither Vince nor John Edward had known how to answer, so they just looked at Grandfather, and he looked at them, until finally he kicked his horse out ahead of all the rest, shouting, "Come on now, let's go get the thieving sons-a-bitches."

They came upon the rustlers' camp early that evening. They had spotted smoke a mile before, and they had come in quietly and looked things over. The camp was in a long, low saddle, the two men working over a cook fire, and the cattle—eleven long-yearling heifers that Grandfather was planning to keep as breeding stock—grazing nonchalantly through high grama grass inside a rope pen.

It was fall, the start of roundup, and Grandfather decided that with the oak leaves already fallen, they wouldn't be able to sneak up to the camp on foot.

"We'll go in fast," he told the others. "Fast and hollering and with our handguns out . . ."

"No," Father said. "Let's try just one rifle shot from out here, Dad. That's all it should take."

The old man looked at his son. John Edward sat on his horse nervously, waiting for the older men to decide on a strategy. He wondered how tough the rustlers might be, whether they'd put up a fight. He touched the wooden grip of his handgun. He was dry-mouthed, wanting everything to go along smoothly and hoping nobody was going to get killed.

In a few seconds the old man said, "Okay, but be ready to get in there fast if things don't go right." He lifted the Winchester from his saddle scabbard and, still sitting astride his horse, fired once into the rustlers' fire pit.

The men jumped up and whirled around, confused and wondering where the shot had come from. Grandfather chambered another cartridge and was getting ready to shoot again when Father said, "Hold it, Dad. I think that's all we need."

But the old man fired once more, and John Edward heard the bullet singing off into the still evening air.

Father spurred his horse through the brush so that he was on the open hillside, above the camp and in clear sight of the rustlers. They were standing on opposite sides of the fire now, their empty hands held up and away from their bodies. Father yelled, "We're Walkers, up from the Tonto, and you'll be okay if you don't get stupid."

The two rustlers stood perfectly still while the five Walker horsemen rode down into their camp.

Grandfather looked at the men, the camp, and the cattle. He took his pistol out and leaned over toward the two men near the fire. "I don't believe you can show me a bill of sale," he said.

John Edward studied the two young faces, with dusk just coming on and the firelight and dying sun fighting over how the shadows would fall. One of the men started to say something but then thought better of it. Finally the other one said, "What you aim to do, Mr. Walker?"

Grandfather didn't answer. He tied the rustlers back-to-back in a position that looked like torture, and the Walkers took turns standing guard through the night. The next morning all seven men drove the yearlings back to Walker range, right through the hole the rustlers had cut in the barbed-wire fence. Once on Walker land, Grandfather told the rustlers to dismount.

"Get their horses," Grandfather said, and Vince and

John Edward eased over to take the reins. Now, fifty years later, John Edward could still remember the look on the man's face as he handed over his horse, a look that both questioned and didn't want to know. The man pleaded without speaking. To John Edward his eyes said, *I know I'm in the wrong, but I'm young, like you and your brothers.*

Grandfather threw his bad leg over his saddle horn and said to the rustlers, "Get to work on that fence." He took his hat off and the breeze lifted strands of his gray hair. The rustlers worked, and the only words spoken were Grandfather's, when he said once, "I want it tight, now—tight as it was before." When the fence was mended, Grandfather rode over to the horse John Edward was holding and said, "Keep him steady." Then he leaned down with his knife and sliced through both back and front cinches, so that when he gave the saddle a little push, it slid off. The horse sidestepped and turned to look. Grandfather did the same with the horse Vince was holding. Then he rode over to each saddle, leaned way over on the big bay, and picked each one up by the horn. He pitched them over the fence and into the brush on the other side.

That done, Grandfather faced the two rustlers straight on. "Your horses aren't much," he said, "but they'll go a ways toward paying for the time you've cost us." He paused for a long while, looking down at the two men. Neither would meet his gaze. Grandfather straightened in his saddle and looked toward the north. "Your saddles are on the other side of my fence," he said finally. "I'd just as soon you was over there too."

Neither man moved. They looked up into the faces of the riders as if they weren't understanding something about all this.

Grandfather nudged his horse a few steps closer to the rustlers. "Get," he said. "Go on now." And when he started to uncoil his catch rope, the two men turned and ran, going flat on their bellies and eating dust as they crawled under the wire they had first cut and then mended.

One man lost his hat going under the fence, and the breeze blew it back onto Walker range. He stopped just the other side of the fence, stood up, and looked at his hat on the ground. Then he looked up at Grandfather, sitting tall on the bay horse and playing with his rope. A faint smile came to the rustler's face.

The moment always came back to John Edward whole and clear: his grandfather, who had recovered his cattle and not hurt anybody much in the doing, looking across the fence at a man who had for the past few hours thought he was going to be shot, a young man defeated but not shamed, who suddenly felt alive enough to want his hat.

John Edward got off his horse and picked up the hat. He carried it to the fence. Standing there, studying the man and feeling the weight of the others behind him, he felt awkward, as if he should say something, some last word. He thought about sailing the hat off into the brush or throwing it just right, so that it would land at the man's feet. Instead, he handed it across the fence, and the man came a couple of steps forward to take it.

WALKER WAS IN THE KITCHEN, TRYING TO DECIDE whether to make biscuits, when he heard a vehicle pull up. He pushed open the curtain by the sink and saw a pickup and two men, who got out, both looking around curiously. One man was very tall. He slouched as he walked around the yard, looking from the truck to the house. The other was shorter, more compact, and harder looking.

Both men looked cold. The smaller one crossed his arms and hugged himself. Walker bent at the window for a minute and watched them talk. Then he let go of the curtain and went through the front room to the door.

Outside, the first thought that hit him was that it was going to snow. The cold on his skin was just the right kind, and the breeze he had felt earlier had died. He looked up at the clouds, low and still. Then he looked again at the men in the yard. He could see now that the shorter man was Mexican.

Coming down the steps he had to hold the banister and watch his footing. One of the men shouted a hello, and Walker looked up, but the way his ears had gotten, he couldn't tell which man had spoken. They were both smiling. He stopped halfway down the porch steps. "Cold morning, ain't it?"

The men nodded. He looked them over closely again. They were young men. Forty, or maybe just shy of that. He asked, "Was that you fellas doing the shooting?"

The men stared at him and then at each other. The smaller man, the one who looked Mexican, said, "Yes, it was us."

"Thought so," Walker said. "You get what you was after?"

The tall man took a step forward. He stuffed his hands deep into his coat pockets and rocked back on his heels. "You a game warden or something?" he asked.

Walker felt like laughing. He shook his head. "Not just no," he said, "but hell, no."

He had expected the men to smile but they did not. There was a tenseness in the face of the larger man, a dart cast to his eyes, that Walker did not like.

"I'm surprised you'd find deer down this low," he said. "I would've thought they'd still be holing up around the base of that rimrock."

"One old doe," the taller man said. "Couldn't stand the cold, I guess."

Walker smiled. "Coffee's on and hot," he told the men. "I'm not promising anything for taste, but it'll be warm going down."

INSIDE HE SAT THEM AT THE TABLE AND THEN POURED coffee all around. The men took off their heavy coats and were rubbing themselves against the cold. The taller one looked around the kitchen and craned his neck as if he was trying to see other parts of the house.

"Don't keep the place up much," Walker said. "Bee like this since I lost my wife."

Neither man said anything, and Walker looked the kitchen over, wanting to see it as if he, too, were a stranger. It was fairly clean but cluttered. The living room was worse—magazines scattered about on the tables Martha used to keep so nice with lace doilies and vases and sometimes even flowers. For a long time after she died, he had been bothered by the way his bed smelled. Somehow it never seemed clean, though he washed the sheets often and dried them on the permanent-press cycle, as she used to. She had been proud of the washer and dryer, and even though they'd spent a lot of money for the larger generator, he was glad that in her later years she had had them. He had thought hard, trying to remember exactly all she did when washing, and then he remembered the funny little pieces of papery cloth she would throw in the dryer with each load. The next time in town he bought Bounce, then he tried Downy, then another brand and another, until he realized that what he had missed smelling was not these things but simply Martha's scent. It was a dried-out smell, something like a mixture of white flour and sage. After that he didn't use the dryer anymore but hung the sheets

NEIGHBORS

No one could kill the great buck on the ridge,
 the stag with horns like saplings and bright black
 rooves that shot over brush when seen, or soaked
 into shadow at the field's edge. Hunters
 said a bullet seemed to swerve before it
 reached the raised head, the tawny chest. Might be
 the Cherokee had put a curse on this
 big deer to humiliate the white men
 someone said. Then try a silver bullet,
 Granny Revis cackled; here, melt this half
 dollar I've saved. And with the special ball
 in his gun her nephew stalked the Olivet
 ridge and found the mighty stag at sundown
 at the end of the Flat Woods. He knelt there,
 half in humbleness and half to steady
 the long barrel, and drew the bead just on
 the heart across the dusk and curled his finger
 on the trigger, not breathing, when the buck
 vanished into wind. Years later he'd laugh
 when the tale was brought out, of Granny McBain
 stepping where the buck had been and shouting,
 "Don't kill me now, don't kill me boy," then
 moving through the trees and gone while he still
 knelt there in a neighbor's astonishment.

—Robert Morgan

on the line that stretched from the back of the house to the tack room.

"Coffee sure is good," one of the men said.

Walker turned quickly, flustered because he didn't know which of them had spoken. His stomach knotted and turned over on itself. He wanted to go into the bathroom, but he didn't want to leave these strangers sitting at his table.

He smiled at the men and chided himself about his nerves. Then he said, "Hell, I'm forgetting my manners." He stuck his hand across the table toward the smaller man. "Name's Walker," he said. "Front name's John."

He shook hands with both men and listened as they told him their names. Willy was the small, Mexican-looking man. The tall man's name was Arnold. He didn't catch their last name, but he was surprised that it was the same, an odd-sounding name like Gait or Gain. He asked them to repeat it, but still did not quite catch the sound. "Brothers?" he asked.

"Cousins," Willy said. "My mom's Mexican. Our dads are brothers."

Walker poured them more coffee. Knowing their names made him feel better, and he tried to relax and enjoy their company—the first he'd had in several weeks—but Arnold bothered him. He'd sip his coffee and slide his eyes around and talk to you without looking at your face.

Willy seemed more friendly. He said he'd always wanted to be a cowboy, and he asked questions about the ranch and the Walker family. He seemed surprised when John Walker told them he'd been born in this house.

"All the rest have gone away," he told them. And he thought for a moment about his brothers: about Tom, the youngest, who had died in the first minutes of the Normandy invasion; about Vince, closer to him in age, who now lived in a rest home in Casa Grande.

"Yes," he said, "been here all my life." Somehow the words made him proud and sad at the same time. He pointed back along the narrow hallway. "Born in that least little room in the back, when the house was smaller and the range bigger. But lots of it's been chopped up and sold and some just plain give away, so I run only a couple hundred head now." He laughed and shook his head. "Even a small herd is work, though—most days plenty for me."

Willy smiled and nodded. His eyes looked kind. "Yes, Mr. Walker," he said, "I guess you've had your share of hard work."

"But you always got meat," Arnold said. He leaned his elbows on the table, looking hard at his cousin.

Walker rocked back slightly in his chair and studied the man. Suddenly he realized that this was a man who would steal and kill his cattle. If he wasn't the man who had done it already, he was a man capable of such things.

Willy said, "It's nice being a boss, I guess. Something appealing about that. Arnold and me have always worked for someone else." He looked down at his coffee cup. "Oh, I'm not complaining. I'm a machinist . . . well, *was* a machinist."

The men were silent for a moment, and then Walker asked how long they'd been out on strike.

"Too damn long," Arnold said.

Walker clicked his tongue in sympathy. He watched Willy light a cigarette. "Yep, it's hell," he said. "A man's got to have work."

"Money," Arnold said. For a long time he stared right at Walker. "You don't need work, you need cash."

Walker's face went cold. Arnold's eyes were bright and round. Walker looked at them until he had to look away. "Same thing to most of us," he said, his voice sounding low and distant.

"Meat," Arnold said. "That's what we came after."

WALKER BREWED ANOTHER POT OF COFFEE. THEN he excused himself and went to the toilet. On his way through the bedroom, he eyed the .30-.30 leaning in the corner by his bed. You could pick that up and go run them off, he told himself. But what would be the reason? You can't just say, holding men at gunpoint, that they make you nervous and you want them to get. He wished he still had a pistol, but he had never been any good with a handgun, and when the one Vince left began to shave lead, he had taken it to a gun shop and traded it for all the .30-.30 shells he would probably ever need.

When he returned to the cousins at his table, a bottle of whiskey was sitting near his cup. Arnold smiled and said, "Sit down, have a little of that for what ails you."

Since Vince had gone to the rest home, Walker did not keep whiskey on his place. It seemed to him a dangerous thing, especially for a man alone, a man who might use it too much against his many aches and pains, against the cold, against his loneliness.

The smell of it rose strong into his nostrils, the way it had when he was younger and would take a shot with Vince now and then.

He sat down. Under the table his legs began to tremble. Arnold reached over for the whiskey bottle and poured a little of it into Walker's empty cup. "There you go, old-timer," he said.

Walker looked at the brown whiskey and then at Arnold. "I don't like liquor on my place," he said.

Willy started to say something, but Arnold interrupted. "Ah, Mr. Walker," he said, "we didn't know, besides everything else, you were a preacher, too."

"I'm not a preacher."

Walker slid his foot against the table leg to keep it still. He looked at Arnold and then at Willy. Their faces seemed new to him, as if other men had replaced them at his table. He stared at Arnold, vowing to make the big man, this time, avert his gaze first. Arnold's eyes cut away for a second and then came back larger. Walker had been hit by men before, and the look he saw now told him that Arnold was building himself up to that. He wished again that he still had Vince's pistol, something small but powerful that he could put into his pocket.

"I'm not a drinking man," he said. "I just don't hold with it."

Arnold reached over and flicked his cousin's arm with the back of his hand. He laughed lightly, without opening his mouth. "I think this old man's trying to insult us, Willy."

Willy looked at Walker and then down at the table. Arnold said, "You shouldn't do that, mister. You shouldn't bring us into your house and then treat us like trash."

Walker was pushing himself up out of his chair when Arnold reached across and shoved him hard. He went back over his chair and hit the floor. He could hear Willy talking fast, but he was concentrating so hard on getting up that he couldn't make out the words.

Then Arnold helped him up, saying something about being careful, about staying still.

Walker lunged, trying to grab anything he could, thinking only that he would be all right if he could get this big man down.

Then he was on the floor again, his jaw hurting. He saw only the old wood and the legs of the table and chairs. His glasses had come off and his vision tunneled, but inside the tunnel he could see fine.

He sat up and shook his head. The room went dark, as if thick clouds had suddenly come over the sun. Arms began tugging at him, and someone hit him hard on the mouth.

He heard Willy say, "Jesus, don't kill the old bastard." It sickened and enraged him that Willy would call him such a thing.

WHEN HIS HEAD BEGAN TO CLEAR, HE FOUND HIMSELF tied into a chair. He could move his hands enough to touch the crosspieces beneath the seat. He heard his truck start, and he pushed with his feet trying to move the chair.

It tipped over. Lying on his left side, still attached to the chair, he kicked his feet and pushed against something so that he scooted a ways. He lay on the floor and tried to think. He kept telling himself that he wasn't helpless so long as he could think.

His arms ached, but the rest of him seemed fine. His face no longer hurt, and this both surprised and calmed him. He breathed deeply but easily. He kicked again and moved without much trouble. He kicked more and rolled over as far as he could on his right side, and he was suddenly looking out his front door, across the porch to the yard.

Snow was beginning to fall. His pickup was backed up to the stock pens, and the men had loaded the steer he had been keeping to fatten up. He watched Willy get in and drive the truck out of sight. Walker figured they were taking the steer over to the A-frame he had built and rigged with heavy block and tackle.

The wind coming in the open door was cold on his face. He lay listening, and the sounds—the truck gears grindin when Willy put it in reverse, the clinking of the chains as they lowered the hook, the shot as one of them killed th

steer—told him what the men were doing. He closed his eyes and imagined he could see them as they worked to skin and butcher. At times he heard them talking, or thought he did—he couldn't be sure. When he opened his eyes, he could see through the light snow the road that came off the cholla flat and dropped down into the creek-bed to wind its way to his house.

For a few moments he lay and looked and tried to remind himself to keep thinking. Then he saw them. Down the red-clay road came vans and pickups and cars, filled with hungry people wanting meat. They came with their children, their old mothers. They had been out of work for years and their clothes were thin and patched. They were skinny and cold and they were coming by the hundreds to kill and eat his cattle. He knew he could stand with his rifle and kill them as they came, but they would keep coming. He knew an old man could do nothing to stop them once they started. He owned his house and his land and his cattle, but these people owned something more valuable.

Following the vehicles came people walking. Young men taking long steps, carrying skinning knives and hatchets and meat saws. Women with baskets and cheesecloth. And then he was back in his house, aware only of the hard wood of the floor pressing against his shoulder and face.

Walker closed his eyes again, and when he opened them he saw Arnold going across the yard with two large metal washtubs. In a while the tall man went to the pickup they had come in, reached into the bed, and pulled out a tarp. Then he came back and drove the pickup away. Walker guessed they were finished with the butchering and were now loading the meat.

He heard their pickup start again. He pulled hard at the ropes around his hands. Before when he had done this, he had felt the ropes cut into his wrists, but by now his arms and hands were so numb that he could feel nothing. He jerked at the ropes, moving his arms first to one side and then the other. The ropes began to loosen. He wriggled his fingers until some of the feeling returned. Then he found the knots and turned his hands over, straining to make his fingers feel the knots and untie them.

When he was free, he stood and watched the men's truck go out of sight along the creek. He heard the engine lug and then the gears shift, and he knew they were beginning the climb out of the creek. He went quickly to his bedroom, grabbed the .30-.30, and took it out onto the porch. The snow was heavier now, but he could see the truck's outline as it made its way up the steep road toward the cholla flat. He laid the rifle across the porch railing and melted down. His hands were cold and sore.

Wind gusted snowflakes into his face, but by squinting he could focus well enough to get his aim. Through the falling snow the truck stood out dark green, deep in the notch of the rifle's rear sight. For a few seconds John Ed-

ward felt content simply to watch. They were still within easy range, the hill was long and steep, and he had plenty of time to get off three or four shots. Maybe more.

Then the back of the truck began sliding to its left on the wet clay. When it was nearly off the road, whoever was driving stopped and the other man got out and came around to climb on the rear bumper. John Edward heard the gunning of the engine and saw the man on the back of the truck jumping up and down, trying to help the tires get traction.

He guessed that Willy was on the back, that Arnold was driving. How easy, he thought, to kill these men. They had already forgotten about him. They had no idea he was free and kneeling there with the rifle, the butt of it pulled hard into his shoulder. He looked through his sights at the man he thought was Willy. The tires caught and the truck gave a sudden lurch, and the man on the back almost fell. Walker felt himself tense, bracing as if he too were falling.

"Hold on," he said to himself. "God damn it, just hold on."

In a few seconds he heard the cousins whooping in triumph as the truck eased on up the hill. How easy, he thought, to let them go, to allow them to sit tonight with their grateful wives and children in a warm kitchen, the air dense with the smell of cooking beef.

He lifted the rifle from the rail and sat back on the floorboards of the porch, the rifle across his lap. Trying to uncock it, his hands thick and tingling, he let the hammer slip, and the rifle discharged. The bullet splintered into a post at the far end of the porch.

Walker sat still. The pickup had by now climbed out of sight. He figured the men would be speeding along, snow falling all around them, the pickup's heater warming the cab. He wondered what they would be talking about.

In a few minutes he felt steady enough to eject the spent shell from his rifle and let the hammer down slowly to the safety notch. He pushed himself up and walked to the end of the porch. From there he could see the A-frame where the men had butchered his steer. Half of the carcass still hung from the heavy chain. He looked at it a long time, realizing it would be more than enough beef to see him through the winter. And after that, he told himself, who knows? He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the rifle where snowflakes had melted and spotted the steel. The beef carcass swung slowly in the breeze. Snow was beginning to stick to the upper parts of the shoulder. He rubbed his eyes and then his arms. Had anyone else been there, he might have laughed.

"They come and rob you, and you shoot up your own place," he said. "You're a dangerous old man, John Edward." His voice faded into the snowy air. He bent low and stuck his little finger into the bullet hole in his post, surveying the damage. □

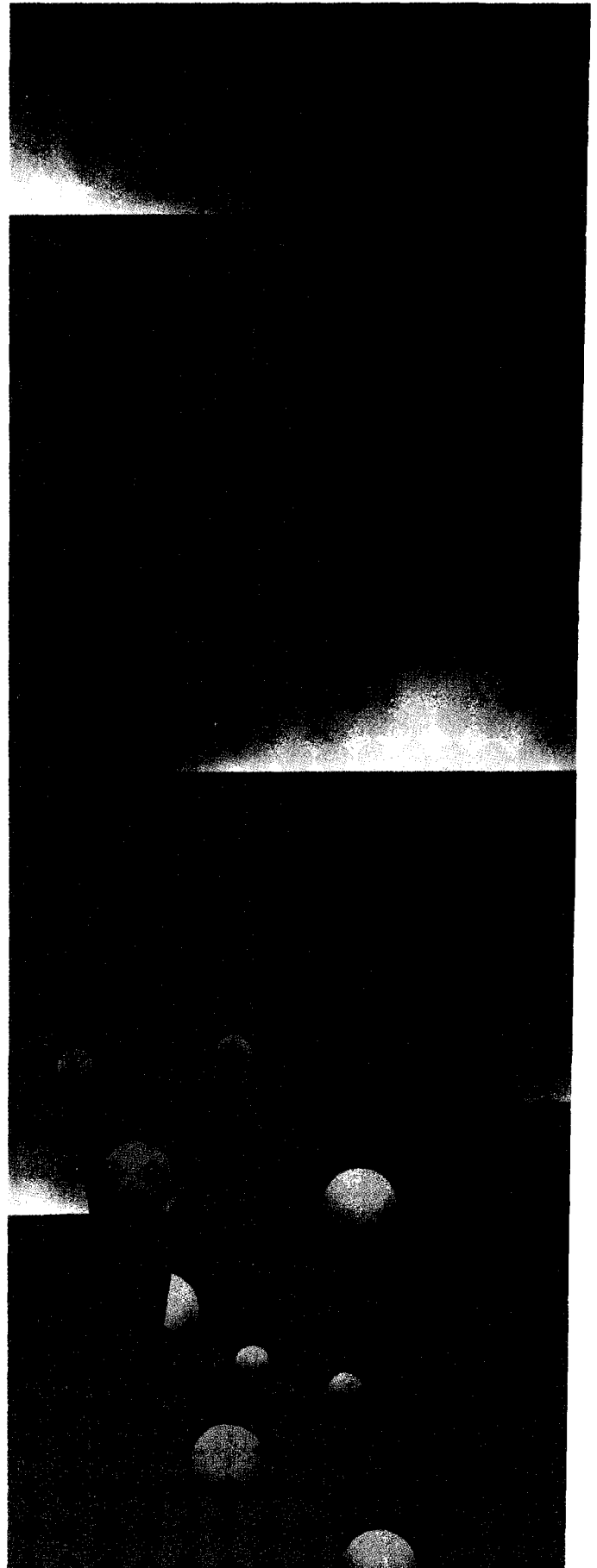
*The great bulk of
Americans are losing economic
and political power, while the affluent
are gaining both. This is not a
recipe for social comity*

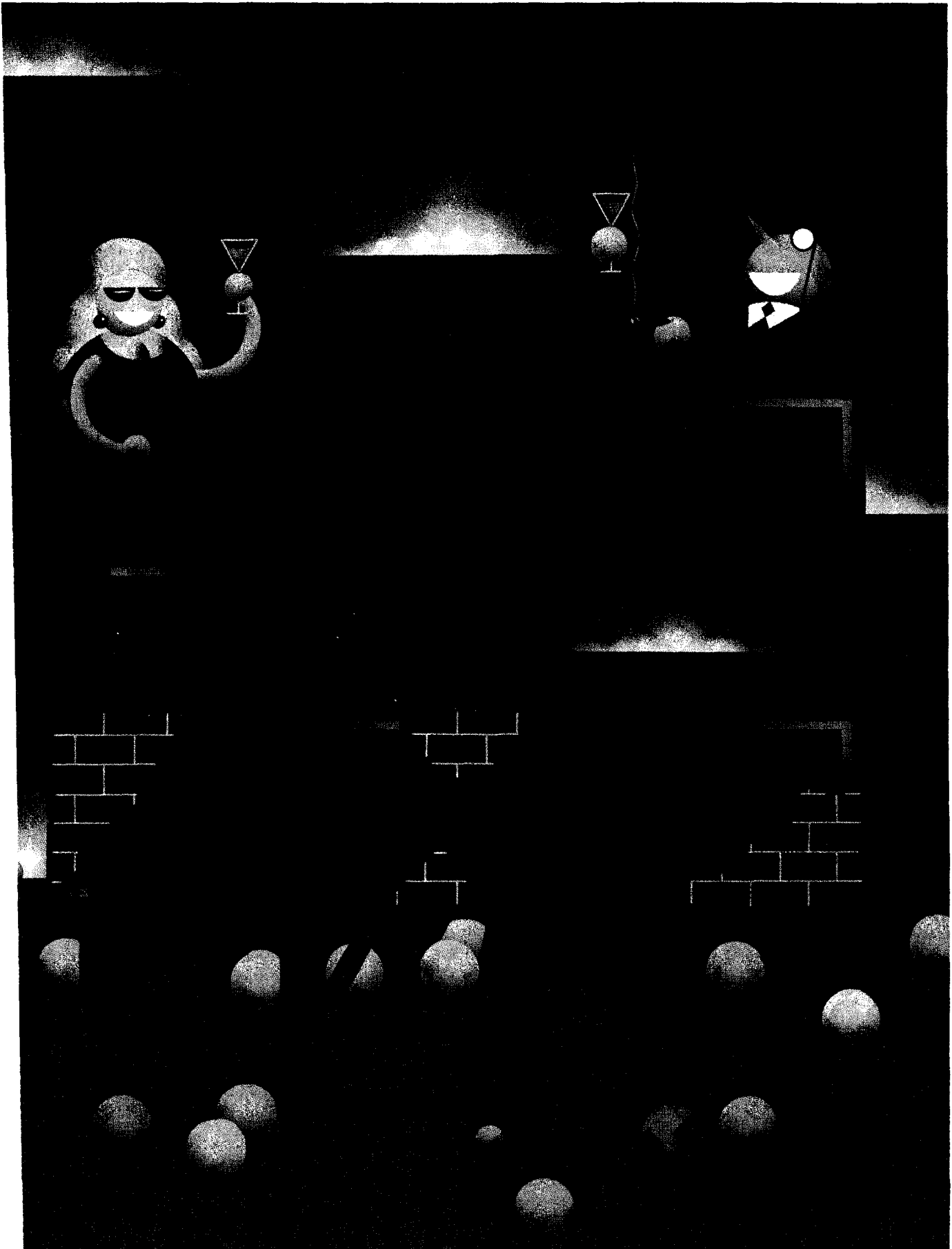
THE RETURN OF INEQUALITY

BY THOMAS BYRNE EDSALL

SOCIAL IMAGINATION OFTEN LAGS BEHIND SOCIAL fact. Long after farming had ceased to be the premier American occupation, for example, we thought of ourselves as a nation of farmers, and the small town still serves as a touchstone of Americanness. This essay will explore a similar lag between a picture in our minds and a quantifiable social reality—a phenomenon that challenges an image of America which is about as true to our condition as those Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* covers that move us to nostalgia. The phenomenon is not poverty. Our mental picture already has a place for that. Poverty has a claim on our moral sense; it stirs our beneficence and concern. Liberals and conservatives may disagree about its scope, but they acknowledge its existence and they join in deploring it. They don't enjoy any such unanimity on the subject of this essay, however, for the social phenomenon I mean to discuss is inequality, an old word for the dominant social fact of our times.

Inequality: the very word invites polemic. Tocqueville found, if anything, too much equality of condition in the early Republic. In the post-Civil War era, to be sure, inequality had its innings: our school textbooks concede as much. But within fifty to a hundred pages a *deus ex machina* known as the New Deal comes along, just in time to humanize the sweatshop capitalism of the high industrial era. Depending on their level of sophistication, the textbooks leave us with a picture of America achieving greater and greater equality in incomes and life chances since the Second World War. First workingmen, through those still controversial institutions labor unions, achieved a large measure of the promise of American life. They were soon joined by blacks and women. Yes, black poverty remains a grim problem. Yes, women still don't earn as much as men for performing the same jobs. But on balance, in that mental picture of ours we are closer today to Tocqueville's America than to Andrew Carnegie's. Asked if his age was a handicap, twenty-six-year-old William Pitt, the great British Prime Minister, said that if it was, it was one he was





remedying every day. That, I think, expresses our notion of inequality: it's a fault we have been remedying every day.

That notion is wrong. Not just the chasm between the rich (the top five percent, defined by the Congressional Budget Office in 1986 as those families making more than \$124,651 a year before taxes) and the poor (in 1986 the Census Bureau considered poor any four-person family making \$11,203 or less) but the gap between the rich and the great American middle class has grown wider over the past decade. From 1977 to 1988 the majority of the population has experienced a stagnating income or a net loss in after-tax income, according to an October, 1987, report by the Congressional Budget Office. Meanwhile, the top twentieth of the population has seen average family income grow by \$33,895 and the top hundredth (those now earning more than \$303,900) by \$129,402. The important debate over whether the middle class is expanding or contracting (see Robert Kuttner, "The Declining Middle," July, 1983, *Atlantic*, and James Fallows, "America's Changing Economic Landscape," March, 1985, *Atlantic*) obscures the meaning of those sobering statistics: economic and political power are flowing from the middle class to the affluent.

That this growing inequality has scarcely surfaced as an issue in the presidential campaign (though both Jesse Jackson and Richard Gephardt have tried to speak to it) is not surprising when we consider the nature of inequality. Poverty, Michael Harrington wrote twenty-five years ago in *The Other America*, is "invisible." It is a tribute to the impact that Harrington's book had on public discussion and policy alike that poverty has since become, at least episodically, visible. The new inequality, however, is intrinsically invisible. People may sense that they are losing power; many know that they are losing money. But the extent of their loss becomes apparent only in statistical comparisons. The three fifths of the population experiencing little or no gain in after-tax income is not angry at the top twentieth. Those on the losing end aren't demanding remedies, because they aren't aware that there is a collective problem. Thus, silently, with no public protest, inequality gets younger every day.

The cold language of statistics is about numbers, not people. But keep the people in mind. Their troubles are not the stuff of TV documentaries. Inequality won't make today's headlines or lead to tomorrow's riots. Its manifestations are subtle: marginally frustrated hopes, a mocking disparity between the good life available to the few and the life that the many settle for—resignation, guilt, social hopelessness.

The Electioneering Elite

TWO CLOSELY LINKED POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS OF the past twenty years lie behind the new inequality. The first is the collapse of broad-based political parties, particularly of the Democratic Party, which has left those in the bottom half of the income distribution,

where families make less than \$30,000 a year, with a diminished voice in the political process. This loss of political voice, in turn, has caused their economic interests to be less and less forcefully represented.

The second development is the growing dominance over politics of a new fund-raising, polling, consulting, and electioneering elite. Ward- and precinct-based organizations, whose most important function was to get out the vote in working- and lower-middle-class communities, have been replaced by technology-based campaigns dependent on television and on vast sums of money; this development has coincided with, if not encouraged, a steady decline in voter turnout, most acute among those earning less than the median wage.

The new electioneering elite is made up of approximately thirty Republican and Democratic consultants and pollsters, almost all based in Washington, who are the principal strategists in almost every presidential campaign and competitive Senate race in America; they also play significant roles in gubernatorial, House, and local referendum contests. House and Senate candidates, in addition, have become dependent on political-action committees (PACs), vehicles for the transfer of money from organized interest groups to elected officeholders. In the decade 1974–1984 PACs went from supplying 17 percent of the total cost of House campaigns to supplying 36 percent, while individual contributions fell from 73 percent to 47 percent (the remainder of the money has come from the national party structures, loans, and other sources).

This shift has magnified the influence of the lobbyists who organize Washington fund-raisers for House and Senate incumbents. The Washington public-affairs and lobbying firm of Black, Manafort, Stone, and Kelly and an inter-related political-consulting firm sharing many of its partners provide perhaps the best example of the range of political and special interests a single group can represent. Over the past two years one partner, Charles Black, has managed the presidential campaign of Representative Jack Kemp, and another, Peter Kelly, has been a principal fund-raiser for the campaign of Senator Albert Gore. Lee Atwater, on leave from the consulting firm, has managed the campaign of Vice President George Bush. Over the same period the lobbying firm's clients have included the Dominican Republic, the anti-Communist insurgency in Angola run by Jonas Savimbi, Salomon Brothers, the government of Barbados, the Natural Gas Supply Association, and, briefly, the Marcos government in the Philippines. In addition, the consulting firm has served as the principal political consultant to the Senate and gubernatorial campaigns of Phil Gramm, of Texas; Jesse Helms, of North Carolina; Paula Hawkins, of Florida; and Carroll Campbell, of South Carolina.

In 1986 nearly 11,000 people were employed as registered Washington lobbyists, with 3,750 of these serving as officers of 1,900 trade and professional organizations, including labor unions, another 1,500 employed by individual corporations, and about 2,500 representing organiza-

tions ranging from the National Right to Life Association to the Sierra Club. In addition, the six major national political-party committees, three Republican and three Democratic, headquartered in Washington, now employ roughly 1,200 people. And the creation and expansion of such ideological think tanks as the Heritage Foundation, the Center for National Policy, the Urban Institute, the American Enterprise Institute, the Cato Institute, and the Hoover Institution have established whole networks of influential public-policy entrepreneurs specializing in media relations and in targeted position papers.

Staffers acquiring expertise and influence on Capitol Hill, in the executive branch, and throughout the regulatory apparatus routinely travel to the private sector—and back again—through the so-called revolving door. In effect, an entire class of public and private specialists in government policy and political strategy has been created—a process replicated in miniature at the state level. This new class is not undilutely conservative; it has liberal members and it partly serves liberal interests. But it is deeply anti-populist. That is the major difference between it and the more responsive elite it replaced—the party bosses and labor leaders of a generation ago.

The Decline of the Democratic Party

THE RISE TO AUTHORITY OF NEW ELITES THAT ARE empowered to make decisions without being accountable to the economic interests of voters is part of a much larger shift in the balance of political power involving changes in voting patterns, the decline of organized labor, a restructuring of the job marketplace, and the transformation of the system of political competition. This power shift, in turn, has produced a policy realignment most apparent in the alteration of the after-tax distribution of income, which is detailed in the table below.

AVERAGE AFTER-TAX FAMILY INCOME
(in 1987 dollars)

Income group by deciles	1977 average income	1988 average income	% change	Dollar + or -
First	\$3,528	\$3,157	-10.5%	-\$371
Second	\$7,084	\$6,990	-1.3%	-\$94
Third	\$10,740	\$10,614	-1.2%	-\$126
Fourth	\$14,323	\$14,266	-0.4%	-\$57
Fifth	\$18,043	\$18,076	+0.2%	+\$33
Sixth	\$22,009	\$22,259	+1.1%	+\$250
Seventh	\$26,240	\$27,038	+3.0%	+\$798
Eighth	\$31,568	\$33,282	+5.4%	+\$1,714
Ninth	\$39,236	\$42,323	+7.9%	+\$3,087
Tenth	\$70,459	\$89,783	+27.4%	+\$19,324
Top 5%	\$90,756	\$124,651	+37.3%	+\$33,895
Top 1%	\$174,498	\$303,900	+74.2%	+\$129,402
All groups	\$24,184	\$26,494	+9.6%	+\$2,310

Source: Congressional Budget Office

What this table points to is a reversal of the progressive redistribution of income that has underlain America's tax and spending policies since the Administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman. A study released by the Congressional Budget Office this past February shows that from 1970 to 1986 there was an overall increase in median family income. From 1977 on, however, most of the gain was concentrated in the top quintile, and inequality grew sharply. Moreover, almost all the recent gains in family income have resulted from the entry of wives as second earners into the work force, not from substantial raises for established workers.

In the competition between the defense and social-welfare sectors a roughly parallel shift in the balance of power can be seen over the years 1980–1987. According to the historical tables of the 1987 budget of the United States, the share of the federal budget going to national defense has grown from 22.7 percent in 1980 to 28.4 percent in 1987. At the same time, the share of federal dollars going to education, training, employment, social services, health, income security, and housing has dropped from 25.5 percent in 1980 to 18.3 percent in 1987.

These priorities reflect the rising strength of the Republican Party. During the past ten years the Republican Party has gained the allegiance of many voters, achieving near parity by this year; what was a twenty-three-point Democratic advantage in terms of self-identification has shrunk to a four-point edge.

In tracing the erosion of the power of the poor and the working class, and of the Democratic Party, it is difficult to overestimate the importance of the labor movement's collapse. Figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics tell the story. In 1970 the number of labor-union members stopped growing. Unions represented 21.4 million workers that year, or 30 percent of the non-agricultural work force. Over the next decade the number of workers represented by unions dropped, to 20.1 million employees. At the same time, however, the total work force grew, so that the percentage of workers who were represented by unions fell to 23 percent by 1980. With the election of Ronald Reagan, however, the decline of organized labor began in earnest, a process encouraged by Reagan's firing of 11,500 striking air-traffic controllers and by his appointment of a phalanx of pro-management officials to the National Labor Relations Board and to the Department of Labor. From 1980 to 1987 not only did the share of the work force represented by unions drop from 23 percent to 17 percent but the number of workers in unions began to fall precipitously for the first time in fifty years, from 20.1 million to 16.9 million. In the first half of the 1980s almost all the plummet in union membership was among whites employed in private industry.

The decline of organized labor dovetailed with a continuing shift from traditional manufacturing, mining, and construction jobs to jobs in the technology and service industries. According to the 1987 Economic Report of the President, from 1970 to 1986 the number of jobs in goods-

producing industries, which lend themselves to unionization, grew only from 23.6 million to 24.9 million, while employment in the service industries, which are much more resistant to unionization, went from 47.3 million to 75.2 million.

The difficulties of organized labor were compounded in the early 1970s, when many major corporations unexpectedly decided to abandon a tacit *détente* between labor and management in which the companies kept labor peace through agreements that amounted to profit-sharing by means of automatic cost-of-living pay hikes. Growing competition from lower-wage foreign producers (in 1968 car imports exceeded exports for the first time in the nation's history—an unmistakable signal that domestic producers in general faced serious foreign competition) caused major American companies to drop the fundamentally cordial relations that had, for the most part, characterized postwar union negotiations. The leaders of organized labor were caught unprepared when these companies adopted an adversarial approach regarding both pay and fringe benefits. The companies were willing to break union shops and to relocate facilities in low-wage countries overseas or in non-union communities in the South and the Southwest.

Organized labor's troubles were particularly damaging to the Democratic Party, because unions are one of its few remaining institutional links with working-class voters. The simultaneous weakening of political parties has resulted in the end of the clubhouse tie between the party of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the blue-collar voters of row- and tract-house neighborhoods throughout the Northeast and the Midwest. In addition, it is among these white blue-collar workers that the racial conflicts within the Democratic Party have been the most divisive. Racial issues, which had already served to attenuate the link between the white South and the national Democratic Party, have led whites in a number of cities with black mayors to vote Republican, not only for President but also for local offices that were once unchallenged Democratic bastions. At the same time that these political-racial tensions were being played out in major cities, urban voting strength was eroding: from 1952 to 1984 Detroit's share of the Michigan vote fell from 29 to 10 percent, Chicago's share of the Illinois total from 41 to 24 percent, and New Orleans's share of the Louisiana total from 27 to 12 percent, according to the Elections Research Center, in Washington, D.C.

By the 1970s, owing significantly to these developments, a power vacuum existed within the Democratic Party, which allowed the most articulate and procedurally sophisticated wing—relatively affluent, liberal reformers—to assume control of the party. This faction capitalized first on the public outcry against police violence at the 1968 Democratic presidential convention in Chicago, next on the political climate of the counterculture, and then on the Watergate scandals in the mid-1970s, to force the consideration of reforms on issues ranging from campaign finance to an expansion of the federal role in regulating the environment.

IN A MAJOR POLITICAL IRONY THE SUSTAINED ATTACKS of the Democratic reformers on traditional political organizations, and their demands for changes in the financing of campaigns, ultimately helped the Republican Party acquire power. The deterioration of the old-guard organizations, which were effectively taken out of the presidential nomination process by the reforms of the early 1970s, accelerated the shift toward a political system dominated by electioneering technology.

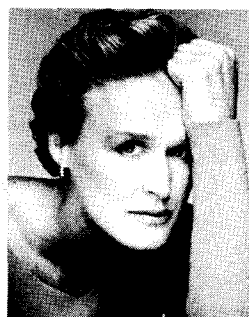
The increasing use of expensive technology, in turn, elevated fund-raising from an important factor in campaigns to the dominant factor. The need for ever larger amounts of money gave the Republican Party a decided advantage over the Democratic Party. Campaign contributors—even those of so-called small donations (\$200 or less)—are overwhelmingly concentrated among the upper middle class and the rich, just the groups in which Republican allegiance is strongest. The key institutions in the development of campaign technology, and in making this technology available to candidates, are the six national party committees—the Democratic and Republican National, Senatorial, and Congressional Campaign Committees. It is at this level that the disparity between the parties is most apparent: in the past five election cycles the proceeds of Republican Party fund-raising grew from \$84.5 million, in 1977–1978, to \$252.4 million, in 1985–1986, while Democratic Party proceeds grew from \$26.4 million to \$61.8 million.

Campaign-finance legislation enacted in 1974 by a Democratic Congress stemmed the flow of cash to a Democratic Party that, paradoxically, was dependent on large special-interest contributions, in excess of the new legal limits. The Republican Party kept its wits, though, and by 1984 its National Committee had, with the help of computers, built a donor base of 1.6 million people. In effect, the combination of the new rules about campaign contributions (which limited individual contributions to candidates to \$1,000 and contributions to parties to \$20,000) and the decline in the role of traditional neighborhood-based clubs and organizations reduced the participation of working- and lower-middle-class voters in the political process, while encouraging the direct-mail mobilization of the affluent.

RELATIVELY COMFORTABLE IN THEIR OWN LIVES the Democratic reformers failed to recognize the growing pressure that marginal tax rates were putting on the incomes of working- and lower-middle-class voters. The progressive rate system of the federal income tax had remained effectively unchanged from the early 1950s through the 1970s, so that the series of sharply rising marginal tax rates that had originally been designed to affect only the upper middle class and the rich began to pinch regular Democratic voters whose wages had been forced up by inflation, and Democratic households whose incomes had risen only as the wives had gone out to work



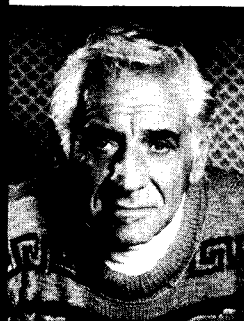
Joe Williams



Glenn Close



Pearl Bailey



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By neglecting to adjust the marginal rate system for inflation while repeatedly raising the highly regressive Social Security payroll tax, Democrats effectively encouraged the tax revolt of the 1970s, which provided a major source of support to the conservative movement and to the Republican Party.

The effects of the ever larger tax bite on traditionally Democratic voting blocks were aggravated by the sudden halt in 1973 of what had been a steady rise in median family income since the end of the Second World War. According to data from the 1987 Economic Report of the President and from the Bureau of the Census, family income in 1981 dollars rose from \$12,341 in 1947 to \$17,259 in 1960 to \$23,111 in 1970, and topped out at \$24,663 in 1973—a level that was not exceeded at least through 1986. Of all the blows to the Democratic coalition in the 1960s and 1970s, the stagnation of family income had the potential to inflict the most severe long-range damage. It undermined the party's basic claim that the system of government established in the years following the New Deal promised

continued growth and a better life for each new generation. It lent credibility in the public mind to claims that the untrammelled accumulation of private wealth is a necessary precondition of economic growth; that regulations to protect consumers and workers—indeed, most forms of government regulation of the economy and the environment—endanger the power of the free-enterprise engines of progress; and that if efficiency is not fostered, even at the price of inequity, the last will be dragged down with the first.

The desire for tax cuts provided an essential common ground for the right-of-center coalition that formed the core of the Reagan revolution. The combination of corporate and individual tax cuts embodied in the 1981 tax bill served to unify a divided business community, to strengthen the commitment of the affluent to the Republican Party, and to attract white working- and lower-middle-class Democrats who had seen their paychecks eaten away by the higher marginal rates that inflation had made them subject to.

THE DREAM (*Y Breuddwyd*)

As I dozed deep in my den,
Fast asleep and fast hidden,
There came a dream with the dawn,
A daybreak dream, dawn's vision.
I was hunting, in my hands
The leashes of lithe greyhounds,
When I found at the forest-side
A lord's mansion, a man's pride.
Straightway I slipped them loose,
My silk hounds, my sweet chasers,
And heard from the hiding trees
The hunt's cries, their hot voices.

A white hind out of hiding
Cantered into the clearing.
As one hunting animal
My tall hounds were on her trail.
They coursed her, they took her track,
Hunted her on the hill's back,
Harried her on the bare height,
Turned her, and formed her flight,
Until, tamed by her terror,
She asked me to protect her.
I felt her white breath ask it —
Then woke hungry in my hut.

Beneath a brisk morning sun
I searched for the wise woman.
I told her as I knew it
The narrative of my night.
"Old woman, so much I saw.
Unless you can tell me more
I'll carry a hundred wounds,
Without hope till the world ends."

"Young man, prove you are a man
And I'll cure you of your pain.
The candid hounds at your hand
Are sweet words at your command,
Your runners of the right course,
Your lissom love-messengers;
The white doe—sing her praises—
A girl dazzling as heat-haze.
The good Lord's your guardian.
She will come to your keeping."

—Leslie Norris
(from *the Welsh of Dafydd ap
Gwilym, fl.1340*)

THE REAGAN REVOLUTION WOULD HAVE BEEN A POLITICAL failure if it had not gained extensive support from voters outside the upper middle class. Notwithstanding the deep inroads made in previously Democratic working-class communities in northern urban areas, perhaps the single most important source of new support for the Republican Party has been the religious right.

From 1976 to 1984 voters identifying themselves as born-again Christians, who supported Jimmy Carter in 1976, radically shifted their voting in presidential elections, in effect presenting the Republican Party with eight million new votes.

Frederick T. Steeper, of Market Opinion Research, and John Petrocik, of UCLA, have found that since 1976 a sharp partisan cleavage has emerged in the electorate between those who attend church regularly and those who never go to church. This represents a major change. From 1952 to 1960 there was no statistical difference in the party allegiances of churchgoers and non-churchgoers. By the elections of 1972 and 1976 a modest difference had begun to appear, with non-churchgoers seven percentage points more likely than regular churchgoers to be Democrats. By 1986 the spread had grown to a striking 35-point difference, with regular churchgoers identifying themselves as Republicans by a 22-point margin and non-churchgoers identifying themselves as Democrats by a 13-point margin. These findings dovetail with studies showing that the members of such establishment, non-evangelical denominations as the Methodists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and Presbyterians supported the election of Ronald Reagan significantly more strongly than did the electorate at large.

The Class Skew in Voting

WHILE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS GAINED A STRUCTURAL base in the religious community, picking up a substantial number of lower-income votes, the growing political strength of the affluent in general is reflected in voter-turnout patterns. Since the 1950s turnout has fallen much more rapidly among those in the bottom third of the income distribution than among those in the top third. In the early 1960s the turnout among those in the bottom third was roughly 25 percent below that among the top third; in recent elections the disparity has grown to 40 points. The partisan consequences of these shifts are enormous. The voting groups that are most Democratic are those who are disappearing from the polling place, while the increasingly Republican well-to-do have continued to vote at relatively high levels. The Republican Party, according to a March, 1987, national poll conducted by *The Washington Post* and ABC News, receives 44 percent of its support from the high-turnout group of voters making more than \$30,000 a year and 28 percent from the low-turnout group making less than \$20,000. In contrast, the Democratic Party receives only 31 percent of its support from voters making over \$30,000, and 42 percent of its support from those making less than \$20,000. During the past decade voting

has become significantly skewed in favor of the affluent.

Another way to look at the shift in voting patterns is in terms of low- and high-status jobs. In the presidential election year of 1964, according to census data analyzed by Walter Dean Burnham, of MIT, the turnout among members of professions associated with the middle and upper middle classes was 83 percent, while it was 66 percent among those in manual jobs, including skilled crafts—a difference of 17 points. By 1980 the spread between the two had grown to 25 points: 73 percent to 48 percent.

Martin P. Wattenberg, of the University of California at Irvine, has provided some illuminating data on a broad trend: Through the 1950s and 1960s and into the early 1970s the sharp class divisions that had characterized the Depression-era New Deal coalition structure gave way to diffuse voting patterns in which relatively little correlation between income and allegiance to the Democratic or the Republican Party could be found. By 1980 and 1982, with the election of Reagan and the enactment of the budget and tax bills of 1981, the correlation between income and party allegiance began to re-emerge dramatically.

In other words, the Reagan years sharply polarized the electorate along income lines. Whereas in 1956 income made almost no difference in the partisan loyalties of 90 percent of the population, by 1984 income had become one of the clearest indicators of party allegiance. In 1956 the very poor were five percentage points more likely to be Democratic than the upper middle class, and 40 points more likely than the affluent top ten percent of the income distribution. By 1984, however, the spread between the poor and the upper middle class reached 36 points, and between the poor and the affluent 69 points.

The polarization of the electorate by income reflects changes in voter participation by race. The civil-rights movement, and civil-rights legislation enacted in the 1960s, enfranchised millions of blacks who had been barred from voting in previous elections. During the twenty-four years from 1960 to 1984, according to the Voter Education Project, in Atlanta, roughly 4.2 million blacks from the southern states entered the electorate. During roughly the same period, blacks' allegiance to the Democratic Party grew from being strong to being overwhelming: in 1956 it held their loyalty by a 34 percent edge, in 1984 by a 72 percent edge. This infusion of black Democratic support sharply increased the low-income tilt of the party: in 1984 the median family income for whites was \$28,674, while that for blacks was \$15,982.

The New Political Underclass

OVER THE THIRTY-YEAR PERIOD 1949 TO 1979, according to Bureau of Labor Statistics figures, the number of manufacturing jobs grew by an average of three million a decade. From 1979 to 1986, however, the number of manufacturing jobs dropped from 26.5 million to 24.9 million—a loss of 1.6 million jobs. Though they were counted as employed in the government statistics,

28.9 percent of the 59.6 million workers getting hourly wages in 1987 (as opposed to weekly salaries) received less than \$5.00 an hour. For a full-time worker getting paid all fifty-two weeks of the year in 1986, it took an hourly wage of at least \$5.39 to exceed the \$11,203 poverty level for a family of four.

These employment shifts have been particularly damaging to blacks and Hispanics. From 1970 to 1984 major northern cities experienced a tremendous decline in the number of jobs requiring little education—the kind of jobs that provide entry into the employment marketplace for the poor—and a sharp increase in the number of jobs requiring at least some higher education. “Demographic and employment trends have produced a serious mismatch between the skills of inner-city blacks and the opportunities available to them . . . substantial job losses have occurred in the very industries in which urban minorities have the greatest access, and substantial employment gains have occurred in the higher-education-requisite industries that are beyond the reach of most minority workers,” writes William Julius Wilson, of the University of Chicago. Since 1970, according to research cited by Wilson, the number of jobs in nine cities which did not require a high school degree declined from 3,068,000 to 2,385,000 (a loss of 683,000 jobs), while the number requiring at least some higher education grew from 2,023,000 to 2,745,000 (an increase of 722,000 jobs).

Although blacks and Hispanics will, at least for the time being, disproportionately bear the burden of the shift in job requirements, the altered structure of the marketplace will work to the disadvantage of the poorly educated of all races and ethnic groups. In 1985, according to census data, there were 30.6 million whites over the age of twenty-five without a high school education. That’s five times the number of blacks without high school degrees (5.9 million) and seven times the number of Hispanics without them (4.4 million).

Job-market trends requiring higher levels of education will intensify through the rest of this century. The Department of Labor estimates that 21.4 million jobs will be created between 1986 and the year 2000, and that most of them will be in service industries or government, with losses in traditional-goods-manufacturing industries unlikely to be fully offset by gains in the technology-manufacturing sector. The department foresees a significant increase in the proportion of jobs requiring at least one year of college education, no change in the proportion of jobs requiring a high school degree, and a sharp decline in the percentage of jobs not requiring a high school education.

These trends in the job market over the next ten years are likely to exacerbate the regressive distribution of in-

come that has taken place over the past decade. Under American democracy those who are unemployed or marginally employed are weakest politically. The delinquency of traditional political organizations and unions has made significantly more difficult the political mobilization of the working poor, the working class, and the legions of white-collar workers making from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year—a universe the Bureau of the Census has measured as containing roughly 24.6 million white households, 3.4 million black households, and 2 million Hispanic households. Providing a political voice for those poorly educated workers within this group who have been dispersed from manufacturing employment into cycles of marginal work becomes even more difficult.

While most of those who have lost manufacturing jobs have found full-time employment, such workers have in the main seen wages fall and fringe benefits decline or disappear. Given the declining voter turnout associated with dropping income, these workers have fallen into what amounts to a new political underclass.

WHILE A HOST OF POLICY INITIATIVES COULD BE undertaken to redress income inequality—not only redistributive tax policies and a minimum wage keeping pace with the rising cost of living but also a range of expanded and improved public services, from broader medical coverage to publicly financed day care, housing and mortgage subsidies, worker retraining, college-tuition aid, and reform of Social Security taxes and benefits—such initiatives are not likely to come about unless those in the bottom half of the income distribution demand them at the polls. The single most effective mechanism available in this country to advance broad economic interests is the voting booth, particularly for those who lack wealth, power, and access to the people making political decisions. But the declining role of political parties in mobilizing large segments of the electorate, combined with the deterioration of the strength of organized labor has created an elective environment in which, I believe, it will be difficult to restore that critical mass of public pressure necessary for effective, vigorous public policies to substantially lessen inequality. Yet if the trends we have been discussing continue over the next twenty years, the social consequences could be severe. Egalitarianism has been the democratic answer to Marxism. Greater equality of incomes and life chances, in other words, is not just something that is in the interest of the few. It is in the national interest. For how much of America’s remarkable social harmony has rested on the historical movement away from inequality which has now been reversed? □

SILLY SPORTS

BY ROBERT GROSSMAN



WHOLE-POPULATION HOCKEY Bitter rivals in the past, Upyursk and Sozyurolmansk, the twin cities of the Volga, decided a few years ago to amend the rules of hockey to permit the simultaneous play of 380,000 people—all the inhabitants of both towns. The annual game on the frozen river, played for possession of a chrome-plated samovar, shows the power of sports to sublimate our aggressive urges.

FOOD

HOT POPCORN

The first popcorn was made by accident. Now there are better ways

BY CORBY KUMMER

I **F**ALTERED WHEN striding briskly through the aisles of a gigantic food show in Chicago last year. I was determined to avoid taking any more of the hundreds of samples offered by members of the Food Marketing Institute, but I had caught a whiff of caramel corn being made in an old-fashioned Cracker Jack cart. In a trance I lined up for my own box. It was of course better than the Cracker Jack I remembered from circuses long ago—not only crunchy, salty, and sweet but warm and fresh, too. I wondered as I scratched at the bottom of the box (there was no surprise) what had become of my seemingly innate aversion to even relatively innocuous forms of junk food, and knew that it was time to surrender to the lures of popcorn.

I was by no means alone. Popcorn stores had already replaced chocolate-chip-cookie stores as trendy low-cost food franchises, offering popcorn in such misguided flavors as root beer, strawberry, piña colada, and watermelon. Sticky artificial flavorings did little to encourage popcorn devotees, and the cute shops are already being replaced by cute muffin and cinnamon-bun shops. Sales of popcorn, however, both popped and unpopped, have climbed steadily in the past five years—by 12 percent in 1987, according to *Snack Food* magazine—and show no signs of decreasing.

The rise can be attributed largely to microwave popcorn, sales of which increased by 41 percent in 1987 and by 74 percent the year before. All over the country vending-machine centers and offices with microwave ovens smell like movie theaters—that is, like salt, oil, and popcorn, which is what most microwave-popcorn packages contain. So do snack-food packages of popped corn, which are also selling well. Smartfood, for example, a popcorn coated with oil and powdered white cheddar cheese (no fluorescent-orange stains), has in three years become ubiquitous in delicatessens and on office desks in New Eng-

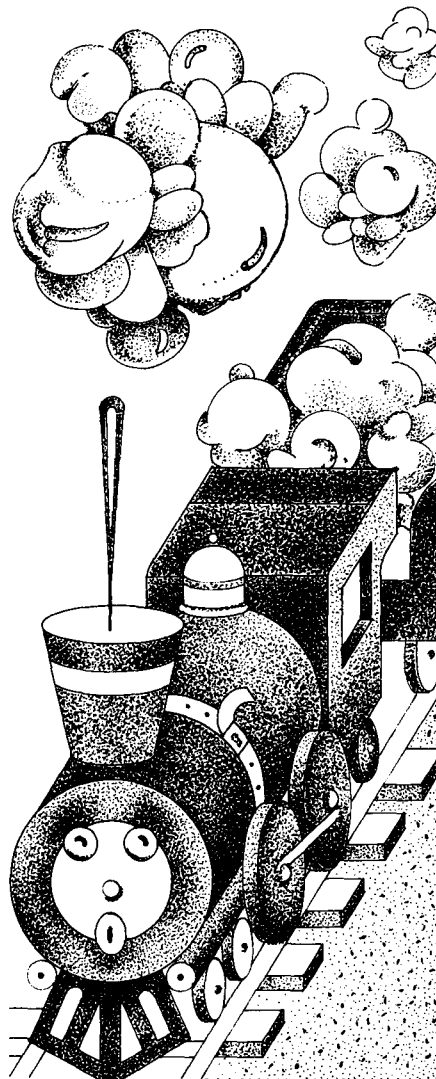
land, where it has claimed more than 50 percent of popped-popcorn sales. Smartfood is sold as far south as Virginia and as far west as Michigan, but faces a tough fight: already nearly every producer of snack-food popcorn has come out with a white cheddar version.

Popcorn doesn't have to be junk food, of course. It has commendable amounts of fiber and is low in calories if unencumbered by oil, butter, caramel, or white-cheese powder. There are about 110 calories in an ounce (two table-

spoons or so) of unpopped corn, which makes about four cups of popped corn. Weight-loss groups include fat-free popcorn on their diets; the American Cancer Society, the National Cancer Institute, and the American Dental Association advocate it for snacks. Popcorn can even make a fine breakfast, with milk and sugar, or dinner, with, say, olive oil and grated Parmesan cheese, to which you can add garlic, herbs, and spices. A surprising number of cooks I know do, in fact, eat popcorn for dinner, whether or not they're on a diet. It's hard to find someone who doesn't love popcorn, secretly or openly.

I **T**'S ALSO HARD to find a popcorn to love. Taste is usually the last thing growers and manufacturers look for in a hybrid of popcorn, which is a different kind of corn from sweet corn and corn used for animal feed. Growers want a popcorn hybrid that is untemperamental and gives high yields. Manufacturers want high expansion—literally, the most bang for the buck—and low numbers of unpopped kernels. (In talking to many researchers and manufacturers I hoped to assemble a lexicon of colorful synonyms for unpopped kernels but found disappointingly few. The standard terms are *old maids* and *widows*, and the tersest term I heard was *duds*; the best is Bett Crocker's—*flop*corn.) The greatest expansion is in "butterfly," or "snowflake," popcorn, which explodes in a directions. Most unpopped popcorn sold to consumers today is butterfly. "Must room" popcorn usually explodes in one direction, forming a spheroid head, and is used for commercial popcorn that is coated; it is tougher than butterfly and doesn't taste as good, but it doesn't break into crumbs at the bottom of the bag when shipped. Growers and manufacturers also value "hull-less" popcorn which isn't really hull-less: the hull shatters when it pops, making the popped "flakes" more tender. White popcorn usually has a lighter hull than yellow and is sometimes called premium, even though it rarely tastes better than yellow.

The moisture level in all popcorn must be brought down from a natural level of about 16 percent to between 13.5 and 14 percent, or the popcorn won't pop. Drying can be done in the field or with heat. The corn is either allowed to dry on the ear and then shelled or shelled by the combine that picks the ears and then dried. Ear-picking is more



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEA WEIDNER

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expensive but damages kernel hulls much less than field-shelling, and results in a higher percentage of popped kernels.

Orville Redenbacher, a real person—an agri-businessman from Indiana—started the vogue for “gourmet” popcorn in the late 1970s, when he marketed a hybrid with a big kernel that offered high expansion and few unpopped kernels. He avoided flopcorn by ear-picking the corn and packaging the kernels in a jar, which keeps the moisture content stable. (The best way to store any popcorn is in a jar with a tight seal, kept at room temperature. The freezer, which is often recommended, is in the long run dehydrating and can impart off-flavors; the refrigerator dehydrates popcorn even faster.) Redenbacher’s company is now owned by Beatrice/Hunt-Wesson, and smaller companies have copied his ideas about ear-picking and packaging. They have also paid more attention to flavor. The best-tasting of the large-kernel corns that I have found are Chateaufort Du Pop, cleverly packaged in wine bottles by Damon-Worth, an Ohio firm, and sold in gourmet shops across the country, and Old Capital, an Indiana brand that will soon be marketed nationally and will appear in video stores paired with Mars candy. Big popcorn doesn’t necessarily mean good popcorn, as Redenbacher proved. White Cat Corn, sold at high prices in canning jars with old-fashioned hand-drawn labels, expands to bigger flakes than any other I tried, and has the texture of tyrofoam.

My favorite popcorns are in fact the smaller varieties, which big manufacturers want nothing to do with, since they offer such low expansion. E. P. Andrews, an Iowa firm, sells Ladyfinger Corn, with very small white or yellow kernels. There’s blue popcorn, from Blue Heaven, the people in New Mexico who brought you blue tortilla chips and blue cornmeal-muffin mix, and cornfetti, parti-colored popcorn also packaged in wine bottles by Damon-Worth. There is also black popcorn, which is grown in Illinois and is available through both Damon-Worth and Williams-Sonoma. Colored corns pop into hite flakes; blue and black become luminous. I found that all of the small varieties have a more interesting texture than the big ones—they’re more crunchy, because of the higher proportion of hull—and the blue and black have enough corn flavor to be served un-

salted and unbuttered, and without apologies.

No hybrid developer in the world can explain just why corn pops. Everyone agrees that the heated moisture in a kernel partly gelatinizes the starch grains and that the ensuing steam bursts through the hull, and the starchy endosperm flies out and solidifies. But why is anybody’s guess. The riddle of popcorn, probably the world’s first cultivated corn, awaits a modern Curie.

HOW YOU POP corn matters more to how it tastes than the kind you buy. I’ll go in order of appearance in history, omitting campfires and hearths (to which you can apply stovetop rules). Hot-oil popping produces the greatest volume if done properly, but it’s awfully hard to get the hang of doing it on the stove, and I’ll admit that the essential finesse eludes me. The rules, however, are clear. Use a heavy pan and coat the bottom with a film of vegetable or olive oil. Butter will burn at the temperatures required to pop corn, which start at 350 degrees. The ideal popping temperature is from 400 to 460 degrees. The standard proportions are three parts popcorn to one part oil, although you don’t need that much oil. You can use different kinds of oil. For example, Dan Holmes, the chef of the Downtown Cafe, in Boston, pops corn in half olive oil and half bacon fat—rendered fats can withstand high temperatures—for himself after his patrons have gone home. Don’t add salt, which will toughen the corn, or herbs or other seasonings, which will scorch. Heat the oil until two or three kernels pop and then add the rest of the popcorn. It ought to cover the bottom in one layer; too little will encourage the oil to become overheated, and the kernels will scorch and pop into pitiable, stunted flakes. Use a ventilated frying-pan lid, so that steam can escape, lest the flakes reabsorb it and become tough and soggy. If you don’t have a ventilated cover, be sure to empty the popcorn into a bowl as soon as it’s done.

The more agitation during popping the better, since the heat will be distributed evenly and the unpopped kernels will fall onto the hot surface. This is why a popper with a stirring mechanism pops corn the fastest and with the best volume. Felknor Marketing, of Loudon, Tennessee, makes the Theater Popper, a thin tin bucket with a vented cover and a paddle at the bottom that you crank during popping. Once the oil is hot, the

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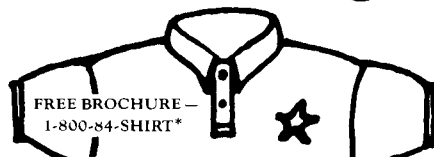
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corn pops extremely fast—it billows suddenly and threatens to overflow, like soapsuds in a Doris Day comedy. Felkner claims that its popper can be used without oil, but each time I tried that, even though I had seasoned the popper first, the bottom turned black and so did the kernels. The home popper that popcorn manufacturers use to test their products is the Stir Crazy, by West Bend, a large and uncomely machine with its own heating element, which is said to rival concession-stand poppers. It continuously sweeps the kernels over a Teflon surface. In both these poppers it is relatively easy to cover popcorn with caramel or other coatings.

Hot-air popping is the best way to make popcorn without fat. The poppers have a rotating hot metal cup with a fan that blows the kernels in hot air until they pop. Air is less efficient than oil at transferring heat, and there is often floppcorn at the bottom of the cup. The most frequent criticism of air poppers is that they make dry popcorn. Certainly the hot air is dessicating, but hot-air poppers eject flakes almost as soon as they are popped, and I think that what most people are missing is the fat they associate with popcorn. Another cause for complaint is that the force of exploding kernels can cause unpopped kernels to be ejected with popped ones. The Popcorn Institute, a trade association of popcorn processors, recommends the hot-air poppers made by Presto, Wear-Ever, and Sears; a processor who did not wish to be named claimed that the Presto ejects more unpopped kernels than the Wear-Ever. *Consumer Reports* will be issuing its own evaluation of poppers and popcorn brands next year.

MICROWAVE POPPING has revived the popcorn industry. The great majority of owners of microwave ovens have made popcorn in them, which as it happens delights neither manufacturers of microwave ovens nor packagers of popcorn. Oven manufacturers dislike popping because it's such an inefficient use of microwaves. Moisture in food attracts microwaves; the small amount of moisture in popcorn means that only about a third of the microwaves emitted find anything to absorb them. (Oil is best avoided, because it could melt any plastic container with which it came in contact.) Popped corn is easily turned to carbon in a microwave oven. Popped flakes are an excellent insulator, and by the time microwaves heat most of the

kernels enough to pop them, the flakes can have burned. Many people pop corn in paper bags, which can catch fire when people keep turning on the oven for thirty more seconds, hoping to pop all the corn; recycled paper often contains metal shards, which can cause abnormal heating patterns.

Packagers have had a difficult time of it too, though they can hardly mind the business that microwave popcorn has brought in. Bags for ready-to-cook popcorn have been a great problem, with big companies searching for solutions that will work in the many kinds of ovens people own, and copying one another. Growers have had to find hybrids that work well in the ovens, which so far seem to be those whose moisture can be easily regulated. Nearly all high-quality brands are carefully calibrated and will pop in a microwave oven—you don't need to buy "microwave" popcorn.

I, too, thought for a while that microwave popping was a lot of trouble. I succeeded in melting the bottom of a plastic bowl and nearly cracked open a flawed ceramic bowl in my experiments. Because the kernels must be concentrated in as little space as possible to best attract heat, I tried putting them in plastic cups, which melted completely, and in small glass jars, which became extremely hot. The lesson that I resisted learning is to use heatproof glass and plastic containers designed for use in microwave ovens. After rigging up various systems I gave in and bought plastic microwave popping dishes, and must reluctantly recommend them because they work so well, although they are ugly and take up shelf space. Most have a cone-shaped receptacle for kernels, to concentrate them in one place; some force the kernels into a ring, which seems to work better in ovens without turntables. Watch the popcorn carefully—the kernels pop much faster than in a bowl or a bag. Fifteen seconds too much can dry out and toughen the corn and thirty seconds too much can burn it. Reconcile yourself to floppcorn, which is preferable to tough popcorn. Don't try to re-pop duds, either—once they have been heated, it's too late. Remember that popcorn is cheap.

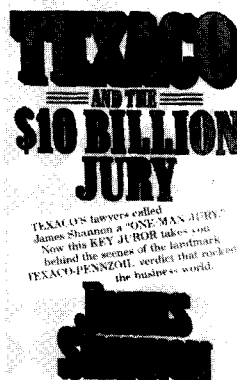
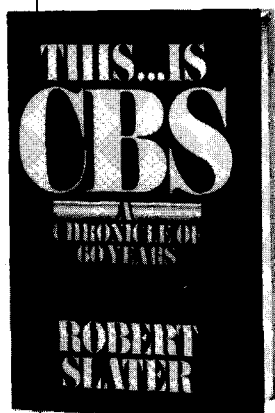
The technology of packaged microwave popcorn has evolved greatly since Pillsbury introduced a frozen version, in 1982. Consumers frequently burn popcorn in their irrationally thrifty desire to pop every kernel or their assumption that the paper bag (made of a heat-

resistant but unfortunately not reusable paper) had to be full, whereas it was purposely extra large to accommodate steam. Today most manufacturers use "susceptor pads"—paper-thin metallic squares at the bottom of the bags—to better distribute energy. Frequent use of these bags can damage plastic oven floors, so put them on a heatproof dish or surface.

The way manufacturers make sure that the kernels are concentrated in a small space is to embed them in a brick of fat, which begins to explain why I disapprove of packaged microwave popcorn. Almost all of it has unacceptable levels of fat and salt—even the "natural" flavors (the best-tasting "natural" mass-produced microwave popcorn I tried was Pop-Secret, by Betty Crocker; Old Capital, Jolly Time, and Act II also produce very good ones). And if the brick is frozen, the fat will likely be coconut oil, the most highly saturated of all fats. Nearly all commercial popcorn is popped in coconut oil, which gives it a rich "mouthfeel." Movie theaters mix the oil with salt and coloring, and snack-food manufacturers mix it with all kinds of flavors. It is possible, however, to make your own junk food, even without coconut oil. One of Redenbacher's popcorns now comes with packets of powdered sour cream and onion, which you are directed to toss with the flakes. This primitive technology, according to F. Schiffmann, a consultant on new-product development with his own firm in New York City. He dismisses separate flavor packets as "a trivial answer to a complex question" and is working on putting everything in the same bag as the kernels.

I like popcorn as natural as it comes, and think that any seasoning should be from your own spice cabinet and refrigerator. Once you arrive at just the right herb blend, coating the popcorn with it is simple if you use butter or oil but a problem if you prefer fat-free popcorn. Most seasoning falls to the bottom. One solution is to use something in a fine powder, like paprika. Another is to mix the seasonings with tomato juice or buttermilk, toss the popcorn quickly with just enough liquid to coat it lightly, spread it one layer thick on a baking sheet, and dry it for a few minutes in a preheated 300-degree oven. Soon you will devise ways to substitute popcorn for nearly every course of a meal. Just remember not to serve them all at once. □

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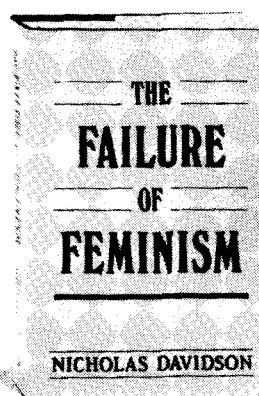
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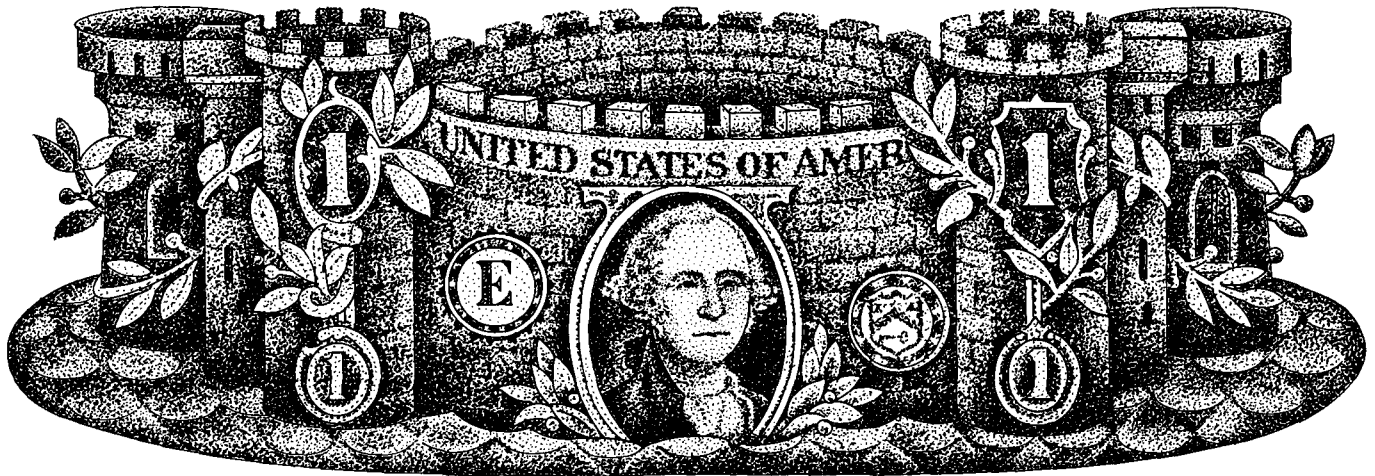
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BOOKS



OUR FADING ARISTOCRACY

BY KURT ANDERSEN

OLD MONEY: The Making of America's Upper Class
by Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.
Knopf, \$19.95.

NEAR THE END of his witty, thoughtful book about the petering-out of the WASP upper class—his class—over the past half century, Nelson Aldrich tries to convince us and himself that the old-fashioned, highborn, well-furnished summer-at-the-sea, autumn-in-the-woods way of life holds no interest for his countrymen. "As a vision of the good life," he writes, "Old Money has very little appeal to the American imagination of wealth, to the various visions that Americans have of what money can buy."

This wholesale lack of appeal must explain why L. L. Bean and Ralph Lauren don't sell any clothes and why the stately-homes extravaganza at the National Gallery in 1986 was such a bust and why grand old cottages in Easthampton and Bar Harbor go begging and why nobody cares about going to Princeton or Harvard anymore.

Aldrich, however, is serious—sometimes way too serious—about the decline of haut WASPs. Even as he is indicting the premises of Old Money as undemocratic and its social life as impossibly dull, he seems faintly sad to see it all go. Not his readers, though. So persuasive are the explanations of why his

kind is doomed (upper-class WASPs are racists and anti-Semites who are afraid of risk and of ordinary people—who, in other words, can't cut it in America) that we do not mourn the passing of their era. After all, whenever we feel the urge to celebrate good-looking, polo-playing, plebeian-fearing WASPs, there's always the British royal family.

Old Money is a memoir—cum—social history, the product of a whole life spent stewing about the ramifications of wealth. Aldrich is ur-WASP. A descendant of Roosevelts and Rockefellers, a graduate of St. Paul's School and Harvard (including, naturally, membership in the Porcellian Club), he briefly worked for the CIA. Yet though Aldrich took every course in what he calls the Old Money curriculum, and inherited a resonant family feeling, he got hardly any of the family money. He was born with a silver spoon yanked from his mouth. Thus his final, unexplained acknowledgment, to the Massachusetts Division of Employment Security.

The book is clear-eyed and, for all its considerable philosophizing, funny. Only once or twice is Aldrich disingenuous about his forebears' way of life. "But what is enviable about having been brought up, as my mother and aunt were, in Vienna, Paris, London, Trieste, Dijon, and a castle in the Little Carpathians?" Usually the family allusions are more seemly, and illuminating. About the New York law firm Milbank Tweed, Aldrich writes:

One of the antecedents of that firm, incidentally, was the Harvard friendship of my grandfather Harrison Tweed and my great-uncle Winthrop Aldrich, and in Uncle Winthrop's sub-

sequent rise to the top of the Rockefeller-controlled Chase Manhattan Bank, whose lawyers, in due course, Milbank Tweed became.

The dropped names would be off-putting if they were just that, rather than easy reminders of the densely interrelated caste quality of American Old Money.

Indeed, *Old Money* may be the best nonfiction book about the American upper class written by one of its members since Henry Adams's *Education*. It's neither a sour-grapes screed nor a wasn't-life-marvelous eulogy. Aldrich is both piquant (the wealth of Louisville's newspaper-owning Bingham is described as "fuck-you money with a social conscience") and a careful assembler of evidence. The Old Rich, he grants, lead graceful, impeccable-looking lives. The New Rich, on the other hand, although unsettled and vulgar and irredeemably lonely, are constituted to experience life and America more authentically than elegant, fretful old WASPs ever can. Aldrich casts his lot with the hurly-burl equality of the marketplace and its sell-made men and women. "Inherited wealth is an especially egregious because wholly unearned, form of inequality."

Hereditary wealth may be un-American. But even less tenable, perhaps, is the very idea of American wealth that old. The country has not existed long enough. In America fifty years is plenty of time to make money seem as though it has been around forever. This is the rather fetching sham at which monied American WASPs are so well practiced and by which status-anxious hoi polloi are so easily cowed.

ALDRICH FOUND OUT early about the big lie of Old Money. As a student at St. Paul's, he learned the fishy particulars of the life of the first Winthrop Aldrich, his great-grandfather and the milky progenitor. The son of a Connecticut millworker, Winthrop I was a patrician *manqué*, determined to make a fortune and then to pretend he had always had it. He went into banking but switched to politics, because he dreamed of being "above the reach of circumstance, above the whirlwind of common passion," Aldrich quotes him saying. He comments, "Not for a long time now has any sane man gone into American politics with a dream like that." Winthrop was sent to the U.S. Senate from Rhode Island, where he served as a kind of ombudsman for the ruling class. As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he set the tariffs that kept the Old Money oligopolies profitable, and he guided the creation of the Federal Reserve, whose purpose, he took it, was to be a more enduring protector of Old Money's prosperity.

When, after two terms, Senator Aldrich threatened to resign to earn enough to continue to support his two wives and eight children in patrician style, his regulatory beneficiaries fixed it that he could stay in the Senate and get richer. The Sugar Trust provided the capital for a new Rhode Island trolley company, from whose profits he eventually received millions. With a bit of new fortune he built a ninety-nine-room chateau on Narragansett Bay—one mile distance north of Newport, a town this son of a millworker deemed vulgar.

As a writer, our Aldrich is fortunate to see such a perfect Old Money exemplar for an ancestor: from lumpen proletarian to earnest businessman to corrupt politician to landed Brahmin (whose daughter married John D. Rockefeller's son) in a single generation. The fact that today's social climbers can ordinarily manage in a lifetime is one or two such transformations. The insider Martin Siegel, for instance, had half made it halfway up the evolutionary scale from New Money to Old—ending in Greenwich, daughter headed for prestigious elementary school—when he was nabbed. Ivan Boesky, Siegel's federate, had made it just about as he lived in the WASPy heart of north-Westchester County, had bought his way onto a Harvard University board

and thus into the New York Harvard Club, and was about to endow an institute at Princeton.

The fact is, and Aldrich to the contrary, New Money is today more than ever tricking itself up in Old Money duds. Back in the 1960s and 1970s, it is true, when solvency itself was slightly unfashionable, the clothes and furnishings and leisure pursuits of American WASPs were correspondingly outré. Where once Cary Grant's characters (George Kirby in *Topper*, C. K. Dexter Haven in *The Philadelphia Story*) embodied Americans' conception of aristocrats, by the late sixties it was Thurston Howell III, Jim Backus's over-the-top twit on *Gilligan's Island*, who defined Old Money character. Popular culture had turned on the class, and for a while declared it obsolete.

With the past decade's outbreak of wealth fever, however, it was not just entrepreneurial ambition that came back into vogue—so did spending a lot of money. What stylistic models would all that new cash seek to emulate? What would the houses look like, and the fashions? The Old Money aesthetic (albeit rather too extravagantly executed) was the natural choice, the only convincingly tasteful manner in which to consume conspicuously in the 1980s. Nancy Reaganism carried the day. The freshly acquired fortunes of California credit-card peddlers and New York stock speculators could not be made old, but they could be antiqued. Thus, when Susan Gutfreund, a former airline attendant and the socialite wife of the investment banker John Gutfreund, receives a compliment about any antique she owns, her response is desperately *faux* patrician. "Thank you," she invariably replies, "I've had it for ages."

HARVARD IS A mainstay of the Old Money curriculum and is thus one of the secondary subjects of Aldrich's book. While the WASP upper class has withered over the past half century, Harvard has had the wisdom to reinvigorate itself by admitting students from all economic strata and races. It is at least as amusing as it is inspiring that Harvard has managed to turn thousands of rough-and-ready middle-class Americans into honorary Old Money, both patrician (conservative, joyless, complacent) and aristocrat (charming, heedless, complacent). Aldrich writes of that moment

when a "new-risen talent" in early middle age suddenly wakes up to the

realization that in the eyes of his colleagues and competitors, in the eyes of his children, in the eyes, even, of his Old Money Harvard classmates, he is endowed with the flattering or unflattering attributes of people who, in college, he imagined despised him, and whom he despised in return.

It was out of Harvard and the dominant New England Old Money milieu that all of the twentieth century's aristocrat Presidents leapt—Teddy Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy. Several of this year's WASP presidential aspirants, tellingly, have sought to deny their class origins by depicting themselves as tough-guy New Money zealots. George Bush, most notably, pretends he made his fortune entirely on his own, in Texas.

The more traditional way to persuade voters that you aren't a twit is with a combat record. The upper class has adored war for this very reason—particularly the First World War, in which nearly a fifth of the alumni of St. Paul's School now living were combatants. It figures, then, that the campaign circulars of rich boy Albert Gore (St. Albans, Harvard) prominently featured photographs of him shouldering an M-16 in Vietnam and that Gore's ideologically distinguishing feature was a professed willingness to exercise American military power.

Where the aristocrat is fearless, even reckless, the Old Money patrician—that is, the dull, dreary mass of the upper class—is just the opposite. Old Money is thus ill suited to the wholesome social ruckus of modern America. It just doesn't get Richard Pryor or Lee Iacocca; it can't fathom station-wagon vacations or drive-in movies; it doesn't rock-and-roll. Today, as Old Money patricians are feeling more and more defensive, their class consciousness has given way to a cruder, primarily ethnic consciousness. *I am the sort of person who runs things* becomes, once the collective cultural and economic power has faded, *I am a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant—the sort of person who ought to be running things*. Instead of an undercurrent, racism and anti-Semitism become a main theme. Instead of admitting blacks and Jews, as Harvard does, the class turns mean and whiny and—perhaps the unforgivable sin for Old Money—unattractive.

And so Old Money is on the verge of dying—wiped out both by the inexorable

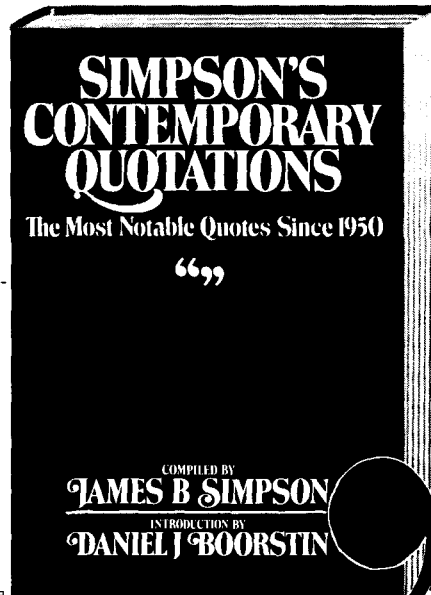
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ble current of “can-do” entrepreneurialism and, like all defunct species, by an inability to accommodate ambiguity. And then, as Aldrich prophesies only particular privileged WASP families will remain—families that are kind to other handsome, overbred families but that no longer add up to a social class.

It is now a kind of dazed twilight for Old Money heirs. It is a time to clip coupons and lie low, as usual, but also to reflect, between cocktails and resentful murmurs, on the irony of one simultaneous popular adulation and extinction. □

STALIN'S GHOST

BY JOSEPHINE WOLL

CHILDREN OF THE ARBAT

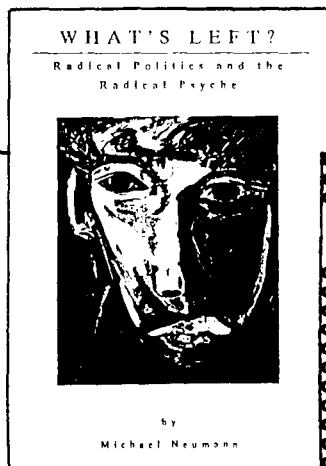
by Anatoli Rybakov.

Little, Brown, \$19.95.

PUSH ASIDE A boulder that has rested in one place for a long time, and riot of suppressed life emerges: slug grubs, trodden grass. The Soviet Union's *glasnost* is like that, and there is better proof of it than the public voice of pro-Stalin sentiment in the teeth of anti-Stalin campaign decreed at the top and supported by virtually the entire Soviet intelligentsia.

Love for Stalin and pride in his accomplishments are emphatically not the new Party line—yet readers from over the country write to newspaper and journals articulating precisely such love and pride. By early last autumn many readers had complained of *Pravda's* criticisms of the Stalin era—“insulting” older citizens, “corrupting” younger ones—that the newspaper felt constrained to run an editorial calling for a cool-headed approach to the current debate. In December one of the monthly journals, *October*, published sixteen pages of letters about a piece critical of Stalin.

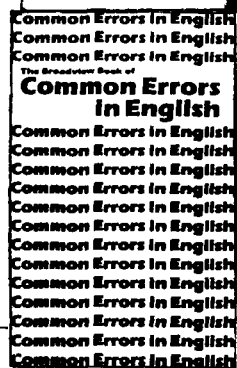
A traditional means of implicitly endorsing unsanctioned views is to let such letters stand unanswered, but these do not; the besieged author replies, more sorrow than in anger. The letters are so denigrating: “. . . the ideologists of Zionism-imperialism . . . decided to stake out a fifth column”; “The activities of Khrushchev and the writers who supported him meant . . . counterrevolution.”



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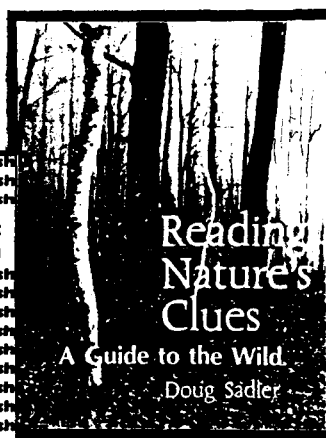
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tion"; "[You] launch a murderous attack on our Soviet history . . . [but] our people refuse to continue spitting on Stalin's name for the sake of pleasing some aesthetic snobs" (this last, distressingly, from a twenty-three-year-old).

Such comments are the consequences of decades of silence and misinformation, during which the image of Stalin was romanticized and heroized, and his years in power acquired a mystique. How else explain the pilgrimages to his birthplace, in Gori, the snapshots on truck and taxi dashboards, the rage in his letters which bespeaks the desecration of an icon?

Deep emotions, the mental shackles that the pre-eminent Soviet medievalist, Dmitri Likhachev, has called "a form of erfdom," are battling and blocking out what has become a deluge of information emerging from a wealth of sources about Stalin, how he took power and how he kept it. Reconsiderations of Lenin's attitude toward Stalin; Anastas Mikoyan's recollection of how Stalin wrote the ballots at the 1934 Party congress to give himself nearly unanimous support; a military scholar's analysis of Stalin's role as strategist and commander-in-chief, flatly contradicting the monic Brezhnev-era version; the rehabilitation of scores of Stalin's victims who had been excluded from all previous rehabilitations, such as fifteen agricultural economists opposed to Stalin's collectivization policy and the man Lenin called "the darling of the Party," their putative ally, Nikolai Bukharin—all this and much more has been flooding the Soviet press.

What is known in Russia as the creative intelligentsia—writers, journalists, artists, dramatists, filmmakers—did not wait to jump on this particular bandwagon: they were in front, whipping the horses. Most of them speak out, and for Stalin's victims—purged assistants, decimated nations, the intelligentsia, the Party and government elite swept off by the tidal wave of terror from 1936 to 1939. Portraying the victims, a writer or filmmaker can count on the reader's or viewer's sympathy. Portraying the victimizer, without clichés and without eliciting knee-jerk reactions, is trickier: no wonder few artists have taken on the task of portraying Stalin himself.

One who did, the Georgian director Giorgi Abuladze, chose a semi-fantastic approach for his film *Repentance*. Varlam, a dictator of Abuladze's imaginary

country, melds features of several twentieth-century executioners (Hitler's moustache and declamatory frenzy, Mussolini's shoulder belt, Beria's love of singing), but the ghost that cannot be laid to rest is, above all, Stalin's. Varlam's north-northwest madness, so unpredictable and arbitrary, is Stalin's, as is Varlam's suspicion that all supporters are hidden opponents.

Unlike Abuladze, Anatoli Rybakov is relentlessly realistic in his *Children of the Arbat*—a book that has made him, after a reasonably successful writing career spanning forty years, a media star at the unlikely age of seventy-six. *Children of the Arbat* was written more than twenty years ago; the first version of it was supposed to be published in 1967, until the post-Khrushchev clampdown aborted such plans. The second version, due out in the late 1970s, also fell victim to cultural belt-tightening. With each rewriting, Rybakov says, he expanded the portrait of Stalin. Though he was offered many opportunities to publish *Children of the Arbat* abroad, he refused; wanting it to appear first at home. Finally it did—in the spring of 1987, in the journal *Druzhba narodov* (*Friendship of Peoples*). Harold Shukman's fine English translation is now available.

CHILDREN OF THE ARBAT is a kind of Bildungsroman, though the education it describes is hardly the traditional sort. Rybakov's autobiographical hero, Sasha Pankratov, is an idealistic twenty-two-year-old engineering student who is arrested in 1934 for editing a news sheet insufficiently reverent toward the October Revolution. He is sentenced to three years' exile in Siberia.

The novel has four loci: the neighborhood whose heart is the old Moscow street called the Arbat, in whose alleys and courtyards Sasha and his friends grew up; Stalin's two residences, the Kremlin and his dacha in Sochi; and Siberia, with its population of natives and exiles, whom Sasha encounters en route to and in his village of exile. The first nexus of characters and incident, while necessary to the novel, is the most schematic and the least interesting, especially after Sasha's arrest removes him from Moscow. The exile saga is unusual and fascinating: there have been far fewer descriptions of exile than of camp and prison, even in unofficial Russian literature. And the depiction of Stalin—which Rybakov deems his greatest achievement—is spellbinding, unprec-

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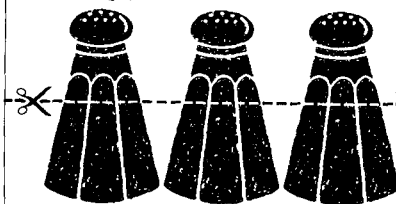
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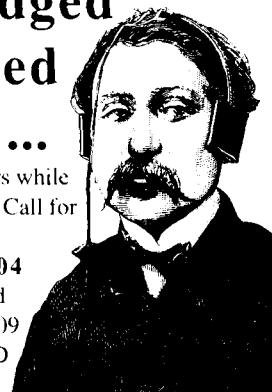
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edented for Western and Soviet readers alike. (It is much fuller than Solzhenitsyn's in *The First Circle*, though the two authors view Stalin in much the same way.)

What Rybakov has accomplished is a triumph of both style and substance. In 1934 Stalin should have considered himself to be at the apex of his power, leading a Party finally united behind him after the costly and divisive factional infighting of the 1920s, and ruling over a country eager to be transformed from an agricultural backwater into a great industrialized and modern state. What Rybakov shows us is a man so profoundly distrustful of those around him, and so contemptuous of those he rules, that his postulates can logically lead to only one conclusion and one course of action: a reign of terror. This Stalin requires a materially needy population, and one that fears and loves its leader in equal parts, for only such a nation is capable of the desired degree of enthusiasm and sacrifice. A prosperous and well-fed citizenry becomes philistine, a secure citizenry forms internal bonds. Both are dangerous.

Rybakov wins our trust in his "reading" of Stalin, his re-creation of his thoughts, by making himself Stalin's valet, as it were. He shares with us intimate knowledge, whispers "secrets": Stalin, when no one could see him, sometimes wore eyeglasses. He mimics the thudding stress patterns typical of Stalin's speech by italicizing Stalin's third-person references to himself, even mental ones: "Moscow would be a monument to *him*, he would rebuild it from scratch. . . ." He mimics as well Stalin's repetitive syntax, his demagogic style of answering his own rhetorical questions. When Stalin refers, over and over, to those who displease him as "Comrade Enukidze" and "Comrade Kirov," the very word *comrade* thumps like a chair kicked out from under a dangling body.

By blending Stalin's internal monologues with an omniscient narrative, Rybakov proceeds smoothly from known fact to unverifiable but credible interpretation. It works. We believe in the authority of his version when, for instance, he explains that Stalin liked Charlie Chaplin movies (a well-documented taste) because he saw a resemblance between Charlie's tramp and his own father. Rybakov persuasively roots Stalin's sweeping distrust in childhood imputations of bastardy, and his psycho-

biography is veridical, making sense of Stalin's view of the revolutionary as someone impelled not by the slogans and phrases with which he manipulates a somnolent nation but by personal humiliation.

Rybakov's Stalin was always a humiliated outsider, first as a solitary child eating lamb and corn out in the yard while his mother's rich employers drank wine and laughed among themselves, then as the alien Georgian surrounded by rude, boorish Russian sots, and the single-minded autodidact among finicky intellectuals who—unlike him—understood neither the Russian people nor the nature of power.



For the adult Stalin whose mind we read, power is everything. (He values those writers who understand his two absolute convictions: the constancy of human perfidy and the primacy of power.) He has learned about the getting and keeping of power from the likes of Machiavelli; now he reckons Machiavelli could learn from him. What Stalin understands, specifically, is that to keep his own power he must preserve and even strengthen the *apparatus*, while gutting its autonomy with continual changes of personnel.

Left whole, the Party cadres would prevent Stalin from placing himself above the Party (Rybakov seems to agree with this hypothesis). But removing the old Central Committee and members of the old *apparatus* is not enough, because those removed will unite against him. They must be de-

stroyed. Death is the only sure method: "No man, no problem." To that end he tries to enlist the popular Leningrad Party chief, Sergei Kirov, in mounting a campaign of terror in Leningrad, and when Kirov refuses, designates him the first victim. *Children of the Arbat* closes as news of Kirov's assassination reaches Siberia; it is a murder that Rybakov lays squarely at Stalin's feet.

The logic of Stalin's distrust is compelling: Since no one is trustworthy, praise from a former enemy can only be a lie. *Therefore*, why is he lying and what is he hiding? *Therefore*, what could he be hiding but some kind of conspiracy to topple Stalin? QED.

Stalin's rewriting of history proceeds on roughly similar lines: Since he is the maker of history, he is its sole proper interpreter. There is no such thing as a "truth," only more and less useful versions of the stuff. He was expelled from the Russian Orthodox seminary for non payment of fees? Maybe, but the Party is served better by the sanitized version in which he was expelled for disseminating Marxist views. He is Lenin's successor? Then he is—must be—Lenin's heir. Lenin did not inform him about the underground Party press in Baku? Impossible—that would undercut his position as Lenin's right-hand man. The history of the Baku press must be rewritten to reflect his necessary participation. An anyone who writes it differently is, *ipso facto*, an enemy.

Stalin owed his power in part to men who distrusted and disliked him personally (though less, generally speaking, than they distrusted and disliked Trotsky). Rybakov examines the political and psychological bind such men found themselves in: Devoted to the Party and the ideals they made a revolution and fought a civil war for, they close their eyes to what they know to be lies "for the good of the Party." Having chosen they do not defy Stalin, because he is their head of state, responsible for transforming Russia into a world power. Kirov, for example, knows full well that Stalin was never Lenin's intimate, but alone his heir. He accepts and promotes the myth for the sake of political expediency. Now, when the political situation is stabilized and no longer requires such lies, Kirov is confronted (and revolted) by a Stalin who expects him not merely to bolster but to belie the lies. Yet Kirov is overconfident, so he cannot be touched: he never even conceives that Stalin's final solution is

he offing. Thus he, like many others, stoked the flames of what was to become his own funeral pyre.

Less exalted people use much the same rationale as those at the top. Alferov, the administrative officer to whom Sasha reports in exile, a Party member relegated to Siberia because he lived too long" abroad, explains that for the good of the country judges convict as saboteurs" people they know to be innocent. For centuries the Russian peasant has known only one technology: the ox. Put him on a tractor, on a combine, in an automobile, and he will disable it out of ignorance and technical illiteracy. Russia cannot afford to allow the peasant to become technically literate by ruining the machinery he is learning to use. So only one textbook serves: fear, encapsulated in the word *saboteur*. Breaking the tractor is sabotage; sabotage gets on years. Only then will the peasant be more careful. Sasha has been denounced to Alferov for supposedly damaging a milk separator, and Alferov, well disposed toward him, explains the lemma:

"If we give an uneducated peasant lad five or even ten years as a wrecker, what should we give you, an exiled counterrevolutionary and virtually an engineer? Any judge would convict you without hesitation, with a clear conscience—better still, he'd use you to clear his own conscience by telling himself that he was only obeying orders when he convicted those wretched peasants whereas at least he could convict you for doing something."

It is a subtle and plausible reading of how such a system could function, an object lesson in how ends can be used by honorable people to justify horrible means. It also goes a fair way toward explaining the current reaction against jobbing and publicizing the Stalinist st.

Those patriots (I do not use the word ironically) who write to *Pravda* and *Octobre* feel that their country is better served by emphasizing successes, even at the cost of falsification, than by lanc-; the boils of recent history. They fail to connect the present malaise with the viet past, and they reject what Rybakov and many others see with absolute clarity: that the Soviet Union cannot move forward on a legacy of lies. Rybakov's *Children of the Arbat* is an important act of replacing that legacy with a heritage of truth. □

Answers to the May Puzzles

"WINDOW BOXES"

NW. 1. DARWIN (hidden) 2. ACIDIC 3. ATONER 4. HERESY (yes anag.) 5. PANC(A-K)E (pecan anag.) 6. ORBITER 7. WINDOWED 8. P(L)IN(G)'S 9. N(ICE-TY) NE. 1. (r)OUTING 2. CLERIC (anag.) 3. COLON 4. IN-DIG-O 5. NIECES (anag.) 6. CINDER 7. P(U)CCINI (anag. + u) 8. YELDED (anag. + d) 9. GINGER (grey anag.) SW. 1. POTASH (anag.) 2. L-A-RR-UP 3. IN CAS-E 4. D-OVER 5. O-BOES (homoph.) 6. ARRIVE (rr for / in alive) 7. PAND(OR)A 8. TRAV(O)IS 9. A-S-PER-SE SE. 1. DRACH-M (anag. + m) 2. ISSUES (rev.) 3. POT-AT-O 4. DR-ESSES 5. DIS-PORT (Sid rev.) 6. (R)KSOME (anag. + r) 7. SA(L)UTES 8. C-LEA(N)SE 9. HUSTLER (anag. minus s)



ACROSTIC NO. 34

"For a while I wanted to be an opera singer . . . to stand up there in front of everyone and shriek as loud as you could, about hatred and love and rage and despair, scream at the top of your lungs and have it come out music. That would be something."

—Margaret Atwood, *Lady Oracle*

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where we can find
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Boewell, *Life of Johnson* (1775)

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BRIEF REVIEWS



WHITE BOY RUNNING by Christopher
Hope. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$17.95.

Mr. Hope was born in South Africa but even as a boy felt that the place was neither his country nor a proper country at all, and certainly no home for a novelist inclined to satire. He got out of it in 1974. He continues to write about it, however, and his latest book reports on what he observed during a visit in 1987. He found stratification more rigid, politicians more hypocritical, hatred more open, and fear more apparent. What were once the visibly ornamental grounds of affluent whites are now enclosed by high spike-fringed walls and patrolled by guard dogs that supposedly bite only non-whites but sometimes make unfortunate mistakes, while the army and the police are in evidence everywhere. As immediate fact, none of this is hot news, but Mr. Hope deftly interweaves current events with the past that he remembers, showing not only what South Africa is but how it got that way. He writes with wit, grace, and intelligence, and for the most part understates his disgust with a society "where no corner of life, private or public, is not touched by the shadow of racial obsession, the religion of pigmentation. . . . South Africa is a deeply inventive asylum where the inmates long ago took over the running of the institution. . . ." This is, for Mr. Hope, an unusually forthright pronouncement. Irony implied by the juxtaposition of sharply observed events is his usual weapon, and he is a master of it.

DEGAS BY HIMSELF edited by Richard
Kendall. Little, Brown/New York Graphic Society, \$50.00. Degas could be poisonously rude to people who annoyed him, a group including journalists, critics, museum officials, aesthetic theorists, hanging committees, jittery models, and Oscar Wilde. He earned his public reputation as a cantankerous loner. The material Mr. Kendall has assembled in this lavishly illustrated book reveals that privately Degas was an affectionate friend and kinsman, an enthusiastic and open-

mined traveler, a droll humorist, and a conversationalist whose sound ideas and eccentric notions delighted his intimates. The text begins with Degas's terse notes on an early trip to Italy, where the young artist, determined to see everything at once, ran about like spilt quicksilver. It ends with accounts by admirers of Degas as an old man, ailing and nearly blind but still witty, still a great talker, and still passionately working. A friend once accused the painter of sounding bitter. Degas protested. "Bitter? But I am very happy. Everybody knows that." The friend replied, "Only those who know you personally." Mr. Kendall puts the reader in the happy company of those who knew Degas personally.

SEASONS OF THE ANGLER edited by David Seybold. Weidenfeld and Nicholson \$19.95. There are three kinds of angle (neophytes, sportsmen, and slobbs), two kinds of water, and two kinds of conditions (good and you should have been here last week). The author whose work Mr. Seybold has collected in this fisherman's anthology have created an astonishing variety of effects from their basically limited means—a positive miracle of fishes. There is even a spook story.

DEATH AT THE CUT by Douglas Kiker. Random House, \$15.95. Mr. Kiker has taken ideas suited to a tart editorial on the conflicting interests of journalists and political candidates and gussied them up as a murder mystery. The result is the type of mystery in which the reader is expected to take more interest in the personal affairs of the detective than in the case. Purists take warning.

UNNATURAL CAUSES by Thomas T. Noguchi, M.D., and Arthur Lyons. Putnam \$17.95. Dr. Noguchi, a former chief medical examiner of Los Angeles County, contributes his knowledge and experience in forensic pathology while Mr. Lyons contributes his skill as a writer of murder mysteries to make a good medical-detection novel. There is considerable autopsy work involved in the case and no attempt has been made to disguise its less pleasant aspects.

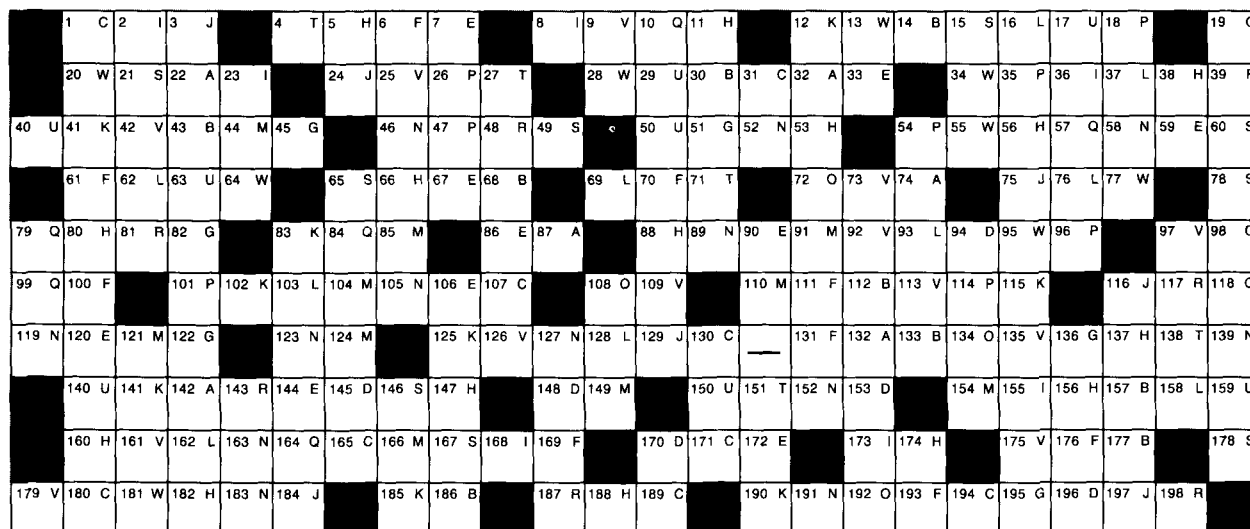
MAN IN THE OPEN AIR by Stephen Sandknecht, \$8.95. A number of the poems in this collection first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Ad

ACROSTIC No. 35

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 34 appears on page 105.

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------|
| . Megalithic chamber tomb | 74 87 142 22 32 132 | M. Palladian architect of England (2 wds.) | 91 149 166 104 44 110 154 124 121 85 |
| . Sweet by-and-by | 14 186 133 157 112 68 43 30 177 | N. Director of <i>Ninotchka</i> (2 wds.) | 191 52 89 183 46 105 127 119 123 |
| . Uranium ore | 180 31 1 165 98 118 171 130 194 | | 163 139 152 58 |
| | 107 189 | O. Prevalent; abounding | 72 108 192 134 |
| . Michener historical novel | 153 170 145 196 148 94 | P. Game played with tiles (hyph.) | 54 26 47 101 114 35 18 96 |
| Wastrel (hyph.) | 86 59 67 7 33 144 90 106 172 120 | Q. Comic strip created by Bob Montana | 84 10 57 79 164 99 |
| NBA All-Star of the 1970s (2 wds.) | 193 61 39 6 70 176 111 100 131 169 | R. Sistrum, asakasaka, or brchak | 81 117 198 187 143 48 |
| Position offering no hope of progress (2 wds.) | 136 51 19 195 82 45 122 | S. Beatles gold record of 1965 | 15 146 167 78 178 65 60 21 49 |
| Out of sorts (3 wds.) | 88 182 147 66 38 174 156 53 160 | T. Quite proficient | 151 71 138 4 27 |
| | 80 5 56 188 11 137 | U. National magazine founded in 1933 | 17 40 140 159 50 150 29 63 |
| Tax collector turned Disciple | 168 173 36 155 2 23 8 | V. Very little (3 wds.) | 135 9 179 175 42 126 92 73 97 |
| Firm to the bite (2 wds.) | 75 129 116 3 197 24 184 | | 25 161 109 113 |
| Changeable (hyph.) | 102 12 141 41 190 125 185 83 115 | W. Early jazz guitarist (2 wds.) | 64 77 28 34 181 13 55 95 20 |
| McCarthyite practice (hyph.) | 158 37 93 128 69 16 162 62 76 103 | | |

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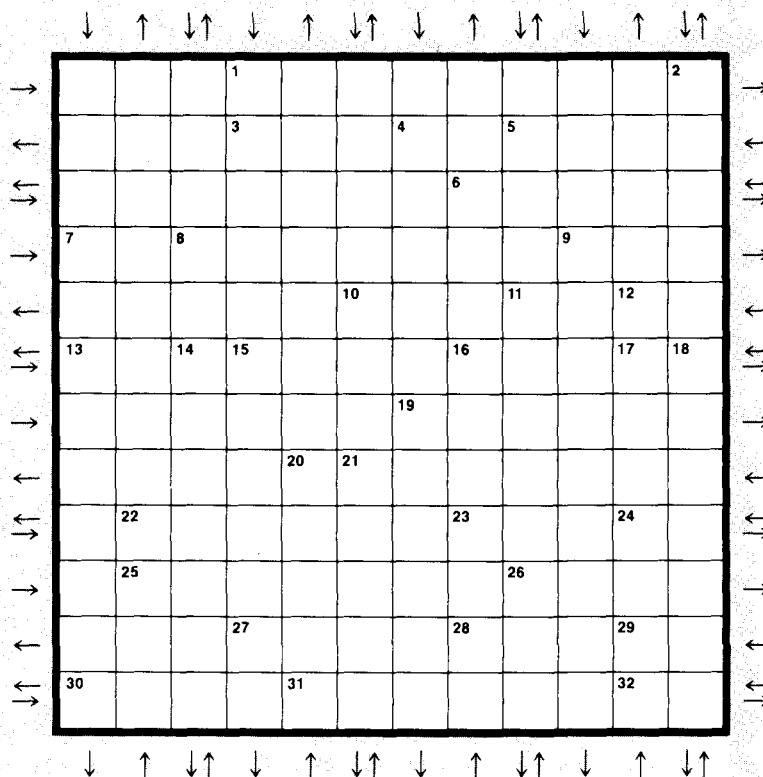
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

TRAFFIC JAM

The rows and columns of the diagram represent city streets, with arrows regulating traffic (one-way or two-way). Answers to clues **a** through **gg**, entered in the diagram sequentially, trace a tour through the city, starting in the upper left-hand corner and ending in the square just below it. Except for the last one, each answer ends at a Stoplight (in a numbered square), and the next answer begins in the same square. As a guide to constructing the tour, each Stoplight has its letter provided by one of the clues **A** through **E**. (These 32 Stoplight squares are numbered left to right and top to bottom for convenience only, and do not indicate the tour's progression.)

Words never run *through* Stoplights, they only stop and start on them, and each Stoplight is encountered only once in the tour. Unnumbered squares are crossed either once or twice, but never more. A word may take any number of right-angle turns, but traffic signs (arrows) must of course be obeyed. Answers include three proper nouns.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 105.



STOPLIGHTS

- Stops taking devious side streets (7) (15,27,4,7,32,23,16)
- Made a signal in the middle of traffic, and went slowly (7) (14,11,6,28,29,22,5)
- Forcibly grabbed top of wheel, and came to a stop (7) (30,21,10,3,19,1,12)
- Break down, overturning STP in chambers (6) (17,9,26,2,25,20)
- Drove around front of pump, out of gas (5) (24,13,8,18,31)

THE TOUR

- Stream of abusive language from one jammed in traffic (6)
- Snail's pace ultimately got cars in a snarl (8)
- Motoring aimlessly east, try figuring course (12)
- Veering from path, turned into Gulf (6)

- e. Smart guy makes error in using convertible (6)
- f. Cleaning terminal outside of an Interstate (10)
- g. Headwear for "patching out" (8)
- h. Clear pot off part of the trunk (8)
- i. Long green light in a Southern city (5)
- j. Heading off car, one has spun around in a lot of sand (6)
- k. Sized up spot containing two reversed curves (8)
- l. Auto's operator circles to keep with the flow (9)
- m. Backing up, leave goo covering rented jalopy (10)
- n. Talk on and on about flat's initial puncture (9)
- o. Replace the second of old Ford's supports (6)
- p. Bit of smoky exhaust engulfs one in laughable spectacle (6)
- q. English Avenue's projections (5)
- r. Cut off stern and front of Dodge (7)
- s. Buggy rider carries \$100 to traffic cop, perhaps (8)
- t. One down behind truck refusing to budge (5)
- u. Tow with hook, holding on to beasts (7)
- v. Broken-down "Cat"—it's not going anywhere (6)
- w. Console one caught in taxi mesh (7)
- x. Fastening gas-filled can to end of string (9)
- y. Sprite drove past terminal building (5)
- z. Stands in front of traffic, then bolts (7)
- aa. Burn small Triumph at 550 Central Boulevard (7)
- bb. Careening below sharp turn (5)
- cc. Conflict turned sore with paying passenger (7)
- dd. Rambler ran through houses off the main course (6)
- ee. Charge in endlessly swirling traffic (6)
- ff. Sportscar makes a fire spread around railroad (7)
- gg. In a foul temper, I speed (5)

e: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an essed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

dis *verb, slang*, to exhibit disrespect toward: "The victim, according to detectives, made the mistake of irritating Nuke at a party. 'He *dissed* him,' Sergeant Croissant said, using the street term for acting disrespectfully" (*The New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: Much has happened to the verb *disrespect* since the time of its first attested appearance, in 1614, seventeen years before the emergence of the noun. One might reasonably assume that *dis*, a clipped form of this verb, would never gain entry in a reputable dictionary. But consider *sus* (also spelled *suss*), a chiefly British slang word that has worked its way into both the Supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* and *12,000 Words*, a supplement to *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*. The noun *sus*, abbreviated from *suspicion* or from *suspect*, depending on context, goes back to the mid-1930s and can mean "suspicion of criminal behavior" or "a criminal suspect." It has sustained widespread attributive use by the British in locutions such as *sus law*, *sus case*, and *sus charge*. The verb, now most often spelled *suss* and going back only as far as the mid-1950s, can mean "to suspect (someone) of a crime," "to feel that an event is likely to occur; surmise," or, in combination with *out*, "to discover the truth about; figure out." We have citations for the noun and the verb from *Vanity Fair*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *People*, *The Economist*, and the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*. This 1987 citation from *The Financial Times* is typical: "We had the inveterate gambler *sussed* out: he was a self-punishing neurotic who played in order to lose." Another indicator of the staying power of *sus* is the emergence of the adjective *sussy*, defined as "suspicious" by Jonathon Green in his *Slang Thesaurus*. Another noun and verb, formed in the same manner as *sus* and *dis*, and now a fixture in English, is *sub*, meaning "a substitute" or "to act as a substitute."

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

hippo *noun*, a four-wheel-drive all-terrain anti-land-mine personnel carrier, armor-plated against small-arms fire, used by the South African police and army: "Two *hippos* recently sped to an open field in Soweto where a crowd was attempting to execute . . . a black teen-age girl. . . . As the *hippos* arrived, witnesses say, the crowd . . . fled and police opened fire" (*The Wall Street Journal*).

BACKGROUND: Our printed evidence for *hippo* in this sense dates back to 1977, with spotty use until 1986, when the increasing racial violence in South Africa brought the word to the fore. In response to questions regarding the origin of the term *hippo*, an Embassy of South Africa spokesman explained that all military transport vehicles in South Africa are named for animals indigenous to that country. He then offered several other examples: the

eland, an armored car, and the *kudu*, a spotter plane—both named after antelopes—and the *ratel*, an armored personnel carrier named after a powerful nocturnal carnivorous mammal, an animal he characterized as "very tough."

wallyo *noun*, a young man; a fellow, usually of Italian descent: "I swung open the heavy glass doors. Everywhere I looked was marble and the Great Food hush. I wanted to back out and get a steak and *pommes frites*, but it was too late. I had been seen by the *wallyo* and the madame in the black jeweled sweater" (*New York*).

BACKGROUND: This colloquialism, which is used in our one citation to refer to a Parisian wine steward, is often heard in communities with large Italian populations. It is a phonetic respelling into English of the

Neapolitan *guaglione*, "street urchin; corner boy." Although some etymologists point to the French *voyou*, "street bum; urchin," from *voie*, "street; road," as the root of *wallyo*, Luigi Ballerini, the director of New York University's department of French and Italian, disagrees: Ballerini firmly believes that the ultimate origin of *guaglione* and hence *wallyo*, is Latin *ganeo*, *ganeonis*, "a dissolute man; a frequenter of disreputable inns." If this is so, amelioration has occurred during the word's development from Latin to Italian to English, for, according to Robert Chapman's *New Dictionary of American Slang*, *wallyo* is "nearly always used affectionately," like "young squirt." Ballerini adds that "*Guaglione*" is the title of a popular 1950s Italian tune in which a young man with a crush on a girl is discouraged from further pursuit of her because of his tender age.

withinwalls *adjective*, private or involved in covert operations, especially eavesdropping: "The current piece of chat among Washington's *withinwalls* personnel was the discovery by a congressional investigation committee of fifteen illegal taps on its telephone lines" (William H. Hallahan *Foxcatcher*).

BACKGROUND: Here is our only citation to date for this piece of governmental jargon. *Withinwalls* reflects the same sort of usage seen in terms such as *backstairs* political gossip, *hind-the-scenes* maneuvering, decision-making in the *corridor* power, *under-the-table* deal, *closed-door* hearings, a diplomat with *drawing-room* manners, a vice from a *kitchen cabinet*, a *back-channel* communication with the Soviet Embassy. It is possible that *withinwalls* derives from the in-wall placement of electronic surveillance devices or that it comes from the idea that sensitive information must be contained within the walls of surveillance-proof rooms.



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

HENRY THREADGILL

HOME: Brooklyn, NY

AGE: 43.

PROFESSION: Composer; multi-instrumentalist; inventor of the hubkaphone; leader, Henry Threadgill Sextett.

HOBBY: Swimming. "It's the best way I know of keeping my head above water."

LAST BOOK READ: *Silence*, John Cage.

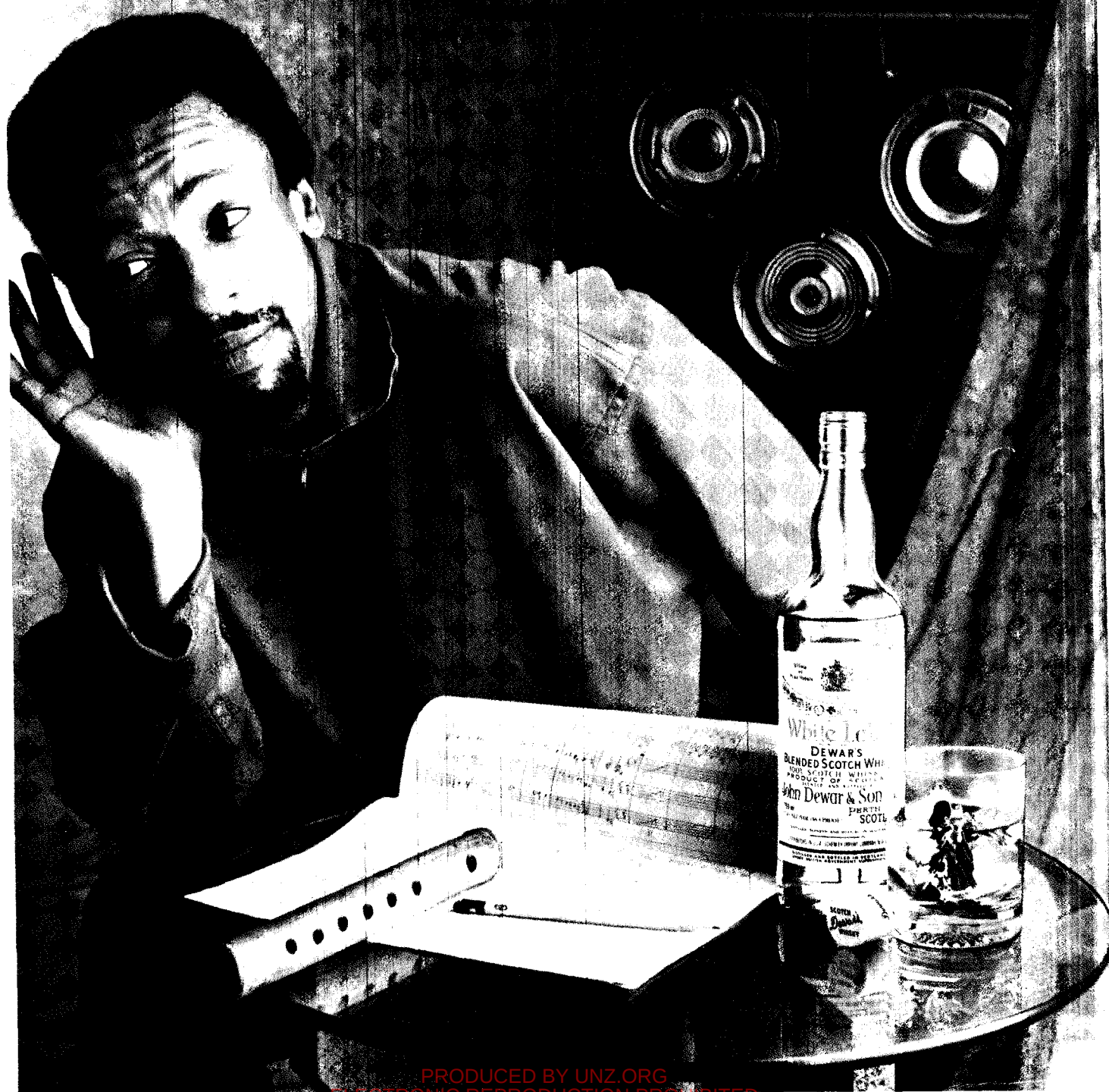
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Two new records, *Easily Slip Into Another World*, with the Sextett; *Air Show No. 1*, with Air, his other group.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "It was either make money or make music which for me wasn't even a choice."

QUOTE: "Tradition is a background of ingredients; in itself it's nothing. If you can't make something out of it, the world can do without it."

PROFILE: Intuitive, strong and as sharp an observer of his fellow man as his music would lead you to think.

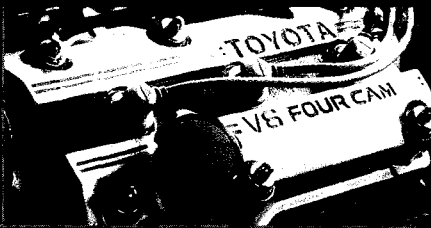
HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label" "on the rocks, after the music stops."



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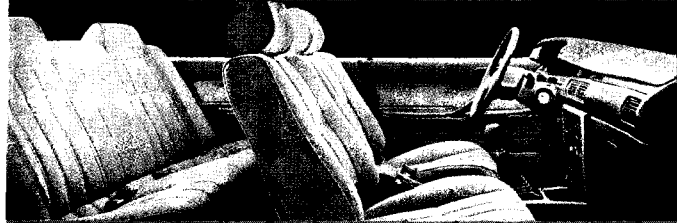
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**Based on manufacturers' suggested retail prices, Kelley Blue Book New Car Price Manual, 4th Edition, 1988.

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